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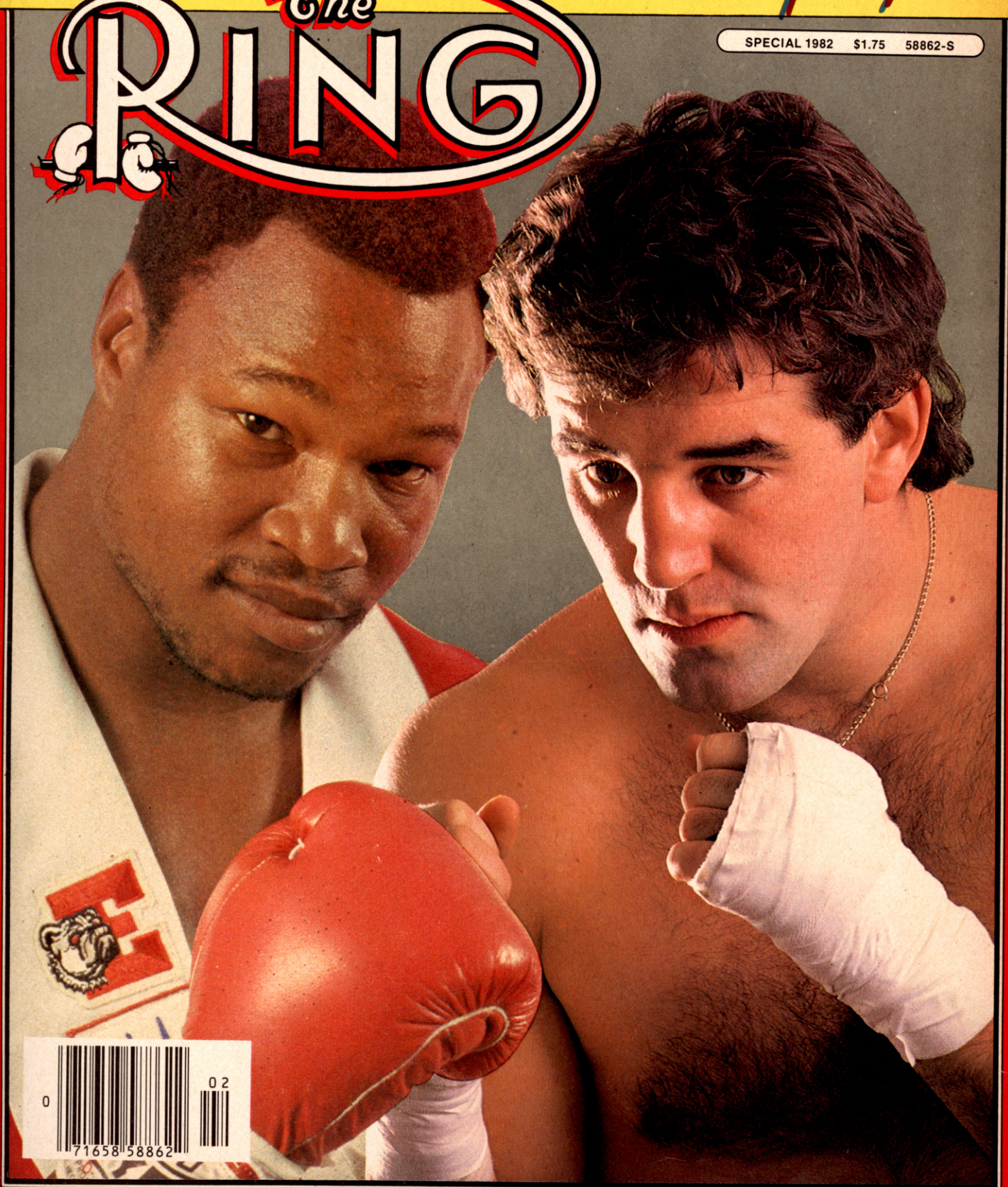

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CHAMPIONSHIP BELT

DWIGHT BRAXTON

WORLD LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Born on January 5, 1953 . . . Height: 5'7½" . . . Resides in Camden, New Jersey . . . Known as the "Camden Buzzsaw" . . . His fighting style aptly fits his knickname . . . Amazingly, never had an amateur bout, only "a couple of real rough street fights" . . . His rough beginnings led him to an early life of crime and corruption, as well as a cell in Rahway State Penitentiary . . . His brother, Tony, who is now a world-rated junior middleweight, also served time in Rahway . . . Now a model citizen, honored with a "Day" in Camden . . . The last great champion to come from that town was former heavyweight king Jersey Joe Walcott . . . Managed by Wesley Mouzon and Quenzell McCall . . . Shares the distinction—along with Jack Dillon—of being the shortest light heavyweight champion of all time . . . Turned pro on April 19, 1978 with a six-round draw against Leonard Langley in Washington, D.C. . . . He fought twice more during the year, outpointing Lou Benson over six rounds and losing over six on points to Johnny Davis . . . After the Davis fight, took on the management team of Mouzon/McCall . . . Won all four of his bouts in 1979 . . . 1980 was "his" year . . . He fought six times, winning all the bouts by knockout . . . Began the year with a surprise stoppage of South Africa's Theunis Kok in Johannesburg . . . Ended the year by knocking out Tony Mesoraca and winning cable network ESPN's light heavyweight championship . . . In rematches, against Langley and Davis, Braxton emerged victorious each time . . . Stopped Langley in the second round in May, 1980 . . . Outpointed Davis over 10 rounds in January, 1981 . . . Took a string of 14 consecutive victories into a December 19, 1981 title bout against Matthew Saad Muhammad . . . Emerged with one of the year's top upsets when he stopped Saad in the 10th round . . . The impressive showing earned him Ring's "Fighter of the Month" award . . . Owns 1981 victories over Mike Rossman (KO 7) and James Scott (W 10) . . . Braxton is using his athletic influence in a "Stay-in-School" program for youths . . . Is deceivingly fast and extremely powerful . . . Hard to hit because of his awkward, crouching style . . . Appears to be smiling constantly as he stalks an opponent . . . The new champion has plenty to smile about . . .

DWIGHT BRAXTON
Born, January 5, 1953, Baltimore, Md.
Weight, 175 lbs. Height, 5 ft. 7½ in.
Managed by Wesley Mouzon and Quenzell McCall.

	1978		
Apr. 19	Leonard Langley, Washington, D.C.	D	6
June 3	Lou Benson, Baltimore	W	6
Nov. 2	Johnny Davis, New York	L	6
	1979		
May 25	Lou Butler, Baltimore	W	6
July 3	Lou Benson, Atlantic City	W	8
Sept. 26	Biff Cline, Baltimore	KO	1
Nov. 14	Johnny Wilburn, Baltimore	W	8
	1980		
Feb. 4	Theunis Kok, Johannesburg	KO	10
Mar. 29	Cornell Chavis, Atlantic City	KO	1
May 8	Leonard Langley, Atlantic City	KO	2
June 5	Charlie Smith, Atlantic City	KO	4
Aug. 14	Rick Jester, Chicago	KO	3
Nov. 6	Tony Mesoraca, Atlantic City	KO	7
	1981		
Jan. 8	Johnny Davis, Atlantic City	W	10
Mar. 5	Al Bolden, Philadelphia	W	10
May 31	Mike Rossman, Atlantic City	KO	7
Sept. 5	James Scott, Rahway, N.J.	W	10
Dec. 19	Matthew Saad Muhammad, Atlantic City (Won World Light Heavyweight Title)	KO	10

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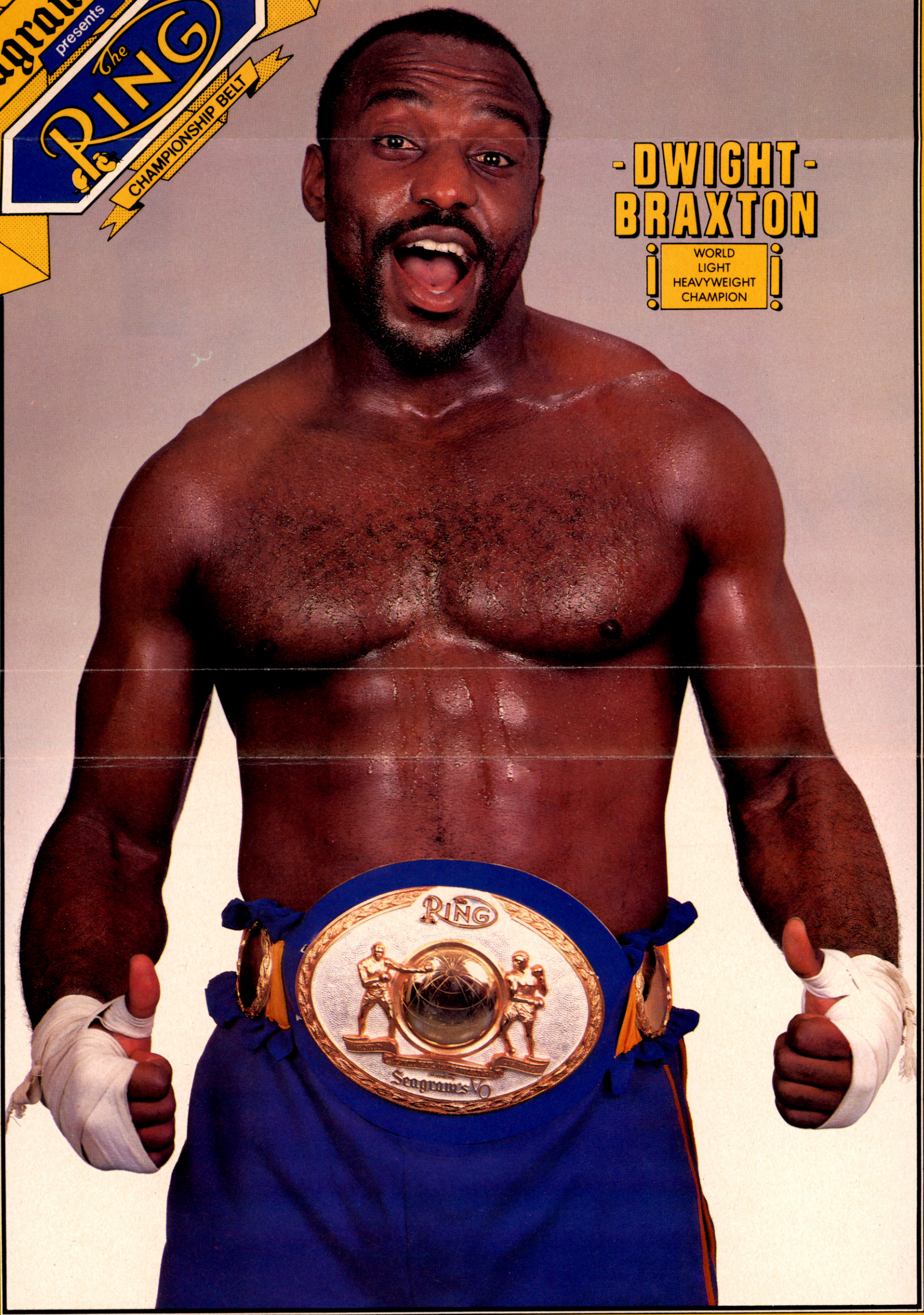

-DWIGHT-
BRAXTON
WORLD
LIGHT
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION

FEBRUARY

FEB. 5—Ray Leonard's first professional fight, six-round decision over Luis "The Bull' Vega, Baltimore, 1977. **FEB. 7**—John L. Sullivan becomes last bareknuckle champion under London Prize Ring Rules with 9th-round knockout of Paddy Ryan, 1882. **FEB. 14**—Sugar Ray Robinson wins Middleweight Championship by knocking out Jake LaMotta in 13 rounds, 1951.

M	T	W	TH	F	SA	SU
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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The RING

The bible of boxing

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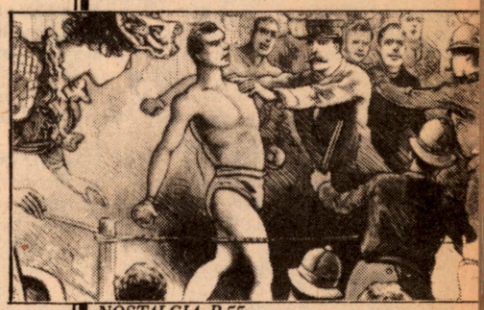

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RINGSIDE

Because of its constant exposure and its less-than-storied past, boxing has come in for more than its share of criticism in recent months, most of it being less than constructive. Some even subscribing to the time-honored thesis that the ruder they are, the righter they are. Some of those comments, however, are well thought out, and deserve equally fair comment, just as they give boxing theirs.

One such commentary was recently given by Jack Newfield, one of this country's best political writers and a newscaster on a weekend radio program called "Spectrum" on CBS. In his well thought-out critique, Jack touches on many of boxing's historical sore points and should, therefore, be reprinted in its entirety for all to read:

"Boxing is headed for a scandal of the kind that has recently rocked college basketball and horse racing. There are just too many bad decisions, rigged ratings, unqualified promoters, incompetent state commissions, phony records and questionable characters getting closed circuit franchises without competitive bidding. My nose smells a rotten aroma in the arena.

"Boxing has always been the red light district of sports. In the 1940s and 1950s, gangsters like Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo ran the sport. Great fighters, who happened to be black, like Sugar Ray Robinson and Archie Moore, were denied championship fights for years. Others, like George Benton, who wouldn't go along with the mob, never got their title opportunty because they were incorruptable.

"Today, boxing is controlled by a slicker cartel of shady interests. Las Vegas casinos put up the money for most of the big fights now. The two international ratings agencies—the WBA and the WBC—discriminate against American boxers and favor South Africans and Central Americans. The chief boxing promoter, Don King, is under investigation by the FBI. King's son, Carl, is the manager of record for fighters that his father promotes, and some sportswriters say that Don King is both the real manager as well as the promoter.

"I have noticed a pattern to history. The Mafia pioneers an economic frontier and then the corporate types come along to make it appear legitimate. The mob invented bootlegging and then Schenley's came along to make it legal. The mob pioneered bookmaking and gambling and now we have Las Vegas, Atlantic City and state lotteries. The same process has occured in boxing.

"If you want to know about the bad old days in boxing read Teddy Brenner's fine new book, 'Only the Ring Was Square.' For years I have felt that Billy Graham was robbed of the welterweight championship in a fight with the mob-owned Kid Gavilan in 1951. In Brenner's book he describes how the deciding judge in that split decision who voted for Gavilan, confessed on his death bed, quote, 'When I voted against Graham, I had to do it. The boys ordered me to do it. I couldn't help myself.'

"We need a super-honest, federal boxing commision to clean up and regulate boxing. I hereby nominate to such a commission federal judge Jack Weinstein, federal prosecutor Tom Puccio, Ralph Nader, Ring magazine editor Bert Sugar and former light heavyweight champion Jose Torres."

We would like to agree with Jack. But, in good conscience, cannot. First of all, the Federal government has no place in boxing, being incapable of delivering a 20¢ letter across the street in the first place.

A national organization would be something else. But until there is greater cooperation between the state athletic commissions, that, too, is an illogical belief in the occurence of the improbable. Hell, right now most state athletic commissions won't cooperate, let alone communicate, with other similarly constituted bodies. New York has never even bothered to write California for details on how to implement their progressive pension plan for boxers. And no other commission has bothered to tie in to New York's computer system on boxers, giving their recent records or injuries.

As for the current state of boxing, Mr. Newfield, it is healthy, despite its history of past maladies. Of course, as someone once noted, a patient suffering terminal tuberculosis is reddest of cheek right before the end. But, on the surface, boxing has had a banner year. And something else, compassion for its primary product, the boxer.

Take, for instance, the fact that there were only four ring deaths in '81. Assuredly, one death is one too many. Nevertheless the four deaths were fewer than any major sport last year, five fewer than the preceding year and three fewer than the average number of yearly deaths since records were first kept back in 1918. Part of this is greater policing of the sport. Again, done without federal interventon. But a greater contributing cause is the compassion suddenly shown boxers, a compassion that has evinced itself time and time again by such excellent referees as Larry Hazard stopping fights a punch too soon rather than a punch too late.

No, Jack, boxing has—albeit belatedly—finally come to the point where it has begun to develop a social consciousness. And we see our position here at *Ring* as continuing to foster that consciousness—and the sport. Something no federal body has ever been able to do. For the moment, we intend to stay here doing our job. And it is hoped that others will do theirs. In that way can the cause of boxing be better served. But thanks for the thoughts anyway. *BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR*

February, 1982
Vol. LXI, No. 1

"The Bible of Boxing"
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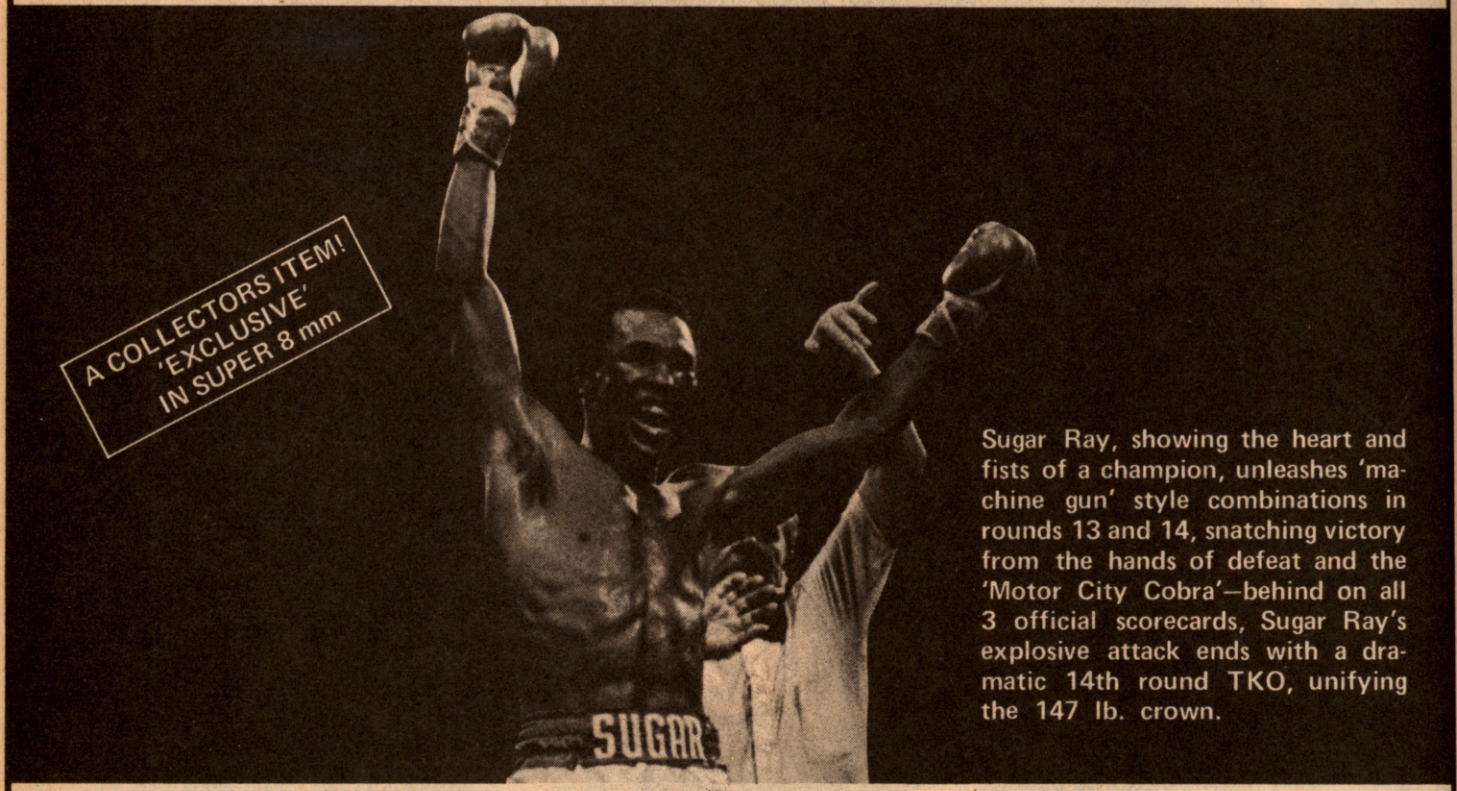
WORLD WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

SUGAR RAY LEONARD VS. THOMAS HEARNS



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ROUND ONE

ONE SPARROW WHO FLIES HIGH—AND OFTEN

TIME WAS WHEN FIGHTERS, LIKE singers, literally performed for their dinner, fighting as many as four and five times a week. Battling Levinsky had, according to some historians, an unofficial total of 54 fights in one year and two old gladiators, Abe the Newsboy and Bobby Dobbs, had over 1,000 fights each.

But, lest we mourn for times gone by, let it be known that one man is single-handedly bringing back the olden days: Sparrow Freeman, the Australian bantamweight, has just fought his 100th pro fight. And all in the space of 44 months!

A GYM-DANDY IDEA

THE MAIN STREET GYM IN L.A. HAS all the earmarks of a great gym, rundown, seedy and filled with prospects and hopefuls who give the place the look of a "Stillman's West."

Run by Carol Steindler, who took over four years ago upon the death of her father, Howie, it embodied all the elements the producer of the movie "Sting-II" wanted. Everything, that is, except the constant ringing of the telephone.

After the phone had rung for the umpteenth time in a half-hour, one of the crew finally screamed in exasperation, "Is there any way to keep the phone from ringing during shooting."

"Buy it!" Carol snapped. And he did. For $150 a day. Now, with the phone off the hook, the gym and the phone had the same look—busy.

HAT'S ALL FOLKS!

AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF orders that come in for *Ring* chatzka—caps, patches, keychains, etc.—one familiar name came in over the transom a few months back: Chevy Chase. Now what, it was asked, would he want with a *Ring* hat?

Well, lo some six months later it came to pass that the question was answered. For, in

the movie *Modern Problems*, Chevy cavorts around sporting his [illegible] hat. Well, cavorts might be the wrong word; what he does is play an invalid a game of one-on-one basketball. And loses. Great advertising for the hat that positions itself as "The Cap that crowns the Champs"!

O SAY KEN YOU SEE

LOOKING AT LE ROY NEIMAN'S sketch of him from an upside down position, Heavyweight Champion Larry Holmes complained that it "made him look like Ken Norton." He should be so lucky. At least that's according to Man Watchers Inc. who, in their year end "Ten Most Watchable Men" list, named Norton as one of the 10 most viewable males on the landscape. It's a good thing they saw him on the landscape and not on the canvas. His only outing last year saw him last just 54 seconds—hardly enough time to be viewable to anyone.

FOUL OF THE MONTH

THE FIRST REACTION TO THE PASsage into law of a bill creating the Ohio Boxing Commission—formed to regulate professional boxing and so-called "Toughman" contests in the Buckeye State—came, predictably enough, from Don King, an Ohioan.

King found fault with the measure, which requires that proceeds from the sale of tickets go into a fund designed to provide statewide regulation of a sport which has been run by local municipalities up until now. According to King, his complaint was with the taxes charged to boxing promoters to support the state commission. "28% off the top. It's a joke," said the outspoken promoter.

First of all, Don, your figures are a little off. It's only 5%. And 5% isn't too much to insure that promoters provide medical and life insurance to contestants and that physicians and judges are licensed and appointed by the commission for each match. Otherwise, we might find ourselves back in the strange every-jurisdiction-for-itself situation that existed before when a Detroit promoter could bring his stable of fighters down across the state line into Toledo, proclaim himself the local commissioner and "oversee" his own fights without licenses, life insurance or legitimate control. Is that what you want, Don?

THE NAME GAME

If you should ever be at a boxing dinner, seated at a table with Leon Spinks' bodyguard, Nashville, Tennessee's outstanding flyweight prospect, the former heavyweight

champion of the world now New Jersey State Athletic Commission Chairman and the Publisher of *The Ring*, you know your dinner would be served with tea (Mr. T.), coffee (Jerome), Cream (Arnold Cream, a.k.a. Jersey Joe Walcott) and Sugar (Bert).

THE PEN MIGHT BE MIGHTIER THAN A SWORD, BUT NOT A BASEBALL BAT

HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER RANdall "Tex" Cobb might have the best chin in his division, but his right arm proved to be vulnerable in an unscheduled match with a Louisville Slugger. Cobb and pal Pete Dexter, a columnist for the Philadelphia *Daily News*, were both injured in a brawl outside a Philly bar. Cobb's right arm was broken in the fracas (wherever that is), while Dexter was hospitalized with a fractured hip.

It seems that someone took umbrage at an article that Dexter had written and tried to change his point of view with a few fists in the face. The journalist, being no dummy, took the hint and left, returning later with Cobb and three other buddies.

An effort to make those at the bar see things Dexter's way took a turn for the worse when, "12 or 15 men, some with baseball bats and tire irons," got into the act. Realizing that this was one fight that was not going to a decision, Cobb and Dexter beat a hasty retreat.

Not hasty enough, it seems. But then again, footwork was never Tex Cobb's forte.

THE GOD SQUAD STRIKES AGAIN

FORMER WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT champion, George Foreman, has filed assault charges against one David Morris, in Houston, Texas.

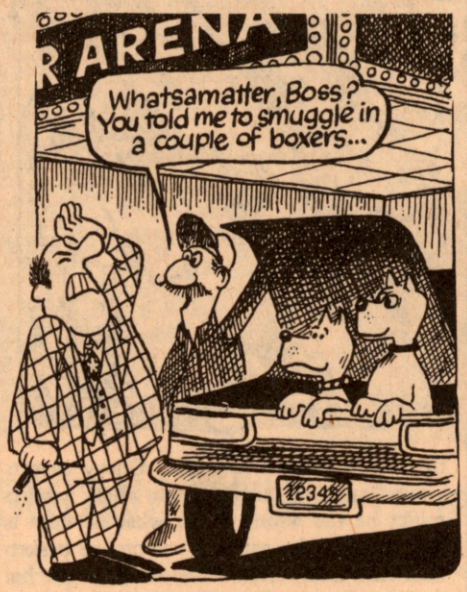
Foreman, a recently converted born-again Christian, admonished Pastor L.R. Masters for unprofessional conduct. Reportedly, Foreman and the pastor had an argument when Foreman attempted to prevent Masters from conducting mass at the First Church of the Lord Jesus Christ in North Harris county. It is alleged that Morris intervened between the two quarreling men, grabbing Foreman's hand.

The charges, a Class C misdemeanor, carry a maximum penalty of a $200 fine. Morris is free on a $200 bond which was set by Peace Justice Davie L. Wilson.

This is not the first time that these three gentlemen have run afoul of the law. In May of 1980, Morris, Masters and Foreman—sounding almost like a Groucho Marx law firm—after refusing to relocate a revival meeting which was staged on a school parking lot, were convicted of criminal trespass. Each was fined one dollar apiece in Tomball Municipal Court.

Such is the price of fame.

BOXING TRUNKS DEPT.



EVER SINCE PIERCE EGAN CHRONicled the many weird goings-on of the London Prize Ring, it has been insinuated that some promoters stop at nothing to deliver "opponents," even going so far, or so it has been rumored, as raiding Calvary Cemetery for "stiffs." Well, despite all the demurrers that such was standard operating procedure, a recent event in Laredo, Texas brought up the spectre of such goings-on actually going on. A late substitute, booked by the promoters, was captured by the local Federales as he was being smuggled illegally into the country in the trunk of a car, proving again that boxing spares no expense producing "opponents."

IS ANYBODY OUT THERE LISTENING? DOES ANYBODY OUT THERE CARE?

THE WBC, WHICH HAS TRIED FOR two whole years to breath life into its so-called "Cruiserweight" division—and has a total of three title defenses in two years to show for its efforts—has now raised the weight limit for the division from 190 to 195 lbs. Big deal! Maybe now they can legislate a title defense once every ten years instead of every nine months for this non-division.

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

TAYLOR, ARNOLD, 38, former World Bantamweight Champion, on November 22, in Johannesburg, South Africa, the victim of a traffic accident. Taylor won the Bantamweight title from Romero Anaya in 1973 and lost it the following year to Soo-Hwan Hong.

STONER, FRED T., 72, during the last week of November. Mentor and friend of Muhammad Ali. Ali said of Stoner,"He's the man who taught me how to box. He was a great trainer, and a gentlemen. An honest man..." Others under Stoner's tutelage included Jimmy Ellis, Rahaman Ali, and Lenny Lyles.

PUNCHLINES

ROCKY GRAZIANO ON MUHAMMAD Ali: "It's really sad. He's such a nice guy but I see him on those TV commercials now and you know, he's startin' to sound just like me."

Joe Frazier on what would happen if he were matched with his son, Marvis: "If I said, 'Fall down,' he's gonna fall down. I'm still his father."

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QUESTIONS & ANS

Q What did Joe Louis weigh for his first professional bout, against Jack Kracken on July 4, 1934? Also, what was the most Dempsey ever weighed for any fight?

—TED COTTER

A *Louis scaled 181 for Kracken. Dempsey's heaviest weight was 194½ against Jack Sharkey in 1927.*

Q I've heard a lot about the "four-round" days in California? When exactly was this period, and what was it all about?

—DICK FITZGERALD

A *From December 16, 1914 until January 1, 1925, professional boxing was against the law in California. During that same period, however, four-round amateur contests were permitted and, luckily for boxing,* any *four-round bout, whether the contestants were paid or not, was considered "amateur." The pro game thus continued, but the fights were limited—no matter who was fighting—to four rounds.*

Q Was Joe Jeannette considered a great fighter? What was his record?

—FRANK OSTERMAN

A *Yes. Many, including Jack Johnson and A.D. Phillips, Nat Fleischer's father-in-law and one of* the *great boxing experts, insisted that Jeannette belonged in the all-time heavyweight top 10. He had 156 fights, winning 58 by knockouts, 12 on points, and three on fouls. Jeannette lost eight bouts on points, fought nine draws, and was knocked out once. The remainder of his bouts were "no decision."*

Q During the TV era (1947-64), one boxer wore black trunks with white stripes while his opponent wore white trunks with black stripes. The champion usually wore the white trunks if it was a title bout. How did this come about?

—GUS JACKSON

A *In the 1920s and 30s, the New York Commission had a rule which said one fighter had to wear black trunks with red stripes with the other boxer wearing purple trunks with gold. (The stripes were very narrow, and even the gold stripes are barely visible in the old*

films.) Black-and-white TV demanded that the red stripes be replaced by white and the purple-and-gold give way to white-and-black. That's why champions wore the white; it replaced purple, which, as the color of royalty, had been the trunks the champs had worn before.

Q *The Ring Record Book* lists a fighter named Banty Lewis as having scored 108 knockouts in a career that stretched from 1909 to 1922. Who was Lewis? I've never heard of him.

—OTIS KELLER

A *Banty Lewis, real name Louis A. Novak, was a good, crowd-pleasing club fighter who came from Newark. Lewis started as a bantam, but fought mostly as a featherweight and lightweight. His greatest feat was knocking out the celebrated southpaw, Knockout Brown, in the fifth round on January 6, 1916.*

Lewis' last major contest was against the rising Mickey Walker on September 21, 1920. Walker stopped him in the eighth round, but Lewis continued, against third-rate opposition, until 1922, when he retired.

Banty died in Newark on September 23, 1954 when he fell under the rear wheel of a trailer truck in Newark. His obituaries claimed that he'd fought 232 bouts, winning 108 by knockouts. Nat Fleischer thereupon inserted Lewis in the "most knockouts" list in The Ring Record Book, *but, to be honest, I've never seen a transcript of his record.*

Q I have poor eyesight. Should I take up boxing?

—PETER HOLMES

A *Why not? We know a lot of matchmakers who could use you and plenty of commissions who would let you fight.*

Q Was Jack McAuliffe ever the *world* lightweight champion?

—WILLIAM BURR

A *No. He was* American *champ only.*

Q I know that Jim Corbett went into vaudeville after his ring days were over. He was famed as a great straight man, but I can't for the life of me recall the comic that he worked with. Can you?

—HARRY STEINER

A *It was the great Billy B. Van, of "Patsy Bolivar" fame.*

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COME OUT WRITING

WHEN "THE HITMAN" BECOMES "THE JAB MAN" CAN "MAS" BE FAR BEHIND?

I'VE BEEN HEARING A GREAT DEAL about Roberto Duran and his comeback. He is trying to redeem the reputation he lost after the 'No Mas' incident. I propose a meeting between Mr. Roberto Duran and Mr. Hearns. It would be a natural, and, in my opinion, the only way for Mr. Duran to regain his reputation if he could get by Hearns, which I doubt.

Sugar Ray Leonard, unliked by many, is in a class by himself and made a fool of Roberto Duran in their last meeting—to the point that Duran lost his confidence when being made to look foolish and quit. Just quit. Leonard showed him he could adjust after being beaten. He slugged it out with Roberto in their first encounter, fighting Roberto's fight. And lost. But Roberto could not adjust to Sugar and quit.

Let's see Duran's bull-like rushes against the best jab in the business—Hearns'. It would prove how good Duran really is.

ED JOHANNSEN, MILWAUKEE, WISC.

IS A CRUISERWEIGHT REALLY SMALLER THAN A BATTLESHIP?

I NOTICED IN YOUR EXCELLENT ratings that you do not recognize the Junior Flyweight, Super Flyweight, or Cruiserweight divisions recognized by the W.B.C. I have no objections to this, since there are too many champions today anyway.

However, you rank Junior Flyweight fighters with Bantamweight fighters, since their unrecognized division is below that of a recognized division. But the Cruiserweights are ranked with the Light Heavies. Surely, it is obvious today that fighters don't drop to a lower weight class—so how can these "cruisers" be considered as legitimate contenders for the 175 lb. crown? Most "cruisers" weigh close to 190 lbs., and according to your classification, are legitimate heavyweights.

Even if these fighters are former light heavies, they could never shed the 15 lbs. necessary to make themselves legitimate contenders for the light heavyweight crown. In other words, a cruiserweight is *not* a light heavyweight, and whatever these fighters really are, they should be ranked as heavyweights.

SCOTT VAN NESS, AURORA, COLORADO

DIVIDED ON DIVISIONS

I AGREE 100% WITH WHAT MR. DON Pierson suggested in the August issue of *Ring*, except for his proposed weight classifications. I don't like the word "Junior"; I prefer "Super". I therefore respectfully suggest the following classes:

Heavyweight	205 lbs and over
Cruiserweight	Not over 204 lbs.
Light Heavyweight	Not over 189 lbs.
Super Middleweight	Not over 174 lbs.
Middleweight	Not over 164 lbs.
Super Welterweight	Not over 154 lbs.
Welterweight	Not over 145 lbs.
Lightweight	Not over 136 lbs.
Featherweight	Not over 128 lbs.
Bantamweight	Not over 120 lbs.
Flyweight	112 lbs and under

In the interest of good boxing, I hope that *The Ring* could initiate a move that would have one world boxing body rate boxers worldwide. Thus we would have one real and true champion in each of the above weight classifications.

EUSTAQUIO R. PACOT, WESTLAND, MICH.

I WISH THERE WERE SOME WAY TO eliminate the madness of the "in-between" divisions in boxing, variously known as the "super" or "junior" classes. There is no need for them, and they only serve to dilute the meaning of "championship" by creating a bunch of cheese champions.

The only in-between division that is arguably necessary is the new Cruiserweight class, and even that would be rendered unnecessary if the maximum divisional weights were realigned to take into account the fact that men are bigger on the average than they used to be. A 190-pounder is, today, truly a *light* heavyweight. My proposals:

Heavyweight	over 190
Light Heavyweight	170 to 190
Middleweight	155 to 170
Welterweight	140 to 155
Lightweight	130 to 140
Featherweight	122 to 130
Bantamweight	115 to 122
Flyweight	under 115

PAUL FISHER, SACRAMENTO, CA

AT SEA OVER RING'S *FAILURE TO RECOGNIZE CRUISERWEIGHTS*

I HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED *RING'S* opinions concerning boxing. But I must admit that I am a little puzzled as to why your magazine does not recognize the cruiserweight division. Why not? There is a gap of about 25 pounds between the light heavyweight division, (since there are no more good heavyweights under 200 pounds anymore).

When you consider that 25 pounds separate six weight divisions from flyweight to lightweight, the idea of a cruiserweight division becomes less ridiculous. Remember, the light heavyweight division was considered ridiculous in its early years. So much so that Stanley Ketchel did not want to be known as the light heavyweight champion because the middleweight title was much more prestigious.

ANTHONY DI MARCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ed Note: The cruiserweight division is, at this magic moment in time, six or seven fighters in search of a division. From the time the class was started, the only consistency has been inconsistency, with one lightweight listed amongst its 20 supposed contenders. Recently, the only fighters campaigning in the division—with rare exceptions—have been those fighting for the championship. There still is neither a wellspring of acceptance by the fans nor the fighters for this class. And until that occurs we will stick by the definition we originally came up with when appraised of the formation of such a division: "A cruiserweight is indefinable; except that it is bigger than a breadbox and smaller than a battle ship."

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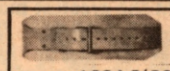

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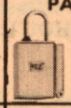

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For all the world to hear,
He wants us one and all to think,
He never had a peer.

There is no doubt Ali is great,
An actor, who plays his part,
But behind this grand illusion,
Hides a sentimental heart.

Ali is a man who loves his God,
Follows his word and creed,
And shows his love for everyone,
With a kind and generous deed.

It was written that he would not meet,
The one who is really great,
He had the unfortunate circumstance,
Of being born too late.

He would have met the Great Joe Louis,
The greatest one of all,
Who stood and stands before mankind,
A figure ten feet tall.

Who gave his best to everyone,
His generosity had no end,
Whose head was never in the clouds,
For Joe knew how to bend.

If I could take the great Ali,
And place him in your time,
He'd have to fight the greatest man,
When he was in his prime.

He never would have been refused,
And just like all the rest,
Become a member of your club,
To fight you at your best.

You are the greatest, Mr. Joe,
A man cherished and revered,
A man loved by the whole wide world,
A fighter—always feared.

AUGUSTE PAUL DE CASAS, KEASBEY, N.J.

A PLAGUE ON BOTH HOUSES—THE WBA AND WBC

I AM A FIGHT FAN WHO WOULD LIKE TO say a few things to someone who I know will listen: I like reading *Ring* Magazine because it tells both sides of the story in detail. The story I have in mind is the WBC and the WBA.

I'm sick and tired of seeing two world champions in the same weight division. To me a champion is the man who shows the world he is the best at what he does. Muhammad Ali and Roberto Duran showed the world that they were the best by being undisputed heavy and lightweight world champions

To me two world champions in the same weight division is a joke and something ought to be done about it if at all possible.

C. RUTHERFORD, PAEONIAN SPRINGS, VA.

PUT WBC AND WBA TOGETHER AND WHAT DO YOU GET? NOTHING.

I thought the article on the WBA and WBC ratings in your June issue was an unheralded masterpiece! It is about time that both of the crooked organizations were truly revealed for what they are—nothing. I often wonder if their ratings committees consists of Norm Crosby, Rodney Dangerfield, David Brenner and the like.

What boxing needs today are honest sets of ratings ranking boxers with proven records against quality opponents so that boxing fans like myself will never have to second-guess "rated opponents" and can enjoy this unique sport to the fullest.

The Ring ratings, I feel, are the most genuine of any to be found. Congratulations on a fine piece of journalism!

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FOR SALE: Collection of Ring magazines: 1932-1939 not complete, but have most since 1940. Also many other boxing mags and record books as far back as the forties Jim Johnston, 259 E. 6th Street, North Vancouver B.C. V7L 1P4.

For Sale: 8mm, super 8 fight films 1909-1974 covering all weight divisions. Nearly fifty fights spliced on 400 reels, own carrying cases. Some discontinued, no longer available. Sell entire collection complete. First $400.00 S.A.S.E. Bill Beaulieu, 18 Whitehall Terr., Hooksett, N.H. 03106.

For Sale: to highest bidder, Rocky Marciano vs. Joe Louis 400 ft. Reg. 8 silent. And Tony Janiro vs. Rocky Graziano 3rd—200ft. Reg 8, silent. P.O. Box 162, Ogdensburg, N.J. 07439.

Set of 4 color pictures of TOMMY HEARNS, holding sparring session at Madison Square Garden. Good, clear shots, $1.25 each, or $4.00 for complete set. CHARLES D. BROWN, 39 Stockton St., Brentwood, N.Y. 11717.

Reyes Boxing Equipment for sale: Professional gloves 6, 8, 10 ounce, training gloves 12, 14, 16, 18 ounce, headguards, foulproof cups, speed bags, heavy bags, etc. Write for list. Send $3.00 for photos and W.B.C. referral to: Grant Phillips, 75 East End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028, Dept-17-G.

Send $1.00 for large list of 16, Super 8 and 8mm fight films, books, magazines, programs and other boxing memorabilia. Dollar will be refunded with first order. Jim Canfield, R.D.2, McVeytown, Pa. 17051.

I have for sale *Ring Magazine* 1937 (12 issues), 1938 (12 issues) and 1939 (12 issues) plus a few 1936 and a few 1940. Sell as a package. Write to John K. Morrison, 10941 M-32, Lachine, Mich. 49753.

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Wanted: Video cassette of Larry Holmes vs.Earnie Shavers September 28, 1979, in Beta and must be in PAL system for Europe. Write: Bjorn Dahle, Prestebakken 22A, 9750 Honningsvaas, Norway.

Wanted: Audio cassette fights or super 8mm fight films of Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson, Muhammad Ali, and Joe Frazier. Write to: Ken Bond, R. D. #3 Jockey St., Ballston Lake, N.Y. 12019.

8mm fight film of the 1st Louis-Godoy bout wanted. P. Madrid 25365 Liberty Ln., Farmington Hills, MI. 48018.

Early *Strength* and *Strongman* books, published before 1940 by Mark Berry, Alan Calvert and George Jowett. E. Tatro, 60 Goff Road, Wethersfield, Ct. 06109.

Wanted: VHS cassettes of title fights (PAL system Europe). Send all details to: Bengt Safwengerg, Berggatan 20, 91300 Holmsund, Sweden.

Wanted: VHS video tapes of the following heavyweight fights: Spinks-Mercado, Cobb-Shavers, Monroe-Lopez, Norton-Cobb, Tillis-D'Elia, Stinson-Shellburg. Also any fights of Ward, Coetzee, Witherspoon, Ledoux, Mercado. Pat Higdem, 12309 Burbank Blvd., Apt. 15, North Hollywood, CA 91607.

Wanted: Reg 8mm boxing films, also anything on George Foreman or Roberto Duran. Send description and prices to Mike Luna, Box 863, Ava. Mo. 65608.

Wanted: original autographed photos of Charles, Corbett, Sullivan, Fitz, Johnson, Louis, Jeffries or Braddock. P.O. Box 162, Ogdensburg, N.J. 07439.

Needed the following Ring Classics fight films: 200' B/W silent: #36, #10. 200' B/W sound: #63. 400' B/W silent: #42. Also need Zale vs. Graziano I and II on audio cassettes. Please contact Wayne Diehl, P.O. Box 112, Olney, Md. 20832.

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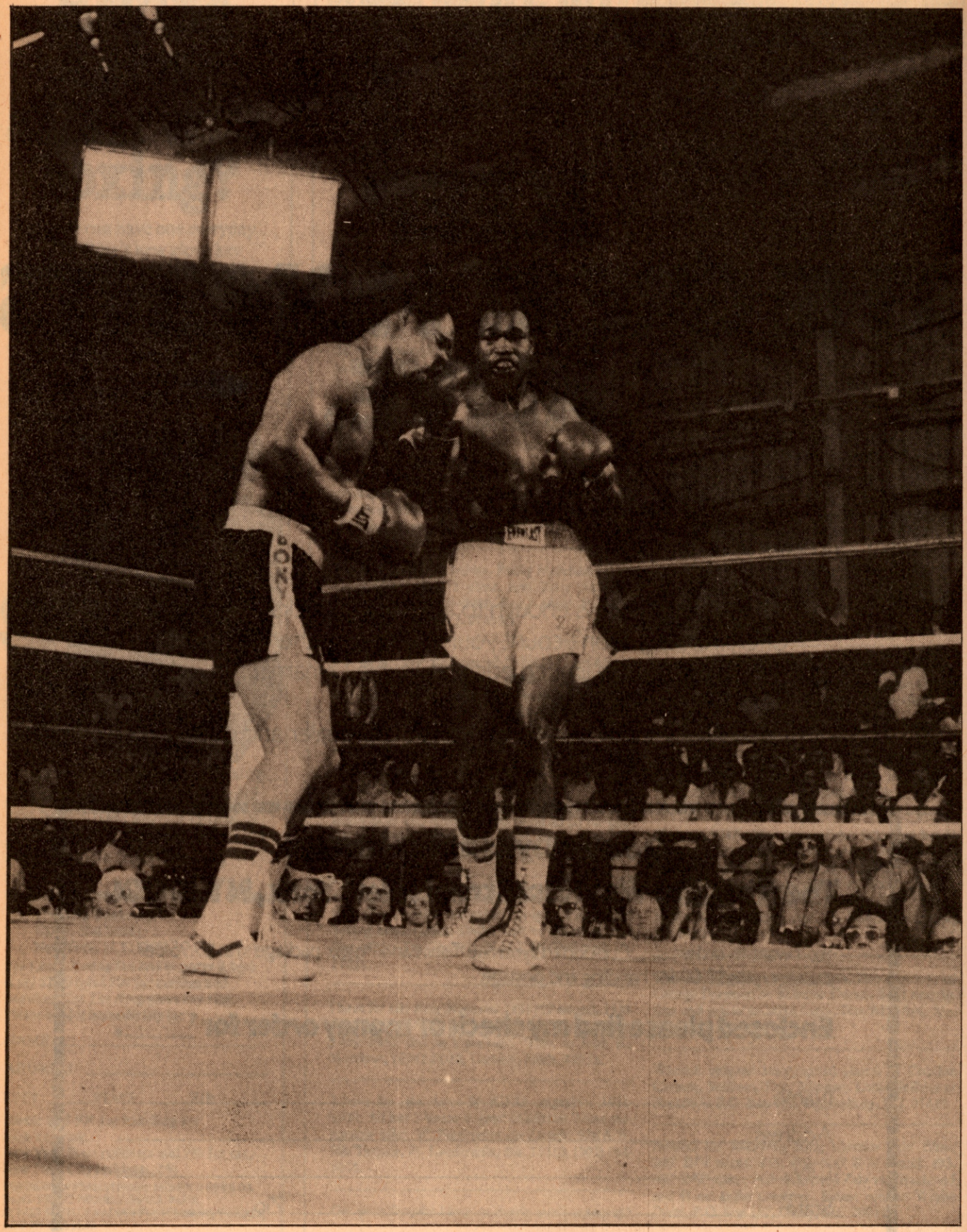
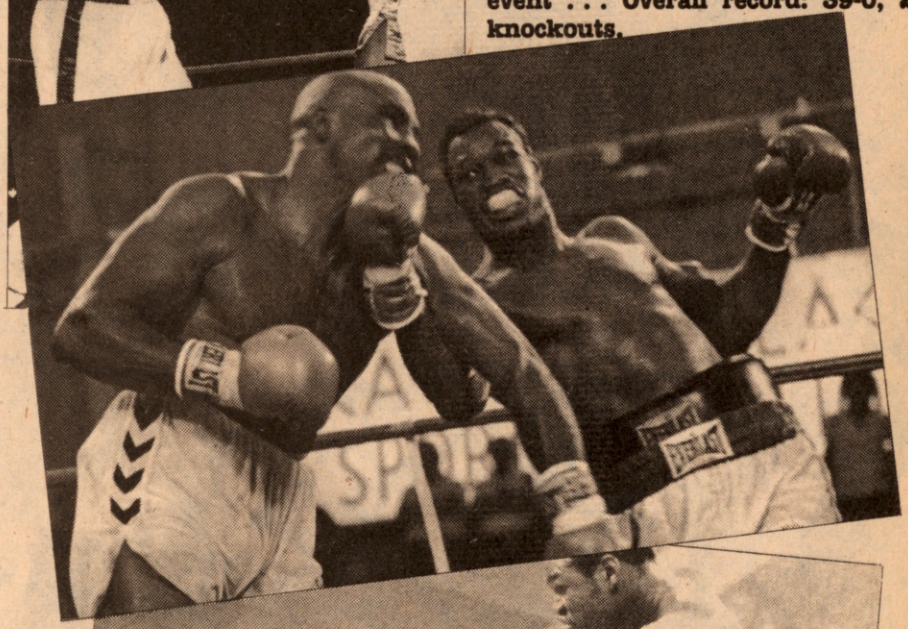
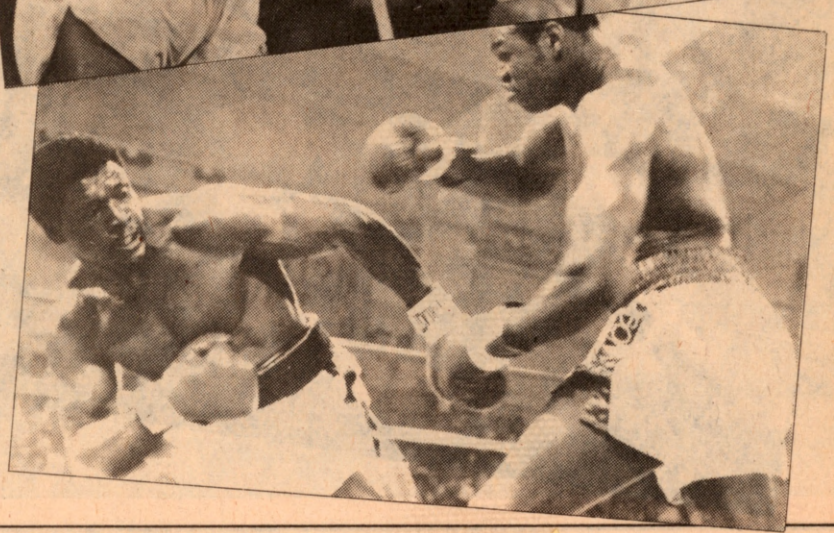


LARRY HOLMES

Born on November 3, 1949, in Cuthbert, Georgia . . . Larry was the middle of 11 children born to John and Flossie Holmes . . . Has seven brothers and one sister . . . Quit school after the seventh grade to help support his family . . . Began boxing as a youngster so he could defend himself better when a street-fight situation arose in Easton—which was often . . . Had a 19-3 amateur recrod . . . Two of the losses were to hard-hitting southpaw Nick Wells and Duane Bobick in the 1972 Olympic Trials . . . Turned professional in March, 1973 with a four-round decision against Rodell Dupree . . .

Added six more victories to his record before the year was out . . . Stopped all three of the men he faced in 1974, and eight of the nine he fought in 1975 . . . A 10-round decision against Roy Williams in April, 1976 left Holmes with a 22-0 record, including 16 knockouts . . . However, he broke his right hand in the victory against Williams, and was shelved for the next nine months . . . Won all four fights in 1977, three by knockout . . . Received his big chance on March 25, 1978, when he shut out Earnie Shavers over 12 rounds . . . On June 9, 1978, Holmes won a 15-round decision against Ken Norton, winning Norton's WBC title—one the WBC had unjustly taken from Leon Spinks and bestowed on top contender Norton . . . Since that time, Holmes has successfully defended his crown 11 times, stopping all but one (Trevor Berbick) challenger . . . Tied with Tommy Burns for the divisional record of consecutive knockouts in title fights (8) . . . Tied that record when he stopped Muhammad Ali in the 11th round, October 2, 1980 . . . Holmes' .744 knockout percentage is among the highest in heavyweight history . . . Stands just over 6' 3" and has an 80-inch reach . . . Owns a left jab that is one of the division's best and a right uppercut that may be the best . . . Has been floored three times in his professional career (Kevin Isaac, Earnie Shavers and Renaldo Snipes) . . . Picked himself up each time and came back to stop his opponent . . . Resides in a specially-built home in Easton, Pa., with his wife, Dianne, and their two-year-old daughter, Kandy Larie . . . The house cost $500,000 just to build . . . Built inside the house is a swimming pool that is shaped like a boxing glove . . . Will earn more for the defense against Cooney than any athlete has ever earned for a single event . . . Overall record: 39-0, 29 knockouts.

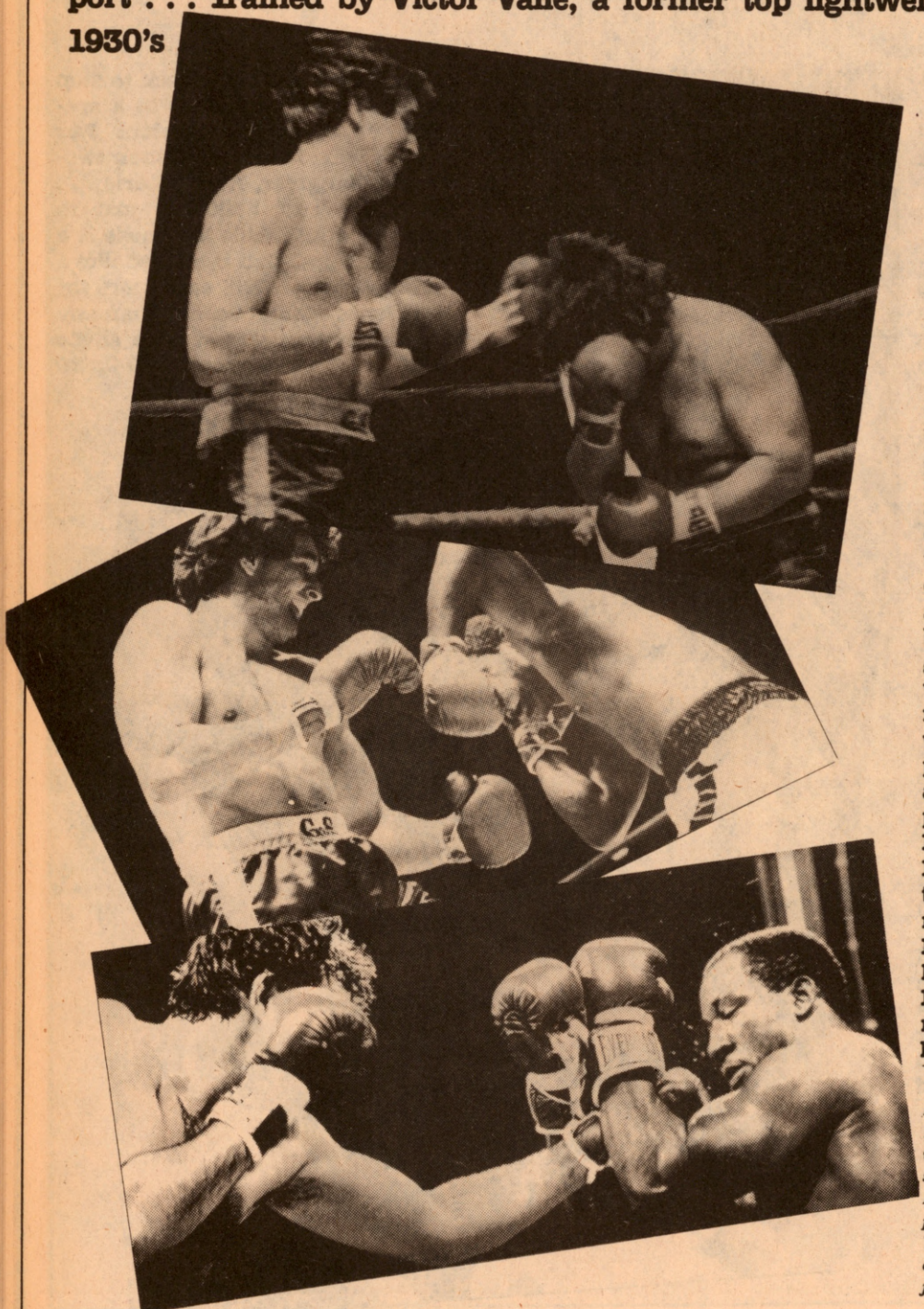




Left: Larry Holmes drives a right uppercut to the face of Ken Norton, June 9, 1978. Holmes won the decision—and the WBC title. Top Right: Holmes beats the shell of Muhammad Ali, October 2, 1980. Center: The Holmes' right uppercut stops Earnie Shavers, round 11, September 28, 1979. Right: A snarling Holmes goes after a retreating Berbick the only man to go the title distance against the champ

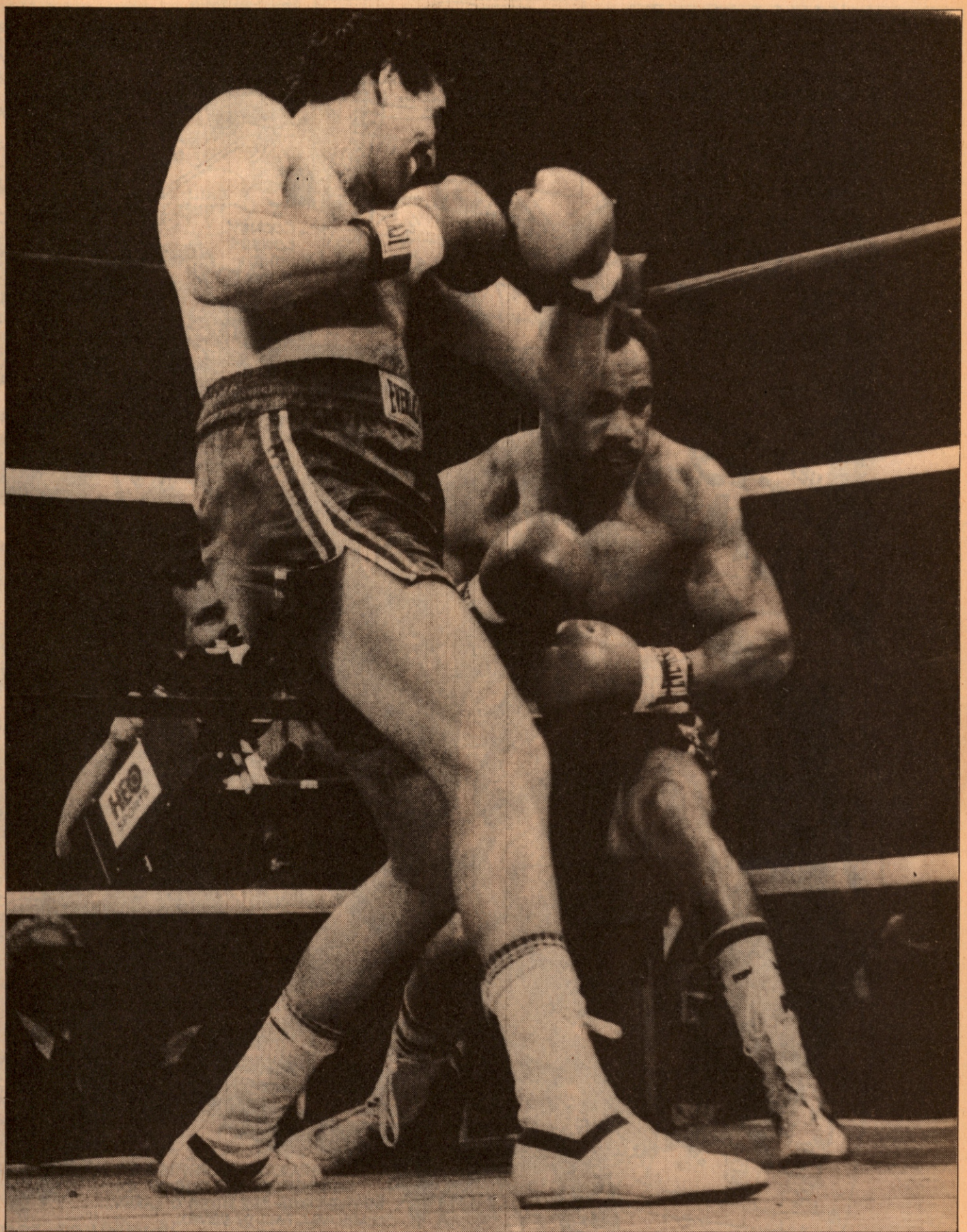
GERRY COONEY

Born August 24, 1956 . . . Resident of Huntington, Long Island, New York . . . Won 55 of 57 amateur fights and two New York Golden Gloves titles . . . Stands 6′ 6″ and has an 81-inch reach . . . Possesses the most gifted left since Joe Louis . . . Can jab with awesome power or throw hooks and uppercuts that leave marks, open cuts and break ribs when they land . . . His right is perhaps the most underrated punch in the heavyweight division . . . Co-managed by Michael R. Jones and Dennis Rappaport . . . Trained by Victor Valle, a former top lightweight contender in the mid-1930's



Jones, Rappaport and Valle have been with Cooney since he turned pro on February 15, 1977, stopping Bill Jackson in the first round . . . Fastest knockout came on January 14, 1978 against Terry Lee Kidd, who was counted out at :20 of the first round after being felled by a double hook from "Gentleman" Gerry . . . Has eight first-round knockouts, including a 54-second stoppage of Ken Norton on May 11, 1981 . . . Farthest he has had to go in a fight is eight rounds . . . Decisioned Sam McGill (1978) and Eddie Lopez (1979) in one-sided eight-round fights . . . His fights last an average of 3.44 rounds . . . Does not enjoy the "Great White Hope" label that has historically followed Caucasian heavyweights . . . Likes to say, "It doesn't matter if you're black or white, only if you have a good left or right" . . . Is also upset when he hears people say he has fought nothing but bums and washed-up fighters . . . Looks to dispel all talk by beating Larry Holmes, a task that has never been accomplished in the professional ranks . . . Has two common opponents with Holmes—Tom Prater and Ken Norton . . . Cooney stopped Prater in round two and Norton in one . . . Holmes decisioned both . . . Since halting Leroy Boone in round six in December, 1979, has fought only six rounds . . . Overall record: 25-0, 21 knockouts.

Top Left: Cooney's left hooks wreck Terry Lee Kidd in :20 of the opening round, January, 1978. Middle: Brod Mason flounders on his way to being stopped. Left: A Cooney left jab snakes through the guard of Leroy Boone, December, 14, 1980. Boone fell victim to a pair of body hooks in the sixth round. Right: The awesome power of Cooney's left is evident on the face of Ken Norton, who lasted just 54 seconds on May 11, 1981



WHO'S GOING TO TRIUMPH? ...DEPENDS ON WHAT EXPERT ONE LISTENS TO!

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LARRY CAN'T LOSE!

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Larry HOLMES

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...DON'T GET NO RESPECT!

SUCCESSOR TO A POPULAR CHAMP

"AND LAST TIME OUT HE ALMOST GOT KO'ED BY MISTER WHAT'S-HIS-NAME!"

...L-LIKE I SAID!

UNDEFEATED CHALLENGER
"IRISH" Gerry
COONEY

SCORECARD

	HOLMES	COONEY
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		
11		
12		
13		
14		
15		
TOTAL		

AH, THAT'S ALL BLARNEY... LARRY'S FOUGHT THE BEST FROM ALI TO ZANON!

...AND I WHUPPED 'EM ALL!

THE CHAMP IS A COMPLETE FIGHTER. ...COONEY'S A NEAR-COMPLETE MYSTERY!

...ONE THING'S CERTAIN, BOTH LADS HAVE FOUND THE END OF THE RAINBOW!

I THINK IRISH GERRY IS A BIT TOO GREEN AND RUSTY TO BE FIGHTING THE LIKES O' LARRY... COONEY WILL FALL IN SEVEN. CHARLIE McG'TH. "THE RING"

JOHNNY BOS, Matchmaker—"Cooney in one!"

FERDIE PACHECO, Boxing Consultant, NBC-TV—"Holmes, any time he wants to."

TEDDY BRENNER, Matchmaker, Top Rank, Inc.—"I like Cooney by knockout."

GIL CLANCY, Boxing Analyst, CBS-TV—"If Cooney gets into top shape, I like him by knockout."

ANGELO DUNDEE, Manager/trainer—"For the first time in my life I can't pick a winner. Cooney has to get him early, or there will be no later. This fight is what boxing is all about."

MUHAMMAD ALI, Former Heavyweight Champion—"I don't know who's gonna win, but Cooney might hit Larry so hard his kinfolks in Africa will feel it."

BOBBY CZYZ, Unbeaten Middleweight Sensation—"I think Cooney will catch up with him. He's the one guy Holmes doesn't have a reach advantage on. Cooney can punch and I believe he can take it. He's also a great finisher. This could be like Leonard-Hearns. It'll be a fight where the biggest heart and best strategy prevails."

EDDIE MUSTAFA MUHAMMAD, Former WBA Light Heavyweight Champion—"Holmes doesn't get hit too often with left hooks, and we all know that's Gerry's best punch. While I think Cooney is a fine heavyweight, I don't know if he can go a hard 15 rounds, or even a hard 10. Also, his right hand is kind of an unknown commodity, though I suspect it's pretty good. A lot of questions will be answered in this fight. May the best man win."

JOE FRAZIER, Former Heavyweight Champion—"Personally, I don't care who wins."

GEORGE BENTON, Trainer—"Even though Cooney has never really been tested, I've got to give him a puncher's chance. He's got those long arms and is a lot bigger than Holmes. Also, Holmes can be hit. If Cooney hits him, he can knock him out."

MARV ALBERT, NBC-TV Sportscaster—"Cooney will stop Holmes in the sixth round. I think Cooney will get to him early and that Holmes will manage to hold on until the sixth but will be in trouble throughout and will be put away by a barrage of left hooks."

ALEX RAMOS, Unbeaten Middleweight Prospect—"I feel that if Cooney lands his best shots, Holmes will go. But Cooney has never been in there with a fighter of Holmes' calibre. This is a real tough fight to pick."

LOU DUVA, Manager—"I think this fight can be broken into two parts. In the first part, I think Cooney will win by knockout within eight rounds, simply because he is so big and punches so hard. The second fight will be anything past eight rounds. It'll then be Larry Holmes against the teaching of Victor Valle and how much Cooney has learned."

DAN DUVA, Promoter—"I'm not sure who will win, but what I think this fight comes down to is whether Cooney's strength can overcome Holmes' experience under fire."

TONY AYALA, SR., Manager/Trainer—"I like Cooney within five rounds. However, the longer this fight goes over eight rounds, the better chance Holmes has. I sure would like to have seen Cooney get more rounds under his belt against better opposition."

BRUCE TRAMPLER, Matchmaker, Top Rank, Inc.—"Cooney has the size and the power to beat Holmes, but I have too many misgivings about Cooney.

MURRAY GOODMAN, Publicist—"Cooney is tough, big and hits very hard, but he's no match for Holmes in the long run."

VITO ANTUOFERMO, Former World Middleweight Champion—"I think Cooney is one of the greatest punchers in years, if not of all time. He can also box much better than people are aware. He has a natural defense. Hitting him is not as easy as it might look. His only problem might be his stamina, but I don't think that will be a factor. I look for Cooney to win within three or four rounds."

JOHNNY BUMPHUS, Unbeaten Jr. Welterweight Contender—"I've got to go with Holmes, because he's the more experienced man. He's proven he can dish it out and he's proven he can take it. Sure, Cooney can punch, but what has he proven? Holmes will win. The longer the fight goes, the more chance he's gonna have."

MIKE KATZ, Boxing Writer, New York Times—"This is a gross mismatch. Holmes will toy with Cooney. It's a man against a boy. Cooney doesn't belong in the same ring with Holmes. I can't even figure out how he got to be number one."

GERRY COONEY, Challenger—"It's not my style to make predictions. All I know is that I'm gonna win."

LARRY HOLMES, World Heavyweight Champion—"I will beat up Gerry Cooney and knock him out within seven rounds. If I don't stop him within seven, I'll quit!"

RANDY GORDON, Associate Editor—"Cooney had better end this within four rounds, or he's going to find out what a 15-round championship fight is all about—the hard way!"

RON KATZ, Matchmaker—"Larry Holmes by TKO in 10."

predictions

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LARRY HOLMES

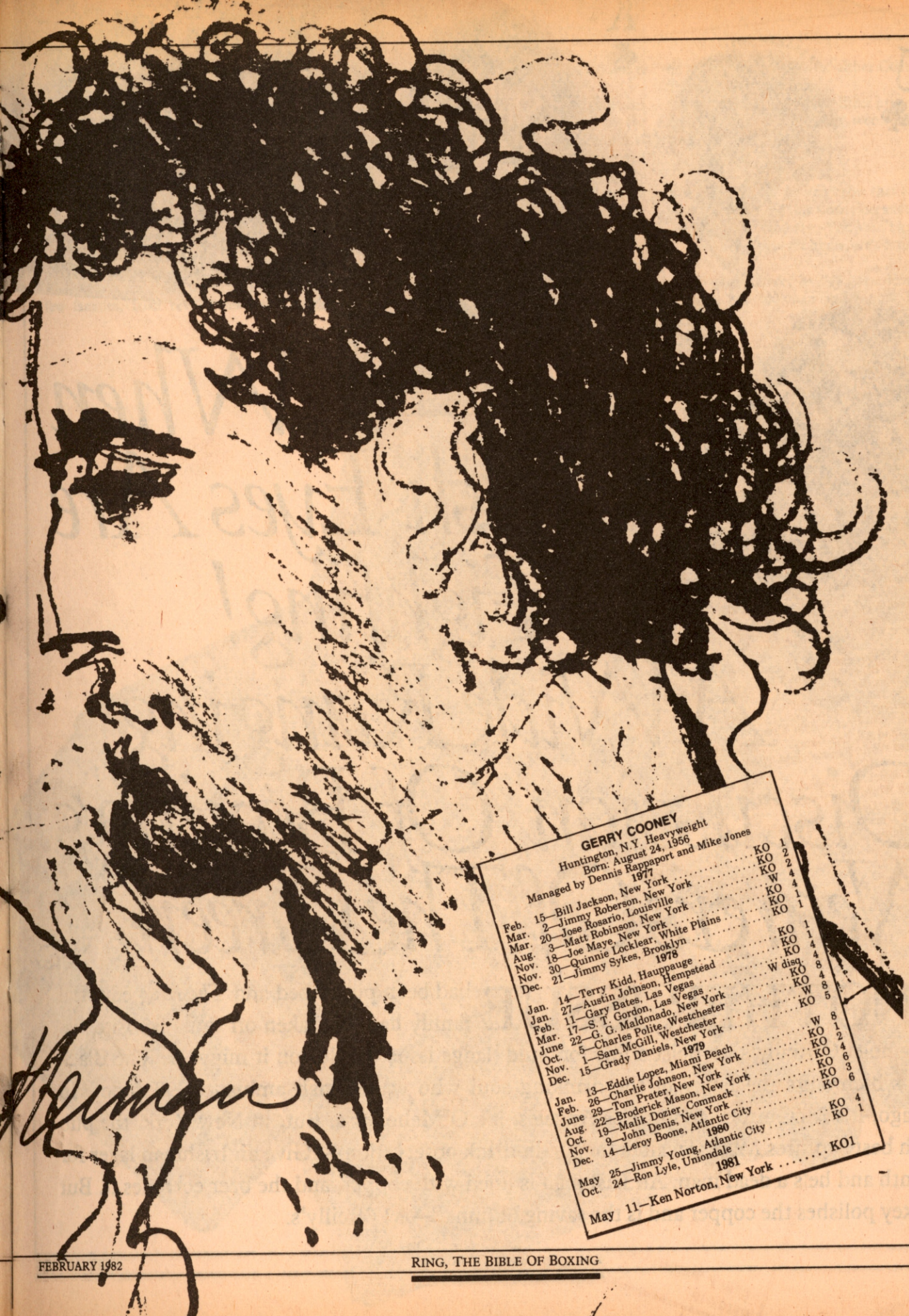
Born, November 3, 1949, Cuthbert, Georgia.
Weight, 215 lbs. Height, 6 ft. 4 in.

	1973		
Mar.	21—Rodell Dupree, Scranton	W	4
May	2—Art Savage, Scranton	KO	3
June	20—Curtis Whitner, Scranton	KO	1
Aug.	22—Don Branch, Scranton	W	6
Sept.	10—Bob Bozic, New York	W	6
Nov.	14—Jerry Judge, Scranton	W	6
Nov.	28—Kevin Isaac, Cleveland	KO	3
	1974		
Apr.	24—Howard Darlington, Scranton	KO	4
May	29—Bob Mashburn, Scranton	KO	7
Dec.	11—Joe Hathaway, Scranton	KO	1
	1975		
Mar.	24—Charley Green, Cleveland	KO	2
Apr.	10—Oliver Wright, Honolulu	KO	3
Apr.	26—Robert Yarborough, Toronto	KO	3
May	16—Ernie Smith, Las Vegas	KO	3
Aug.	16—Obie English, Scranton	KO	7
Aug.	26—Charlie James, Honolulu	W	10
Oct.	1—Rodney Bobick, Manila	KO	6
Dec.	9—Leon Shaw, Washington D.C.	KO	1
Dec.	20—Billy Joiner, San Juan	KO	3
	1976		
Jan.	29—Joe Gholston, Easton	KO	8
Apr.	5—Fred Ashew, Landover	KO	2
Apr.	30—Roy Williams, Landover	W	10
	1977		
Jan.	16—Tom Prater, Pensacola (U.S. Championship Tournament)	W	8
Mar.	17—Horacio Robinson, San Juan	KO	5
Sept.	14—Young Sanford Houpe, Las Vegas	KO	7
Nov.	5—Ibar Arrington, Las Vegas	KO	10
	1978		
Mar.	25—Earnie Shavers, Las Vegas	W	12
June	9—Ken Norton, Las Vegas (Won WBC Heavyweight Title)	W	15
Nov.	10—Alfredo Evangelista, Las Vegas (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	KO	7
	1979		
Mar.	23—Osvaldo Ocasio, Las Vegas (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	KO	7
June	22—Mike Weaver, New York (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	KO	12
Sept.	28—Earnie Shavers, Las Vegas (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	KO	11
	1980		
eb.	3—Lorenzo Zanon, Las Vegas (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	KO	6
ar.	31—Leroy Jones, Las Vegas (Won Vacant World Heavyweight Title)	KO	8
ly	7—Scott LeDoux, Bloomington (Retained World Heavyweight Title)	KO	7
.	2—Muhammad Ali, Las Vegas (Retained World Heavyweight Title)	KO	11
	1981		
	11—Trevor Berbick, Las Vegas. (Retained World Heavyweight Title)	W	15
	12—Leon Spinks, Detroit (Retained World Heavyweight Title)	KO	3
	6—Renaldo Snipes, Pittsburgh. (Retained World Heavyweight Title)	KO	11

TALE OF THE TAPE

LARRY HOLMES		GERRY COONEY
NOVEMBER 3, 1949	Birthdate	AUGUST 24, 1956
CUTHBERT, GEORGIA	Birthplace	NEW YORK, NEW YORK
32	Age	25
215*	Weight	222*
6'3"	Height	6'5"
81"	Reach	81"
43½"	Chest (normal)	44"
45½"	Chest (expanded)	46"
15¾"	Biceps	17"
13"	Forearm	14"
35"	Waist	35"
25"	Thigh	24½"
16"	Calf	16"
17½"	Neck	19½"
8"	Wrist	8"
13½"	Fist	12½"
10"	Ankle	10½"

*EXACT WEIGHTS WILL BE ANNOUNCED FOLLOWING OFFICIAL WEIGH-IN.



GERRY COONEY

Huntington, N.Y. Heavyweight
Born: August 24, 1956
Managed by Dennis Rappaport and Mike Jones

	1977		
Feb.	15—Bill Jackson, New York	KO	1
Mar.	2—Jimmy Roberson, New York	KO	2
Mar.	20—Jose Rosario, Louisville	KO	4
Aug.	3—Matt Robinson, New York	W	4
Nov.	18—Joe Maye, New York	KO	1
Nov.	30—Quinnie Locklear, White Plains	KO	1
Dec.	21—Jimmy Sykes, Brooklyn	KO	1
	1978		
Jan.	14—Terry Kidd, Hauppauge	KO	1
Jan.	27—Austin Johnson, Hempstead	KO	1
Feb.	11—Gary Bates, Las Vegas	KO	4
Mar.	17—S. T. Gordon, Las Vegas	W disq	8
June	22—G. G. Maldonado, New York	KO	4
Oct.	5—Charles Polite, Westchester	KO	8
Nov.	1—Sam McGill, Westchester	W	8
Dec.	15—Grady Daniels, New York	KO	5
	1979		
Jan.	13—Eddie Lopez, Miami Beach	W	8
Feb.	26—Charlie Johnson, New York	KO	1
June	29—Tom Prater, New York	KO	4
Aug.	22—Broderick Mason, New York	KO	6
Oct.	19—Malik Dozier, Commack	KO	3
Nov.	9—John Denis, New York	KO	6
Dec.	14—Leroy Boone, Atlantic City	KO	4
	1980		
May	25—Jimmy Young, Atlantic City	KO	1
Oct.	24—Ron Lyle, Uniondale	KO1	
	1981		
May	11—Ken Norton, New York		

When Irish Eyes Are Fighting! A Wide Ranging Discussion Of Boxing's Wearers Of The Green

ANOTHER ISSUE had been put to bed and *The Ring* editorial family had just taken off to its favorite watering hole, O'Reilly's, to hoist a few for auld lange issue. In Boston it might be The Black Rose which suits the fancy of the drinking soul who wants Irish ambiance, 98 proof. In Chicago, it's McGuire's, and in Los Angeles, it's O'Mahoney's. But, in New York, the pub which best captures Mark Twain's tongue-in-drink observation—"Give an Irishman lager for a month and he's a dead man. An Irishman is lined with copper, and the beer corrodes it. But whiskey polishes the copper and is the saving of him ."—is O'Reilly's.

TOGETHER THE RAGTAG TEAM ENtered the main dining room, trying mightily to will themselves a table. Normally there would be plenty of tables available for *The Ring* reg'lars. But not tonight. For this was no ordinary night; it was St. Patrick's. And the "amateurs" were out in force, crowding in at the bar, filing the tables to overflowing and just plain muscling those who frequented O'Reilly's the other 364 days of the year away from their familiar moorings.

Tonight there would be no discussion of Irish writers, or Irish actors or even, by the few fanatics, Irish revolutionaries. Tonight there would be nothing but serious drinking. And plenty of it.

Finally, the art director, dragging his layouts behind him, espied a table in the corner and all five of the so-called editorial staff crowded into a space normally reserved for two. One of the group, it doesn't really matter who, looked up at the wall just over the table, and caught sight of a new addition to the O'Reilly archives, a framed poem. It stood out in bold relief from the items normally found on the walls of O'Reilly's, an eclectic collection of olde Guiness signs, county flags and bland paintings, which could on most evenings pass for either County Kildare or Dr. Kildare.

The poem, more a P.U.-litzer prize winner than a Pulitzer Prize winner, went:

"Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive. I am writing this slowly because I know that you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you come home, we've moved.

About your father, he has got a lovely new job. He has 500 men under him. He cuts

grass at the cemetary. Your sister Mary had a baby this morning. I haven't found out yet whether it's a boy or a girl, so I don't know if you're an aunt or an uncle.

I went to the doctor's on Thursday and your father came with me. The doctor put a small tube in my mouth and told me not to talk for 10 minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him.

Your uncle Patrick drowned last week in a vat of Irish whiskey at the Dublin brewery. Some of his workmates tried to save him, but he fought them off bravely. They cremated him and it took 3 days to put out the fire.

It only rained twice this week: First for 3 days, then for 4. We had a letter from the undertaker. He said if the last payment on your grandmother's plot wasn't paid in 7 days, up she comes.

Your loving Mother.

GREATEST IRISH HEAVYWEIGHTS

1. *JACK DEMPSEY*
2. *GENE TUNNEY*
3. *JAMES J. CORBETT*
4. *JOHN L. SULLIVAN*
5. *TOM SHARKEY*
6. *JAMES J. BRADDOCK*
7. *TOMMY GIBBONS*
8. *TOMMY LOUGHRAN*
9. *JERRY QUARRY*
10. *GERRY COONEY*

Honorable Mention: Paddy Ryan, Frank Moran, Jim Maloney, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Passing Mention: Tom McNeeley, Mike McTigue. No Mention: Peter Maher.

P.S. I was going to send you 5 pounds, but I have already sealed the envelope."

Enough was enough. As the drink order was shouted at Annie, the scotch-and-soda order commingled with the strains from MacNamara's Band, one of the visiting firemen approached the table and, without so much as a how-do-you-do, launched into an unsolicited treatise on the finer points of Gerry Cooney.

No sooner had the uninvited guest tried to insinuate himself into what was then passing for conversation then one of the owners, Con, came over to open up yet another rich vein: Irish boxers. And so the rest of the evening was passed in discussing the sons of the ould sod who gained fame in the ring—excluding, of course, those who had tried to pass themselves off as genuine articles by adopting noms de guerre that sounded Irish, like Mushy Callahan, who went by the real name of Vincent Morris Scheer, or Young Corbett III, who had been christened Ralph Capablanca Giordano, or Artie O'Leary, real name Arthur Lieberman, or even Kid McCoy, whose real moniker was Norman Selby. No,

IRISH CHAMPS

HEAVYWEIGHT
JOHN L. SULLIVAN
JAMES J. CORBETT
JACK DEMPSEY
GENE TUNNEY
JAMES J. BRADDOCK

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT
GEORGE GARDNER
PHILA. JACK O'BRIEN
MIKE McTIGUE
JIMMY SLATTERY
TOMMY LOUGHRAN
BILLY CONN

MIDDLEWEIGHT
NONPAREIL JACK DEMPSEY
MIKE O'DOWD
BRYAN DOWNEY
MICKEY WALKER
PAUL PENDER

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT
DENNY MOYER

WELTERWEIGHT
PADDY DUFFY
MATTY MATTHEWS
HONEY MELLODY
MIKE (TWIN) SULLIVAN
JACK BRITTON
MICKEY WALKER
JIMMY McLARNIN
RED COCHRANE

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT
PINKEY MITCHELL

LIGHTWEIGHT
JACK MacAULIFFE
SEAN O'GRADY

FEATHERWEIGHT
TORPEDO BILLY MURPHY
TERRY McGOVERN
DAVE SULLIVAN
JOHNNY KILBANE
JOEY ARCHIBALD

BANTAMWEIGHTS
SPIDER KELLY
JIMMY BARRY
TERRY McGOVERN
HARRY FORBES
FRANKIE NEIL
JIMMY WALSH
JOHNNY COULON
JOE LYNCH

FLYWEIGHT
JOHNNY McCOY
RINTY MONAGHAN

this evening's bill de fare was Irish boxers, no one else need apply.

Rattling off a string that rivaled those in MacNamara's Band, the managing editor ran through a list from Philadelphia Jack O'Brien to John L. Sullivan to Tommy Loughran. Throwing in a Jimmy Slattery, Billy Conn and James J. Corbett for effect and garnishing the whole discussion with Jimmy McLarnin, Tom Sharkey, Mike O'Dowd and Mickey Walker.

But that was viewed as an appetizer, hardly an entire menu, and soon the names Gene Tunney, James J. Braddock, Packey O'Gatty and Jack Dempsey, twice, almost as if it were hiccupped, were thrown in. Then the Gibbons, the "Twin" Sullivans, the Flanagans, and the Quarrys, with a McTigue here, a Donovan there and, of course, back to "Go" do-not-collect-another-drink, the name Gerry Cooney was added.

10 GREATEST IRISH FIGHTERS

1. *JACK DEMPSEY*
2. *MICKEY WALKER*
3. *GENE TUNNEY*
4. *JIMMY McLARNIN*
5. *JAMES J. CORBETT*
6. *TERRY McGOVERN*
7. *JOHN L. SULLIVAN*
8. *"NONPAREIL" JACK DEMPSEY*
9. *BILLY CONN*
10. *PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN*

Honorable Mention: Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Slattery, Johnny Kilbane, Mike McTigue, Mike "Twin" Sullivan, Jack Britton, Dave Shade, Packey McFarland

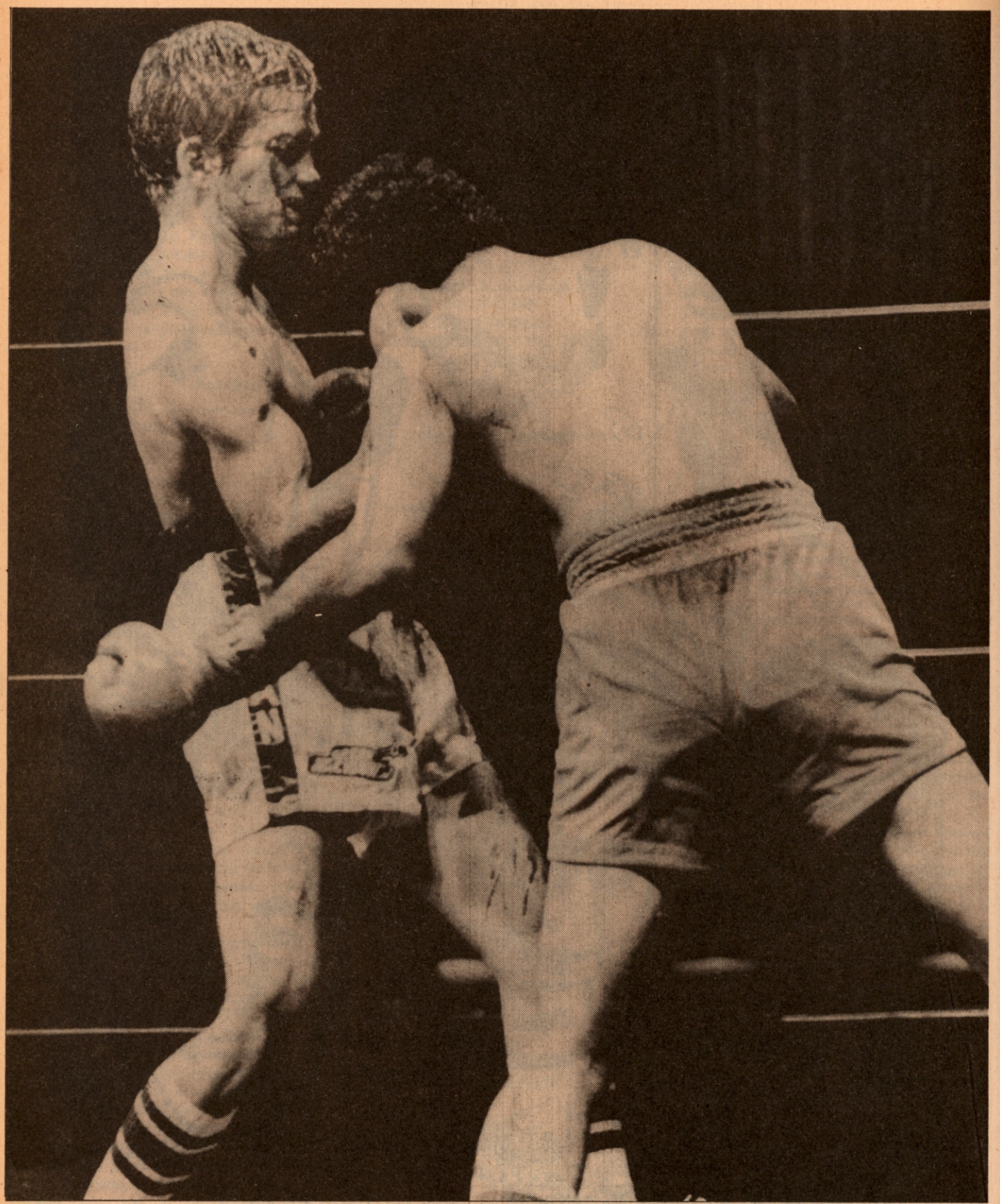
It was a fine list. And the only thing to do with it was attempt to give it some form and shape by giving some qualities to the quantities, a sort of a party game, select the top ten Irish boxers of all time.

After much thought—and several drinks—the assembled group, which by this time had grown to an even drinker's dozen, began debating the finer points of all those sons of Erin who fought. In no time at all, or so it seemed, a consensus was arrived at, together with more than a few drinks thrown in for good measure to keep the discussion—and dissension—well-oiled.

And while they were added, another list of those who had fought as heavyweights, including Gerry Cooney, was put together. Those lists are herewith presented to you, free of charge.

But anything else will necessitate your presence at O'Reilly's next St. Patty's Day. And your invitation, much like the five pounds the sainted Irish mother supposedly sent her son, was somehow, someway, somewhere left out, together with several greats whom the faithful forgot by dawn's early light as the party—and the lists—wound down. ●

Braddock
Walker
Conn
Loughran
The RING
1922—1982
Tunney
Irish Ring Heroes Wear well...
McLarnin



Despite blood streaming from a nasty cut above O'Grady's right eye, this June 1978 bout against Japan's Shig Fukuyama was allowed to continue until, you guessed it, Fukuyama was stopped on cuts. Opposite: O'Grady senior hugs his son in happier moments.

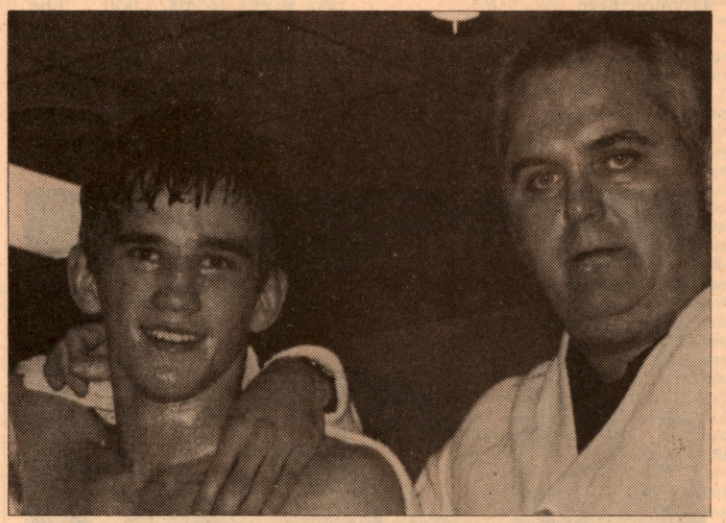
IT'S A RUNNING GAG wherever boxing writers congregate:

Pat O'Grady for manager of the year. His credentials are peccable.

All the good father did was get his kid Sean stripped of the WBA Lightweight title for not fighting a journeyman lightweight named Claude Noel, he formed his own world organization to give his kid that very same title and then, in his first defense, get him knocked off by a substitute opponent before a paltry crowd in Little Rock, Ark., of all places.

THE STORY ISN'T FUNNY, however, and it's not easy laughing at a guy who at the age of 14 lied about his age so he could join the Marines and fight for his country at Guadalcanal and Okinawa.

Pat O'Grady earned a couple of purple hearts, with clusters, in the South Pacific. He's earned the equivalent in boxing, from bouncing around the carnival circuits meeting all comers, to patching up other people's fighters in the darkest corners of America. After 40 years in the racket, he thought he finally had it made when Sean captured the WBA version of the Lightweight



title in one of 1980's best fights, a 15-round one-sided slugfest with Hilmer Kenty. Pat should have known better. When Sean had the title taken away from him, in a one-sided decision in a Federal court in Camden, N.J., Pat's kid was asleep—not in a ring, where it might not have hurt so much, but in a telephone booth in the court house.

"Pat had been on the outside all those years," said a sympathetic Mort Sharnik, the boxing advisor for CBS. "He thought it was his turn to cash in. He used to say, 'Now I want my time at the trough.' "

The trough, O'Grady discov-

THE SEAN FAMILY ROBS-A-SON

Or, How One O'Grady Plus One O'Grady Equals No Crown

by Mike Katz

ered, left a bitter taste. He decided to buck Bob Arum—whose Top Rank Inc. had promoted the Kenty fight and which held an option on Sean—and promote his kid's fights himself. Earlier, before the April 12 bout with Kenty, O'Grady had agreed to make the first defense against Noel, a 33-year-old club fighter from Trinidad who, incredibly, had been ranked No. 1 by the WBA.

When Kenty agreed to meet Sean O'Grady, the bubblegum kid whose angelic face, pre-med college career and hard punching had made him a media star, the number one-rated Noel was dropped to No. 2 in the rankings. And O'Grady, who had been No. 1 earlier, was promoted. Noel complained and sued. A Federal judge ruled that, based on their signed prefight agreements to defend against Noel, the Kenty-O'Grady winner had to meet the Trinidad boxer next or be stripped of his title—a rather strong argument, by the way, for NOT having a Federal boxing commission.

When Pat O'Grady balked at fighting Noel for Arum, Noel went to court again. The suit was against Top Rank, et al—neither of the battling O'Grady's was named, therefore neither was really represented—but it was clear to Pat O'Grady, and just about everyone else, that Bob Arum was behind the suit himself. There was not enough room in the judge's chambers, so Sean sat outside, asleep in the phone booth, when he lost his hard-earned title in a decision whose outcome was never in doubt.

Quickly, Pat O'Grady formed an organization to rival the WBA and WBC. He called it the World Athletic Association—even the anagram, WAA, sounds like a cry—and put one Champ Thomas in as president. O'Grady hadn't worked for years in carnival tents without developing a sense of larceny himself. Champ Thomas was the author of one of the funniest non-non-fiction books ever written about boxing: "Sean O'Grady, Living Legend." Champ Thomas, who worked the carny circuit with Pat, was also the referee for several of Sean's fights. But no matter. The world did not need another international boxing organization. And the world made that perfectly clear. Sean O'Grady became the first WAA world champion, but no network would bill his first defense as a "title bout." CBS, however, did agree to pay championship purses for O'Grady's fight against Howard Davis, the 1976 Olympic hero.

Pat O'Grady continued to make mistakes. First, he looked everywhere for a place to hold a WAA title fight, ignoring the fact that those places willing to allow such billing were the same places which couldn't care less about the match. It wound up in Little Rock, where it drew somewhere between 300 and 500 spectators—less than a University of Arkansas pep rally—while it easily could have been in Hartford, Conn., or even the Boston Garden.

"There was a rumor going around Boston that the fight would be there," said Sharnik, "and the Garden was swamped with calls for tickets. For years, Pat had struggled to be on top, and now everything went wrong."

Next, Davis went wrong, injuring a rib in training and threatening the $200,000 payday CBS had promised O'Grady. The network insisted upon a legitimate substitute and offered James (Bubba) Busceme, the comebacking Texas southpaw journeyman. Pat O'Grady insisted Sean should get an extra $50,000 "to fight that southpaw running son of a bitch." CBS then offered Andy Ganigan, the hard-punching Hawaiian southpaw, a much more dangerous opponent than Busceme.

"Ganigan will stand and fight," the network argued. "Yes," Pat agreed, "Sean will take a cut to $225,000." The original purse, in case you had forgotten, was $200,000, but Pat O'Grady was willing to "take a cut" to $225,000. He had justifiably earned his reputation for being impossible to deal with.

He should have asked for more. Sean, feeling the effects of impacted wisdom teeth (subsequently removed), still in the dumps after having his WBA title stripped and having prepared for a right-hander, was hardly in the mood to fight. Twenty minutes before the first bell, he was asleep in his dressing room. He should have found a comfortable telephone booth. Ganigan knocked him down three times in the second round and now has the dubious distinction of being the second WAA world champion.

The WAA title, in fact, is not the one Pat O'Grady wants Sean to win back. He is after Noel and the WBA crown. Noel has been crowing that Sean was afraid to fight him. Pat wants to correct that image. He always felt Noel was an "easy" opponent, but he had wanted Sean to make his first defense for *his* promotional company, not Arum's; Arum's contract be damned.

Pat O'Grady says he has "big-city sensitivities," but has been forced to ply his trade in what he calls "the gaslight district" of the rual Midwest. "The real story is when somebody from the gaslight district tells a Bob Arum to take his $250,000 and shove it," he says. "I had the gall to say that to Arum. That's a hell of a lot of principle to fight for, $250,000, and maybe in my later years I'll kick myself in the ass for it, but at the time I thought I was absolutely right."

Even O'Grady is not sure he did the right thing now. "Certainly you have second thoughts," he said, "but you have to stand up and be counted."

He has been standing up a long time. He's a big man, over 200 pounds, which makes it hard to believe he fought as a welterweight, but the first thing you notice about Pat O'Grady are his wild, black-Irish eyes. They are the eyes of a hypnotist—he has been called a "Svengali"—blazing eyes one would expect in a wild man. He has always been kind of wild.

Pat O'Grady was born in Fort Worth, but after his father died of tuberculosis, was raised by his maternal grandparents in Fort Worth and Lincoln, Neb. "My mother was 15 or 17 years old, depends on how she tells it, when she married, and she remarried later , so I was in the way," he said. "My grandfather worked on the railroad, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and he was transferred to Lincoln. My grandparents were really too old to raise me."

When he was 14, Pat changed his birth certificate to read "17" and enlisted in the Marines. World War II was on, so few questions were asked. "They were taking everybody in those days," said O'Grady, "Line up and sign up." "I had a change of heart overseas after I had my first battle," he said. "I told them I was only 15, but they just

WORLD LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUTS

Compiled by Herbert G. Goldman

DATE	WINNER	WEIGHT	LOSER	WEIGHT	RESULT	TIME KO	SITE	REFEREE
06/01/96	LAVIGNE, Kid	134	BURGE, Dick	136	KO 17		National Sporting Club, London	John Bernard Angle
10/27/96	LAVIGNE, Kid		EVERHARDT, Jack		TKO 24		Bohemian Sporting Club, New York	Honest John Kelly
02/08/97	LAVIGNE, Kid		McPARTLAND, Kid		ref 25		Broadway Athletic Club, New York	
04/30/97	LAVIGNE, Kid	132	CONNOLLY, Eddie	132	TKO 12	*	Broadway Athletic Club, New York	Billy Roche
10/29/97	LAVIGNE, Kid		WALCOTT, Joe		TKO 13	*	Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco	Ed Graney
03/17/98	LAVIGNE, Kid		DALY, Jack		draw 20		Central Armory, Cleveland, Ohio	Charles (Kid) McCoy
09/28/98	LAVIGNE, Kid		ERNE, FRANK		draw 20		Greater New York A.C., Coney Island	Sam Austin
11/25/98	LAVIGNE, Kid		TRACY, Tom		ref 20		Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco	Jim McDonald
07/03/99	ERNE, Frank		LAVIGNE, Kid		ref 20		Hawthorne Athletic Club, Buffalo	Honest John Kelly
12/04/99	ERNE, Frank		O'BRIEN, Jack		ref 20		Greater New York A.C., Coney Island	George Siler
03/23/00	ERNE, Frank		GANS, Joe		TKO 12	O:21	Broadway Athletic Club, New York	Charley White
05/12/02	GANS, Joe	133¼	ERNE, Frank	132½	KO1	1:40	Int. A.C., Fort Erie, Ontario	Charley White
06/27/02	GANS, Joe		McFADDEN, George		TKO 3		Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco	Phil Wand
07/24/02	GANS, Joe		TURNER, Rufe		KO 15		Acme Club, Oakland, California	Ed. W. Smith
09/17/02	GANS, Joe		GARDNER, Gus		KO 5		Germania Maennerchor Hall, Baltimore	Charley White
10/13/02	GANS, Joe		McPARTLAND, Kid		KO 5	2:25	Int. A.C., Fort Erie, Ontario	Charley White
11/14/02	GANS, Joe		SEIGER, Charley		KO 15	1:25	Germania Maennerchor Hall, Baltimore	George Mann
01/01/03	GANS, Joe		GARDNER, Gus		WF 11	1:07	New Britain, Connecticut	.... Willis
03/11/03	GANS, Joe		CROSBY, Steve		TKO 11		Arena, Hot Springs, Arkansas	Tommy Ryan
05/29/03	GANS, Joe		FITZGERALD, Willie		KO 10		Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco	Ed Graney
07/04/03	GANS, Joe		KING, Buddy		KO 5		Arena, Butte, Montana	
01/12/04	GANS, Joe		FITZGERALD, Willie		ref 10		Metropolitan A.C., Detroit, Mich.	Tim Hurst
03/25/04	GANS, Joe		BLACKBURN, Jack		ref 15		Germania Maennerchor Hall, Baltimore	
03/28/04	GANS, Joe		GARDNER, Gus		ref 10		Saginaw A.C., Saginaw, Michigan	
04/21/04	GANS, Joe		BOLEN, Sam		ref 15		Germania Maennerchor Hall, Baltimore	
10/31/04	GANS, Joe		BRITT, Jimmy		WF 5		Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco	Ed Graney
††12/20/04	BRITT, Jimmy		NELSON, Battling		ref 20		Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco	Billy Roche
††05/05/05	BRITT, Jimmy		WHITE, Jabez		TKO 20	2:40	Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco	Ed. W. Smith
††07/21/05	BRITT, Jimmy		SULLIVAN, Kid		ref 20		Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco	Jack Welch
††09/09/05	NELSON, Battling		BRITT, Jimmy		KO 18		Mission Street Arena, Colma, California	Ed Graney
09/03/06	GANS, Joe		NELSON, Battling		WF 42		Arena, Goldfield, Nevada	George siler
09/03/07	GANS, Joe	132	BRITT, Jimmy	132½	TKO6	*	Recreation Park, San Francisco	Jack Welch
09/27/07	GANS, Joe		MEMSIC, George		ref 20		Naud Junction Pavilion, Los Angeles	James J. Jeffries
05/14/08	GANS, Joe		UNHOLZ, Rudy		TKO 11		Coliseum, San Francisco, California	Jack Welch
07/04/08	NELSON, Battling		GANS, Joe		KO 17		Mission Street Arena, Colma, Calif.	Jack Welch
09/09/08	NELSON, Battling	131¼	GANS, Joe	133	KO 21		Mission Street Arena, Colma, Calif.	Ed. W. Smith
05/29/09	NELSON, Battling		HYLAND, Dick		KO 23		Mission Street Arena, Colma, Calif.	Ed. W. Smith
06/22/09	NELSON, Battling		CLIFFORD, Jack		KO 5		Arena, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	
02/22/10	WOLGAST, Ad		NELSON, Battling		TKO 40		Arena, Richmond, California	Ed. W. Smith
03/17/11	WOLGAST, Ad		MEMSIC, George		TKO 9		Arena, Vernon, California	Charles Eyton
03/31/11	WOLGAST, Ad		LaGRAVE, Anton		TKO 5		Auditorium Rink, San Francisco	Jack Welch
04/26/11	WOLGAST, Ad	131	HOGAN, One-Round	132½	TKO2		Madison A.C., New York City, N.Y.	Charley White
05/27/11	WOLGAST, Ad		BURNS, Frankie		TKO 17	*	Eighth Street Arena, San Francisco	Jack Welch
07/04/11	WOLGAST, Ad		MORAN, Owen		KO 13	0:30	Eighth Street Arena, San Francisco	Jack Welch
07/04/12	WOLGAST, Ad		RIVERS, Joe		KO 13		Arena, Vernon, California	Jack Welch
11/28/12	RITCHIE, Willie		WOLGAST, Ad		WF 16		Mission Street Arena, Colma, Calif.	Jim Griffin
07/04/13	RITCHIE, Willie		RIVERS, Joe		KO 11		Eighth Street Arena, San Francisco	Ed Graney
04/17/14	RITCHIE, Willie		MURPHY, Tommy		ref 20		Eighth Street Arena, San Francisco	Jim Griffin
07/07/14	WELSH, Freddie		RITCHIE, Willie		ref 20		Olympia Sporting Club, London	Eugene Corri
03/31/16	WELSH, Freddie		LEONARD, Benny		ND 10		Madison Square Garden, New York	
07/04/16	WELSH, Freddie		WOLGAST, Ad		WF 11		Arena, Denver, Colorado	
07/28/16	WELSH, Freddie	135¼	LEONARD, Benny	132½	ND 10		Washington Park, Brooklyn, New York	Billy Roche
09/04/16	WELSH, Freddie		WHITE, Charley		ref 20		Arena, Colorado Springs, Colorado	Billy Roche
05/28/17	LEONARD, Benny	133	WELSH, Freddie	136¾	TKO9	1:15	Manhattan Casino, New York, N.Y.	Kid McPartland
07/25/17	LEONARD, Benny		KILBANE, Johnny		KO 3		Shibe Park, Philadelphia, Pa.	
09/21/17	LEONARD, Benny		JOHNSON, Leo		KO 1	1:59	Harlem Sporting Club, New York, N.Y.	Kid McPartland
02/09/20	LEONARD, Benny	136¼	DUNDEE, Johnny	131½	ND8		Armory, Jersey City, N.J.	
07/05/20	LEONARD, Benny		WHITE, Charley		KO 9		Arena, Benton Harbor, Michigan	
09/25/20	LEONARD, Benny	135	MORAN, Pal	130	ND 10		Arena, East Chicago, Ind.	
11/26/20	LEONARD, Benny	134	WELLING, Joe	135	TKO 14	1:07	Madison Square Garden, New York	Johnny Haukaup
04/14/21	LEONARD, Benny	134	MITCHELL, Richie	134	TKO6	1:55	Madison Square Garden, New York	Johnny Haukaup
06/06/21	LEONARD, Benny	136	KANSAS, Rocky	134	ND 12		Harrison Field, Harrison, N.J.	Danny Sullivan
02/10/22	LEONARD, Benny	134½	KANSAS, Rocky	135	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	
02/25/22	LEONARD, Benny	139	MORAN, Pal	134½	ND 10		Louisiana Auditorium, New Orleans	
07/04/22	LEONARD, Benny		KANSAS, Rocky		TKO 8	2:27	Stadium, Michigan City, Indiana	Dave Miller
07/27/22	LEONARD, Benny	135	TENDLER, Lew	134¾	ND 12		Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City	Harry Ertle
08/05/22	LEONARD, Benny		HAMMER, Ever		ND 10		Stadium, Michigan City, Indiana	Dave Miller
07/23/23	LEONARD, Benny	134	TENDLER, Lew	133¾	unan 15		Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York	Andy Griffin
08/11/24	LEONARD, Benny		MORAN, Pal	133¾	ND 10		Olympic Arena, Cleveland, Ohio	Tom McGinty
§07/13/25	GOODRICH, Jimmy	135	LOAYZA, Stan	134	TKO2	0:35	Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City	Ed (Gunboat) Smith
12/07/25	KANSAS, Rocky	132	GOODRICH, Jimmy	134	unan 15		Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, N.Y.	Jim Crowley
07/03/26	MANDELL, Sammy		KANSAS, Rocky		ref 10		Comiskey Park, Chicago, Illinois	Phil Collins
06/21/28	MANDELL, Sammy	135	McLARNIN, Jimmy	135	unan 15		Polo Grounds, New York, N.Y.	Lou Magnolia
08/02/29	MANDELL, Sammy	135	CANZONERI, Tony	132½	split 10		Chicago Stadium, Chicago, Ill.	Dave Barry
07/17/30	SINGER, Al	133½	MANDELL, Sammy	134½	KO1	1:46	Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York	Arthur Donovan
11/14/30	CANZONERI, Tony	132	SINGER, Al	134	KO1	1:06	Madison Square Garden, New York	Johnny McAvoy
04/24/31	CANZONERI, Tony	132	BERG, Jack (Kid)	134¼	KO3	2:23	Chicago Stadium, Chicago, Ill.	Phil Collins
09/10/31	CANZONERI, Tony	131¾	BERG, Jack (Kid)	134½	unan 15		Polo Grounds, New York, N.Y.	Patsy Haley
11/20/31	CANZONERI, Tony	132	CHOCOLATE, Kid	127½	split 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Willie Lewis
11/04/32	CANZONERI, Tony	132	PETROLLE, Billy	134½	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Ed (Gunboat) Smith
06/23/33	ROSS, Barney		CANZONERI, Tony		maj 10		Chicago Stadium, Chicago, Ill.	Tommy Gilmore
09/12/33	ROSS, Barney	135	CANZONERI, Tony	133¼	split 15		Polo Grounds, New York, N.Y.	Arthur Donovan
05/10/35	CANZONERI, Tony	133	AMBERS, Lou	133¾	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York,	Arthur Donovan
10/04/35	CANZONERI, Tony	133½	ROTH, Al	133½	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Donovan
09/03/36	AMBERS, Lou	134½	CANZONERI, Tony	135	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Donovan
05/07/37	AMBERS, Lou	135	CANZONERI, Tony	135	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Donovan
09/23/37	AMBERS, Lou	134½	MONTANEZ, Pedro	135	maj 15		Polo Grounds, New York, N.Y.	John Marto
08/17/38	ARMSTRONG, Henry	134	AMBERS, Lou	134¼	split 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Billy Cavanaugh
08/22/39	AMBERS, Lou	134½	ARMSTRONG, Henry	135	unan 15		Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York	Arthur Donovan
† 05/03/40	ANGOTT, Sammy	134½	DAY, Davey	134½	ref 15		Jefferson County Armory, Louisville	Jack Dempsey

	DATE	WINNER	WEIGHT	LOSER	WEIGHT	RESULT	TIME KO	SITE	REFEREE
	05/10/40	JENKINS, Lew	132	AMBERS, Lou	134½	TKO3	1:29	Madison Square Garden, New York	Billy Cavanaugh
	11/22/40	JENKINS, Lew	134½	LELLO, Pete	131¾	TKO2	2:37	Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Donavan
	12/19/41	ANGOTT, Sammy	133½	JENKINS, Lew	133	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Susskind
	05/15/42	ANGOTT, Sammy	134½	STOLZ, Allie	133	split 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Frank Fullam
§	12/18/42	JACK, Beau	132¾	LARKIN, Tippy	134½	KO3	1:19	Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Susskind
§	05/21/43	MONTGOMERY, Bob	134	JACK, Beau	135	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Donovan
†	10/27/43	ANGOTT, Sammy	134	WHITE, Slugger	135	unan 15		Gilmore Field, Los Angeles, Calif.	Benny Whitman
§	11/19/43	JACK, Beau	132¾	MONTGOMERY, Bob	133¾	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Susskind
§	03/03/44	MONTGOMERY, Bob	135	JACK, Beau	134	split 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Arthur Susskind
†	03/08/44	ZURITA, Juan	133½	ANGOTT, Sammy	135	unan 15		Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif.	Mushy Callahan
†	04/18/45	WILLIAMS, Ike	131	ZURITA, Juan	133	KO2		Circo de Toros, Mexico City, Mexico	
†	04/30/46	WILLIAMS, Ike	134½	BOLANOS, Enrique	133½	TKO8	2:32	Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, Calif.	Benny Whitman
§	06/28/46	MONTGOMERY, Bob	134¾	STOLZ, Allie	132½	KO 13	2:54	Madison Square Garden, New York	Ruby Goldstein
†	09/04/46	WILLIAMS, Ike	134¾	JAMES, Ronnie	134¼	KO9	2:41	Ninian Park, Cardiff, Wales	Moss Deyong
§	11/26/46	MONTGOMERY, Bob	135	MOUZON, Wesley	132¾	KO8	2:18	Convention Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.	Charley Daggert
	08/04/47	WILLIAMS, Ike	133¾	MONTGOMERY, Bob	133¾	KO6	2:37	Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, Pa.	Charley Daggert
	05/25/48	WILLIAMS, Ike	135	BOLANOS, Enrique	134	split 15		Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, Calif.	Charles Randolph
	07/12/48	WILLIAMS, Ike	134	JACK, Beau	134	TKO6	0:33	Shibe Park, Philadelphia, Pa.	Charley Daggert
	09/23/48	WILLIAMS, Ike	134¾	FLORES, Jesse	134¾	KO 10	2:04	Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York	Mark Conn
	07/21/49	WILLIAMS, Ike	135	BOLANOS, Enrique	133	TKO4	2:40	Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, Calif.	Jack Dempsey
	12/05/49	WILLIAMS, Ike	135	DAWSON, Freddie	134	unan 15		Convention Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.	Charley Daggert
	05/25/51	CARTER, Jimmy	133	WILLIAMS, Ike	135	TKO 14	2:49	Madison Square Garden, New York	Petey Scalzo
	11/14/51	CARTER, Jimmy	134¼	ARAGON, Art	134¼	unan 15		Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles	Mushy Callahan
	04/01/52	CARTER, Jimmy	134	SALAS, Lauro	131	unan 15		Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles	Abe Roth
	05/14/52	SALAS, Lauro	131	CARTER, Jimmy	134	split 15		Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles	Frankie Van
	10/15/52	CARTER, Jimmy	135	SALAS, Lauro	132	unan 15		Chicago Stadium, Chicago, Ill.	Frank Gilmer
	04/24/53	CARTER, Jimmy	134¼	COLLINS, Tommy	133¾	TKO4	2:28	Boston Garden, Boston, Mass.	Tommy Rawson
	06/12/53	CARTER, Jimmy	135	ARAUJO, George	132½	TKO 13	2:16	Madison Square Garden, New York	Al Berl
	11/11/53	CARTER, Jimmy	133½	SAVOIE, Armand	134	KO5	0:59	Forum, Montreal, Quebec, Canada	Tom Sullivan
	03/05/54	DeMARCO, Paddy	135	CARTER, Jimmy	135	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Ruby Goldstein
	11/17/54	CARTER, Jimmy	135	DeMARCO, Paddy	134½	TKO 15	0:14	Cow Palace, San Francisco, Calif.	Ray Flores
	06/29/55	SMITH, Bud	134	CARTER, Jimmy	134¼	split 15		Boston Garden, Boston, Mass.	Mel Manning
	10/19/55	SMITH, Bud	135	CARTER, Jimmy	135	unan 15		Cincinnati Gardens, Cincinnati	Tony Warndorf
	08/24/56	BROWN, Joe	133	SMITH, Bud	134½	split 15		Municipal Arena, New Orleans, La.	Ronald Brown
	02/13/57	BROWN, Joe	134¾	SMITH, Bud	134	TKO 11	*	Auditorium, Miami Beach, Florida	Jimmy Peerless
	06/19/57	BROWN, Joe	134¼	ZULUETA, Orlando	133¾	TKO 15	2:39	Coliseum, Denver, Colorado	Ray Keech
	12/04/57	BROWN, Joe	133½	LOPES, Joey	133½	TKO 11	1:50	Chicago Stadium, Chicago, Ill.	Joey White
	05/07/58	BROWN, Joe	134	DUPAS, Ralph	134	TKO8	2:21	Sam Houston Coliseum, Houston	Jimmy Webb
	07/23/58	BROWN, Joe	134¼	LANE, Kenny	134¼	unan 15		Sam Houston Coliseum, Houston	Ernie Taylor
	02/11/59	BROWN, Joe	234	BUSSO, Johnny	135	unan 15		Sam Houston Coliseum, Houston	Jimmy Webb
	06/03/59	BROWN, Joe	132	ROSI, Paolo	134	TKO9	*	Uline Arena, Washington, D.C.	Charley Reynolds
	12/02/59	BROWN, Joe	134	CHARNLEY, Dave	133¾	TKO6	*	Sam Houston Coliseum, Houston	Jimmy Webb
	10/28/60	BROWN, Joe	134½	ANDRADE, Cisco	133½	unan 15		Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles	Lee Grossman
	04/18/61	BROWN, Joe	134	CHARNLEY, Dave	133¾	ref 15		Earl's Court, London, England	Tommy Little
	10/28/61	BROWN, Joe	135	SOMODIO, Bert	135	unan 15		Araneta Coliseum, Quezon City	Arch Hindman
	04/21/62	ORTIZ, Carlos	134¾	BROWN, Joe	134¾	unan 15		Convention Center, Las Vegas, Nev.	Frankie Van
	12/03/62	ORTIZ, Carlos	134¾	KOSAKA, Teruo	133	KO5	2:32	Kuramae Arena, Tokyo, Japan	Maj. James Wilson
	04/07/63	ORTIZ, Carlos	134½	VAILLANT, Doug	134	TKO 13	0:49	Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan	Peter Pantaleo
	02/15/64	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	ELORDE, Flash	135	TKO 14	1:44	Rizal Memorial Coliseum, Manila	Maj. James Wilson
	04/11/64	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	LANE, Kenny	135	unan 15		Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan	Peter Pantaleo
	04/10/65	LAGUNA, Ismael	132	ORTIZ, Carlos	134¾	maj 15		Anoche Stadium, Panama City	Jersey Joe Walcott
	11/13/65	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	LAGUNA, Ismael	133	unan 15		Hiram bithorn Stadium, San Juan	Rocky Marciano
	06/20/66	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	BIZZARRO, Johnny	133¾	TKO 12	2:29	Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, Pa.	John (Buck) McTiernan
	10/22/66	ORTIZ, Carlos	134¾	RAMOS, Sugar	134¾	TKO5	1:45	El Toreo, Mexico City, Mexico	Billy Conn
	11/28/66	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	ELORDE, Flash	134½	KO 14	2:01	Madison Square Garden, New York	Jimmy Devlin
	07/01/67	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	RAMOS, Sugar	132¾	TKO4	1:16	Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan	Zack Clayton
	08/16/67	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	LAGUNA, Ismael	135	unan 15		Shea Stadium, Flushing, New York	Arthur Mercante
	06/29/68	CRUZ, Carlos Teo	134½	ORTIZ, Carlos	135	split 15		Quisqueya Stadium, Santo Domingo	Zack Clayton
	09/28/68	CRUZ, Carlos Teo	135	RAMOS, Mando	135	unan 15		Coliseum, Los Angeles, California	Lee Grossman
	02/18/69	RAMOS, Mando	134½	CRUZ, Carlos Teo	135	TKO 11	2:19	Coliseum, Los Angeles, California	John Thomas
	10/04/69	RAMOS, Mando	134½	NUMATA, Yoshiaki	134	TKO6	2:20	Sports Arena, Los Angeles, Calif.	Lee Grossman
	03/03/70	LAGUNA, Ismael	135	RAMOS, Mando	134½	TKO 10	*	Sports Arena, Los Angeles, Calif.	Lee Grossman
	06/07/70	LAGUNA, Ismael	135	SUZUKI, Ishimatsu	135	TKO 13	2:45	Nuevo Panama Gymnasium, Panama City	Juval Horta
	09/26/70	BUCHANAN, Ken	134	LAGUNA, Ismael	134½	split 15		Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan	Waldemar Schmidt
	02/12/71	BUCHANAN, Ken	134½	NAVARRO, Ruben	135	unan 15		Sports Arena, Los Angeles, Calif.	Arthur Mercante
	09/13/71	BUCHANAN, Ken	133½	LAGUNA, Ismael	135	unan 15		Madison Square Garden, New York	Jimmy Devlin
††	11/05/71	CARRASCO, Pedro	134	RAMOS, Mando	134	W disq. 11	**	Sports Palace, Madrid, Spain	Samuel Odubote
††	02/18/72	RAMOS, Mando	135	CARRASCO, Pedro	134	split 15		Sports Arena, Los Angeles, Calif.	Lee Grossman
	06/26/72	DURAN, Roberto	132¼	BUCHANAN, Ken	133½	TKO 14	*	Madison Square Garden, New York	John LoBianco
††	06/28/72	RAMOS, Mando		CARRASCO, Pedro		split 15		Sports Palace, Madrid, Spain	Ray Solis
††	09/15/72	CARMONA, Chango	134	RAMOS, Mando	134¾	split8		Coliseum, Los Angeles, California	Rudy Jordan
††	11/10/72	GONZALEZ, Rodolfo	132½	CARMONA, Chango	134	TKO 13	*	Sports Arena, Los Angeles, Calif.	John Thomas
	01/20/73	DURAN, Roberto	135	ROBERTSON, Jimmy	135	KO5	3:05	Nuevo Panama Gymnasium, Panama City	
††	3/17/73	GONZALEZ, Rodolfo	135	NAVARRO, Ruben	133½	TKO9	2:33	Sports Arena, Los Angeles, Calif.	George Latka
	06/02/73	DURAN, Roberto	134½	THOMPSON, Hector	135	TKO8	2:15	Nuevo Panama Gymnasium, Panama City	Nicasio L. Drake
	09/08/73	DURAN, Roberto		SUZUKI, Ishimatsu		TKO 10	2:10	Nuevo Panama Gymnasium, Panama City	
‡	10/27/73	GONZALEZ, Rodolfo	134	PUDDU, Antonio	134	TKO 11	*	Sports Center, Los Angeles, Calif.	John Thomas
	03/16/74	DURAN, Roberto	134½	DeJESUS, Esteban	134½	TKO 11	1:11	Nuevo Panama Gymnasium, Panama City	Isaac Herrera
‡	04/11/74	SUZUKI, Ishimatsu	135	GONZALEZ, Rodolfo	134½	KO8	2:12	Nihon University Auditorium, Tokyo	Larry Rozadilla
‡	09/12/74	SUZUKI, Ishimatsu	135	PINEDA, Tury	135	draw 15		Aichi Prefectural Gymnasium, Nagoya	Takeshi Makimura
‡	11/28/74	SUZUKI, Ishimatsu	135	GONZALEZ, Rodolfo	133¼	KO 12	2:23	Prefectural Gymnasium, Osaka, Japan	Yusaku Yoshida
	12/21/74	DURAN, Roberto		TAKAYAMA, Masataka		KO 1	1:40	Circo de Toros, San Jose, Costa Rica	
‡	02/27/75	SUZUKI, Ishimatsu	135	BUCHANAN, Ken	133¾	unan 15		Municipal Gymnasium, Tokyo, Japan	Dick Young
	03/02/75	DURAN, Roberto	134½	LAMPKIN, Ray	133½	KO 14	0:39	Nuevo Panama Gymnasium, Panama City	Isaac Herrera
‡	06/05/75	SUZUKI, Ishimatsu	133	PINEDA, Tury	133	unan 15		Kinki Univ. Memorial Hall, Osaka	Jim Scaramosy
‡	12/04/75	SUZUKI, Ishimatsu	135	ROJAS, Alvaro	135	KO 14	2:59	Nihon University Auditorium, Tokyo	Yusaku Yoshida
	12/14/75	DURAN, Roberto	135	ORTIZ, Leoncio	133½	KO 15	2:39	Roberto Clemente Stadium, San Juan	Waldemar Schmidt
‡	05/08/76	DeJESUS, Esteban		SUZUKI, Ishimatsu		unan 15		Loubriel Stadium, Bayamon, P.R.	Harry Gibbs
	05/22/76	DURAN, Roberto	133¾	BIZZARRO, Lou	134	KO 14	2:59	County Field House, Erie, Pa.	Waldemar Schmidt
‡	09/10/76	DeJESUS, Esteban	135	MEDINA, Hector	135	KO7	1:45	Loubriel Stadium, Bayamon, P.R.	Rudy Ortega
	10/15/76	DURAN, Roberto	134½	ROJAS, Alvaro	135	KO 1	2:17	Sportatorium, Hollywood, Florida	Carlos Berrocal
	01/29/77	DURAN, Roberto	133	FERNANDEZ, Vilomar	134¼	KO 13	2:10	Fontainebleau Hotel, Miami Beach	Servio Ley

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told me they needed good men."

In Champ Thomas's book, Pat is described as getting so angry at the Japanese for shooting at him, he tore into the enemy so hard that he was nominated for the Congressional Medal of Honor. Pat denies the story, modestly saying, "I wasn't much of a hero." But he *was* wounded at Guadalcanal and Okinawa. Discharged from the Great Lakes Naval Station hospital at the age of 19, he found himself in Chicago. That's where he decided to become a boxer.

He had always "messed around" with the sport, but now he was fighting in Chicago, in Iowa, in Nebraska, in Colorado, "clear out to the Coast and down to Texas." During summers, he would work in the carnivals, fighting all comers, those who tried to earn $50 by staying three rounds with him. Pat was supposed to fight only men up to 175 pounds—he was about 142 in those days—"but my partner, the barker, who was supposed to fight the bigger guys, was drunk most of the time and I wound up fighting everyone. It was hard times. You had to make money."

He engaged in "boom battling," a form of combat that he said evolved from the days of the sailing ships. "For entertainment, the sailors would go out on the boom of a ship, over the water, and try to knock each other off," he said. "We had a sawhorse, six feet off the ground, and you'd be on one end and the other buy on the other end and you tried to knock each other off. Those were desperate days."

He fought a lot, The carnival had three shows a day "and you do that 30 days, that's a lot of fights." He hustled, of course. "The biggest score I ever made was when Irving Cohen brought Rocky Graziano to Kansas City to fight Cecil Hudson," he said. "There was a fighter named Ray Lee, who was the big "White Hope" from the Kansas City area, and the promoter, a guy named Frankie Gatto, put me in with him for the semi-windup.

"Gatto was paying me $1,000, and he was also a bookie. He made the odds on my fight 10-1. I asked him if I could bet my purse on myself and he said, 'sure, go right ahead.' I made $10,000. I was rich. So I said to myself, 'What do rich people do?' Well, I had come down to Kansas City by train from Omaha and now I decided to go back by plane. I had never flown before. The first thing I did was buy me a big cigar and they took it away from me when I got on board. The plane was an old DC-3 that sat on its tail. We had a lot of trouble taking off, the thing kept bouncing around, and I thought to myself, 'Jeez, these rich people must be crazy.' And then the hostess kept spilling the drinks over everyone and everyone was throwing up and getting sick. We got on the tail end of a tornado and I was scared to death. I literally kissed the ground when I got off that plane. I've been a white-knuckle flyer ever since."

The next time he flew was to answer an urgent call for a sparring partner for Kid Gavilan, whom O'Grady regards as the "second greatest pound-for-pound fighter I ever saw." Sugar Ray Robinson, of course, was No. 1, and their title fight O'Grady considers the best welterweight fight in history. Once, he knocked Gavilan down in sparring, but O'Grady was not a great boxer. There were other callings in the fight game.

"There's a guy down in Iowa, Pinky George, a friend of Jack Dempsey's and an old friend of mine. He saw that when I used to fight I'd be trying to count the house, and he told me, 'What're you fighting for, you should be promoting.' " With Pinky George as co-promoter, O'Grady made his promotional debut in Council Bluffs in 1946. He also fought the main event. "Norbert Pat O'Leary was the No. 3 welterweight at the time," said O'Grady, "and he was supposed to fight this guy out of Chicago, Luther Rollins, who, I think, was No. 7. But Rollins didn't want to take a check for his purse, he wanted cash. And, besides, I think he was afraid of O'Leary, so he left town. Well, I had never lost a fight in Council Bluffs, so I went on in his place, although I didn't announce it till the night of the fight because I was afraid some people would demand refunds. I got stopped between the seventh and eighth."

The fight could be described by the scene in the dressing room: O'Grady said he had his head covered with ice while O'Leary had his hands in ice. "Why didn't you lay down?" O'Leary asked him. "I was afraid they'd want their money back," O'Grady replied.

Knowing that his place was not in the ring, O'Grady became a promoter, a manager, a trainer, a cornerman. He apprenticed as a cutman under Jake Shugrue, one of the best in California, and was associated with four world champions, Curtis Cokes, Rodolfo Gonzalez, George Foreman and Ken Norton. He trained amateurs at the Pan-Am Recreation Center in Austin, Texas, and says he won the team title in the Fort Worth Golden Gloves eight times. "In 16 years in Austin," O'Grady said, "I had 11 world-rated fighters and I never paid anybody a dime to rate one of my fighters."

Always, he wanted his "own" world champion, one that he could raise from a pup. "I never thought I'd find him in my own house," he said that day in Atlantic City after O'Grady had dog-whipped Kenty for the WBA title. Sean had come close to winning the WBC title the year before, seemingly on his way to beating Jim Watt in Glasgow when the Scot landed a beautiful butt that cut Sean badly and caused the fight to be stopped—with Watt winner and still champion—in the 12th round.

But in his performance against Watt—and later victory over Kenty—Sean proved at least that he was not another in a long line of Pat O'Grady trumped-up fighters, men like Humphrey McBride, a 340-pounder whom Pat fashioned after Humphrey Pennyworth, right down to the hat in the ring and long socks, or his current heavyweight (and son-in-law, married to Sweet Rosie O'Grady), Monte Masters.

Sean's battle in Glasgow was even more impressive because of the background of death threats, received in a letter by Pat at 10 A.M. fight day. The anti-Catholic sentiment in Britain had been stirred up and got pretty ugly—although Pat has been married five times and considers himself a "defrocked Catholic" while Sean is a frequent attender of mass.

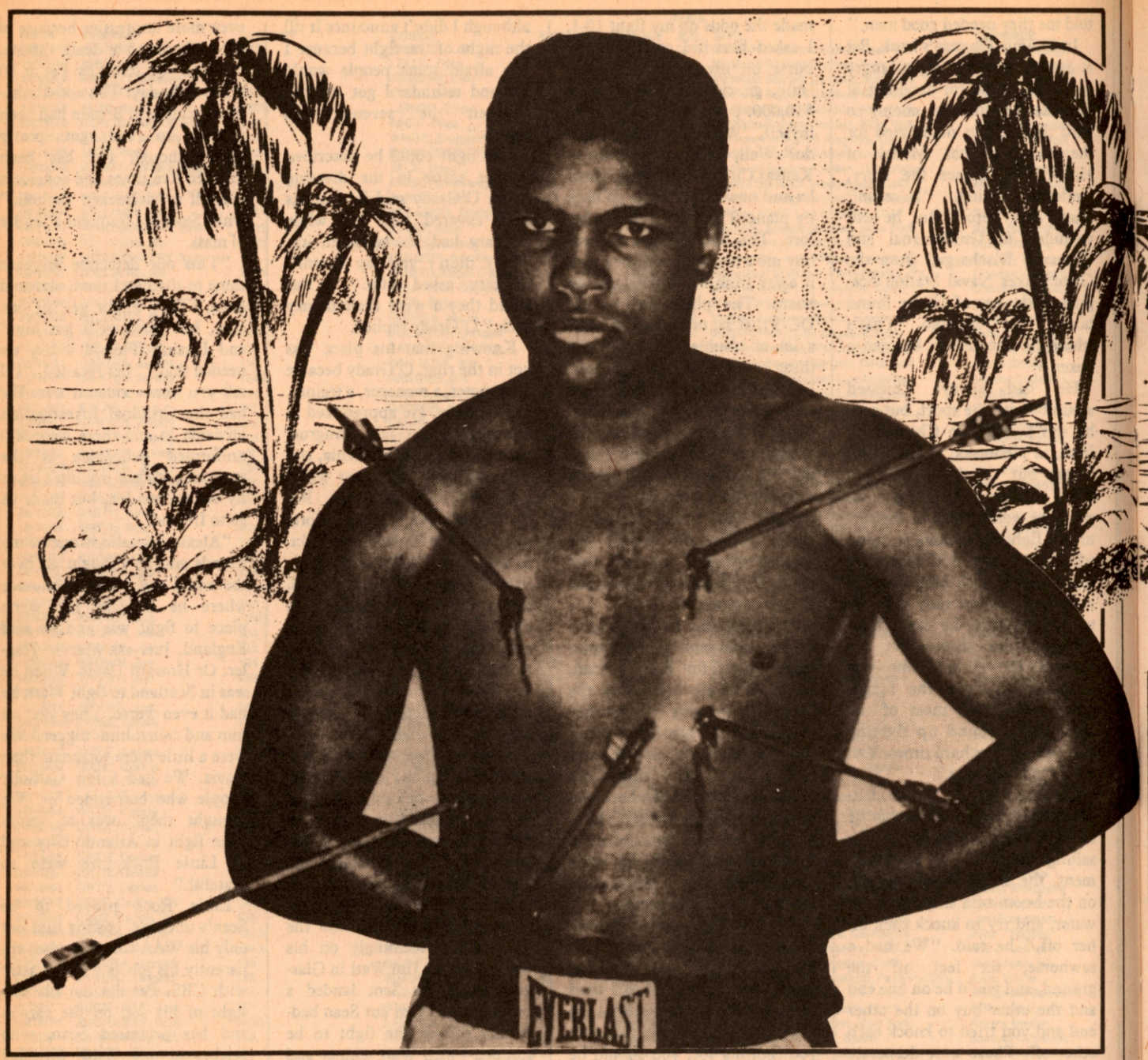
"This one detective sergeant came to the hotel room and told Sean, 'They might get off one shot, but then we'll get him,' and I said, 'Thanks a lot, we needed that,'" Pat recalled. "I'll tell you how serious it was. We had the Criminal Investigation Division in and there were 500 uniformed policemen at the stadium and they wouldn't let us fly out to London, but made us go to Ireland.

"Alexis Arguello is one of my friends and he's fought all over the world and I asked him once where he thought the worst place to fight was and he said England. Just ask Marvin Hagler. Or Howard Davis. When he was in Scotland to fight Watt, he had it even worse. They spat on him and called him 'nigger.' We were a little more fortunate than Davis. We had a few Catholic people who befriended us. We brought them over to watch Sean fight in Atlantic City and in Little Rock, we were so grateful."

Little Rock proved to be Sean's undoing, costing him not only his WAA title, but also, apparently his job as a broadcaster with CBS. Pat did not like the sight of his son on the canvas and has promised Sean, who celebrated his 23rd birthday Feb. 10, that if it happens again, it's back to medical school. Besides, Pat thinks he has a lightweight "better even than Sean" in Frank Newton. Or so he says. And he says a lot.

"The wheel of fortune has a way of turning around," he said. "I lived through the gangster era in boxing and I'll live, God willing, through the Don King-Bob Arum era. I've lived through the NBA and I'll live through the WBA and WBC."

But what about the WAA? The "Manager of the Year" didn't even mention it. ●



HE UNDERSTANDS NOW.

Understands his age. When the ninth round ended, Muhammad Ali didn't turn and go to his corner. Instead he stood there on his tired old legs and glared through his glazed eyes at Trevor Berbick, who was striding back to his corner. Ali watched him go, then he looked down at Berbick's legs and up at Berbick's torso, measuring him with his eyes as boxers do. Measuring himself really. And then the three-time heavyweight champion turned and trudged back to his corner. In that moment of truth, Ali appeared to be saying, *Berbick, you wouldn't have had a chance against me a few years ago.* And in his dressing room, he said just that.

THE CURTAIN CLOSES ON A GREAT ACT

ALI'S TRAUMAS IN THE BAHAMAS

BY DAVE ANDERSON

Flopped in a chair, Ali was whispering in a tired mumble, "You can't beat Father Time, this was my last fight. I'll never fight again. Berbick couldn't have beaten me if I wasn't 39, but I am." And a weary 39 too.

At last Ali understood there in Nassau in The Bahamas what just about everybody else in boxing had known for too long—that he couldn't fight anymore.

In the months to come, Ali can be expected to talk of another comeback. Within a few days after having lost that unanimous 10-round decision in The Bahamas, he was saying, "If I want it to happen, it'll happen. We'll see." Anytime he wants to get his name in the papers, all he has to do is hint at another comeback.

But nobody should take Ali seriously anymore. No commission should license him. No promoter should exploit him.

The shame is that if Ali is ever really serious about another comeback, there will always be a commission somewhere willing to license him and a promoter willing to exploit him. But if he's ever really serious, he should be reminded of what he acknowledged the day after the fight.

"I could tell I was 40," he said even though he would not be 40 for another six weeks. "I could tell he was younger. I know myself better than anybody. I know this is the end."

For the first time, Ali spoke as if he meant he would never box again. He spoke quietly, seriously, graciously, honestly. He wasn't trying to make excuses, as he had after he had been stopped by Larry Holmes in 10 sad rounds 14 months earlier in Las Vegas when he complained that he had been too light at 217 pounds, that thyroid pills had weakened him.

"No excuses this time," he said. "I was in shape. My weight was right. Berbick was just stronger, He was hard to hit."

He had been 236¼ at the weigh-in (to 218 for the 27-year-old Jamaican who now lives in Halifax, Nova Scotia. But he finally understood that he couldn't move anymore and he couldn't punch anymore. As he spoke that day, somebody asked him gently about what it was like to know that his skills may have gone.

"They have gone," he replied firmly. "Not *may* have gone. They have gone."

He had never conceded that fact before. But he realized that he might as well have been hitting Berbick with pillows instead of gloves. His arms and his legs appeared to be in slow motion. And he could not escape from punches. What always made Ali special was his ability to yank his head back from punches, but when he tried that, he got hit. Every so often he even appeared frightened when Berbick rushed him in his rough, awkward style. And yet the next day his famous face was unmarked except for a tiny purple bruise over his left eye.

"I'm not depressed," he said. "I'm happy because I'm still nice-looking. No black eyes. No broken teeth. No split lip."

No question about the decision either. Some cynics had wondered if Ali might steal a sentimental decision. But the three judges had Berbick a decisive winner. Using the 10-point must system, Jay Edson of Naples, Fla. and Clyde Gray of Toronto (once the Canadian welterweight champion and now the Ontario boxing commissioner) each scored it 99-94. The other judge, Alanza Butler, the police chief of Freeport on nearby Grand Bahama island, had it 97-94.

Ali's record over two decades appears to be complete now at 56 victories with 37 knockouts against five losses.

His last fight was also his first loss outside the United States in 16 appearances all over the world—seven in Europe, four in Asia, four in other areas of North America and one in Africa. For all his controversy, for all his bluster, for all his fun, he will be remembered as boxing's first truly world champion.

As long as this planet revolves, the sun will never set on Ali's empire.

He fought in London three times, as well as in Dublin, Frankfurt, Munich and Zurich. He fought in Manila, Tokyo, Kuala Lumpur and Jakarta. He fought in Toronto, Vancouver and San Juan. And he fought in Kinshasa.

"Because of me," he said in the Bahamas, "the whole world watches boxing now."

His most exotic locale was Kinshasa, Zaire where he dethroned George Foreman in 1974 with an eighth-round knockout in a soccer stadium while 60,000 Africans chanted, "Ali, bomaye"—which, translated, means: "Ali, kill him." Later that morning he was twirling an ivory-studded cane outside his villa as lily pads floated swiftly down the Congo River.

"I didn't dance," he explained. "That was the trick."

Ali now considers that triumph to be his "greatest, proudest" fight, that "Rumble in the Jungle," as he billed it. And, a year later, he retained his title in what he called "The Thrilla in Manila"—his survival against Joe Frazier in the third battle of their five-year war. All but out on his feet in the 11th round, he somehow summoned the strength—and the punches—to close Frazier's left eye. Eddie Futch, who was Frazier's trainer then, would not let the Philadelphia gladiator come out for the 15th round. Ali had won but he was so exhausted, he remained in his dressing room for nearly an hour before arriving in the interview area.

"Was this your toughest fight?" somebody asked.

"This fight," he groaned, "was next to death."

Ali was never the same after that. Neither was Frazier, who until his current comeback had "put the gloves on the wall" after being stopped in 1976 by Foreman in the fifth round. Ali, of course, kept fighting until he lost the title to Leon Spinks in 1978, but later that year he regained it.

"Spinks II," he said, "was my last good fight."

His last stand was in The Bahamas in a cable TV show with a mysterious local promoter, James Cornelius, an American who lives near Ali in L.A., was the president of Sports Internationale (Bahamas) Ltd., a firm organized specifically to put Ali in a ring again. Ali is believed to have collected $1 million. But Berbick had to threaten to depart before he was satisfied that Cornelius would deliver the last $200,000 of his reported $300,000 fee. In the years to come, Berbick will be the answer to a trivia question: Who was Ali's last opponent?

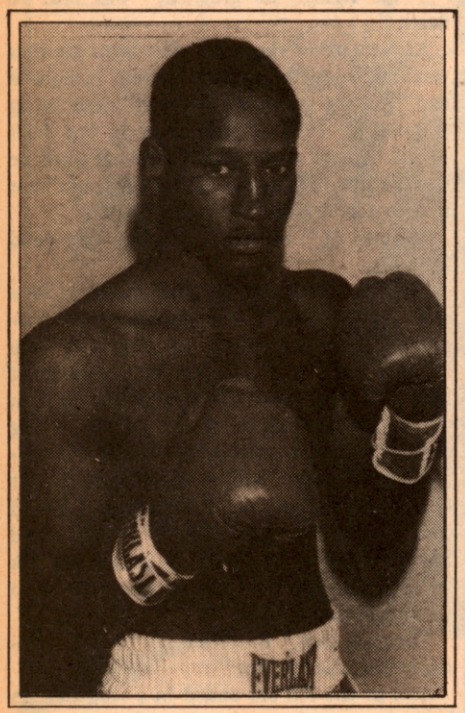
"Beating him," Berbick said, "was a blessing in disguise for him."

And so the Ali era ended in a ring put up behind second base on a dusty baseball field on a little island off the Florida coast with the timekeeper hitting a cowbell with a hammer to signal the end of each round. Ali deserved better—a clash of cymbals or the vibrations of a native gong. Actually he deserved a symphony orchestra. But the last round of his career ended with a cowbell tinkling.

It's in Ali's record in *The Ring Record Book* forever now—Trevor Berbick, Nassau L 10.

Sadly, it invariably ends like this for the great champions. Their last fight is always somewhere where they never were when they were great. But thankfully, when people think of Muhammad Ali, they won't remember him plodding after Trevor Berbick under a full moon in The Bahamas; they'll remember him with Joe Frazier in Manila and with George Foreman in Kinshasa. And they'll remember him for what he was long before he realized he was 40. ●

NEW FACES



MARK HOLMES

IN THE 15 MONTHS SINCE LARRY Holmes thrashed Muhammad Ali, much has been said about the fact Holmes sweated profusely during the bout while Ali's pores remained closed. That's because Ali did not have a kid brother fighting on the undercard, nobody to "pump him."

"Use that jab, use it," hollered Larry at the television screen in his dressing room as 20-year-old Mark flitted, danced, circled and maneuvered his way around his opponent Randy Rivers.

"Step into the jab, pop it, let it go", shouted Holmes to the television image of his brother.

As he heard the words, Mark—the youngest of eight sons of John and Flossie Holmes—began raking opponent Randy Rivers with a burst of stiff jabs. Larry sprang to his feet and "helped" his brother, whipping punches at the air, dancing left and right and slipping imaginary shots at his head. Larry worked himself into a sweat as Mark outpointed Rivers. He stayed hot all night long. Afterwards, the Holmes' celebrated.

A smart boxer/puncher, young Holmes is managed by his brother, Floyd. Steady improvement has been seen in every fight.

"Early in his career, Mark tried to load up too much on every punch," stated Floyd. "But now, his punches flow. They snap. He's developed into a ten round fighter, ready to step up in opposition."

Being the "little" brother of the world heavyweight king has had its rewards. Perhaps no preliminary fighter in history has ever fought on as many championship cards as Holmes. Mark pounded out victories underneath several of brother Larry's successful defenses as well as a victory on the Leonard Duran card in New Orleans.

Being the "little" brother of the world heavyweight king has also has its drawbacks. Unitl now, Mark has had to live in his more famous brother's shadow. When stories were written about Holmes, it was always Larry who received the ink, not Mark. Also, few fans and/or writers knew whether Mark could really fight or was merely riding on the tail of his brother's streaking comet. That's because of a lack of exposure. Despite being on so many of his brother's title cards, the press that did see him fight had come to cover Larry, not Mark. All young Holmes ever received was a line of type in the next days newspapers.

Never has he had an afternoon or night of glory to himself on any of the major television or cable networks. But his time is approaching. Rapidly. That's because the fleet-footed fast handed middleweight *can* fight.

"I sometimes find it hard to believe this is the same little kid who use to follow me down to the gym," said Larry by telephone from his plush home in Easton, Pennsylvania. "I remember him as a 98-pound fighter. Now look at him. He's undefeated and getting better every fight." Larry's eyes sparkle with pride as he talks about his kid brother.

Mark feels the same way about Larry. Mark just doesn't look up to his big brother. He idolizes him. To Mark, June, 1978 should be recalled as the month and year he graduated high school. Yet, that's not what he remembers most about June, 1978.

"Larry beat Ken Norton for the title in June, 1978," recalled Mark. "That's what I remember most about June, 1978."

"Just being around Larry has made me a better fighter," said Mark. "He's got the skills and the class of a champion. I hope he continues to rub off on me. Then, when my turn in the sun arrives, I'll be ready to perform all the things expected of a champion."

MARK HOLMES

Height:
Weight: 160 pounds
Born:
Amateur Record: 39-9

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
July 7	Robbie Robertson	Bloomington, Minn.	KO 2
Aug. 8	L.G. Hudson	Las Vegas, Nev.	W 4
Aug. 22	Mario Neri	Las Vegas, Nev.	KO 3
Oct. 2	Randy Rivers	Las Vegas, Nev.	W 6
Nov. 25	Bruce Calloway	New Orleans, La.	KO 5

1981

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 7	Buster Drayton	Atlantic City, N.J.	W 6
Feb. 18	Rick Hamlisch	Scranton, Pa.	W 6
Mar. 22	Larry Duran	Las Vegas, Nev.	KO 4
Apr. 11	Kenny Hodge	Las Vegas, Nev.	KO 6
Apr. 24	Ben Serrano	Scranton, Pa.	W 8
June 12	Bob West	Detroit, Mich.	KO 7
June 27	Sal Saladin	Las Vegas, Nev.	KO 1
Aug. 9	Benny Mitchell	Cleveland, Ohio	KO 2
Aug. 21	Fred Reed	Las Vegas, Nev.	W 8
Sept. 26	Michael Herron	Las Vegas, Nev.	W 10

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
15	15	0	0	8

ANDRE "SUGARMAN" COOPER

THE MIDDLEWEIGHT DIVISION IS RICH in history; exciting and filled with great fights. The list of young middleweights who will add to that history is long and steeped with talent. Near the top of the list is Philadelphia's Andre "Sugarman" Cooper.

In high school, Cooper used his 5'11", 160-pound body to sprint past opponents in track and run over them in football. Colleges knocked on his door. He answered with a polite "Thanks, but no thanks. I'm out to become middleweight champion of the world."

Cooper's dream isn't as wild as it may seem. Case in point: A young man named Sugar Ray Leonard turned pro five years ago looking for money to support his then-burgeoning family. Looking for some, he found a great sum. Point #2: It's quite simple. Cooper can fight. He appears to have all the requirements to become a world champion, especially an explosive punch with either hand.

After winning 35 of 37 amateur contests—and stopping 32 opponents—Cooper turned professional in January, 1981, under the guidance of businessman Butch Cristelli.

"He wants to fight," said Cristelli. "He thrives on the competition."

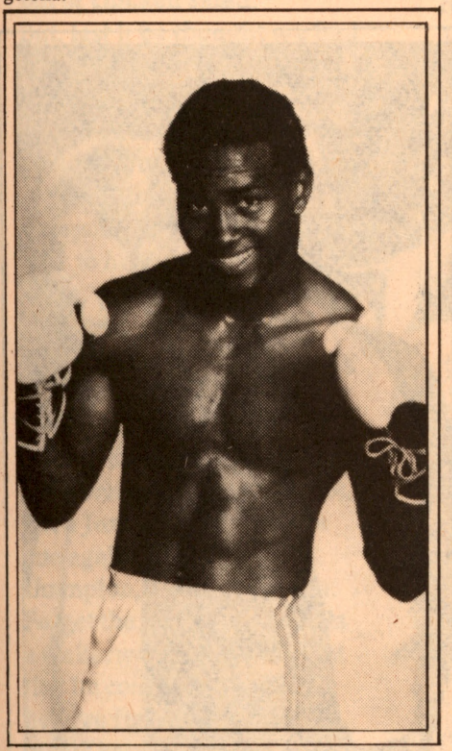
Thriving on competition is one thing. Performing with aches and pains is another. However, in his pro debut, Cooper carried his love for boxing a bit too far. Against muscular Carl Veal, Cooper fought with a wired jaw,

the result of a car accident. Despite the agony he suffered after getting tagged on the chin in the first round, Cooper put his punches together and halted Veal in the second round.

The foolheartiness of fighting with a broken jaw kept Cooper out of action for the next six months. When he returned in July, he decisioned Robert Thomas over four rounds. In his third pro fight, he took on Jesse Goodmond, who once lost a narrow decision to Norberto Sabater. Cooper needed just 23 seconds to dispose of him. His four other opponents—all knockout victims—have not fared much better.

"I can get you with my left or I can get you with my right," said Cooper.

Any way you look at it, Cooper's gonna' getcha.'



ANDRE "SUGARMAN" COOPER

Height: 5'11"
Weight: 160 pounds
Born: May 12, 1959
Amateur Record: 35-2, 32 KO's

1981

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 8	Carl Veal	Atlantic City, N.J.	KO 2
July 2	Robert Thomas	Atlantic City, N.J.	W 4
July 25	Jessie Goodmond	Atlantic City, N.J.	KO 1
Aug. 9	Felix Campos	Westchester, N.Y.	KO 1
Aug. 22	Warren Fortune	Atlantic City, N.J.	KO 2
Sept. 16	Rich Williams	Binghamton, N.Y.	KO 1
Oct. 9	Robert Thomas	Westchester, N.Y.	KO 1

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
7	6	0	0	6

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHT OF THE MONTH

PEDROZA-BALLAS
WBA Junior Bantamweight Title

PANAMA CITY, PANAMA—Call it the super flyweight division or the junior bantamweight division or the 115-pound division. Any way you look at it, the division is a joke. It's another WBA/WBC concoction to bring more money into the treasury of each of those sanctioning bodies. More titles, more money, more lira, more dinero. Mas, mas, mas. As big a joke as the super flyweight/junior bantamweight/115-pound division is though, that's how good—make that, GREAT—the WBA junior bantamweight championship was between titleholder Gustavo Ballas of Argentina and Panama's Rafael Pedroza.

Pedroza—a second cousin of Eusebio Pedroza—was given little chance of beating Ballas. Allow the records to speak for themselves. Pedroza's record was less than breathtaking at 18-7-1. However, 15 of his 18 victories came by way of knockout. Ballas had scrapped his way to a 53-0-1 record. Included in the 53 wins were triumphs against former world champions Alfonso Lopez and Santos Laciar. Eleven of his victories came in 1981. He also had defeated Pedroza by decision in a 10-round scrap 14 months earlier in Buenos Aires.

However, title fights can sometimes be as unpredictable as World Series or Super Bowl games. A mediocre challenger—and Heaven knows the WBA and WBC have sanctioned more than some mediocre and unqualified fighters to fight for titles—sometimes becomes a super-charged fighter the night he goes after a world championship. It happened to Leon Spinks against Muhammad Ali. It happened to Yasutsune Uehara against Sam Serrano. It happened to Pedro Flores against Yoko Gushiken. It also happened to Rafael Pedroza against Gustavo Ballas, though the Argentine had never proven himself as a champion. This was the first defense of the title he won by stopping Korea's Suk-Chul Bae last September.

Along with his 53-0-1 record, Ballas brought 20 knockouts into the ring in Panama City.

Most fighters, when asked what their "best punch" is, reply, "Either hand." The remainder will choose a specific hand, a specific punch. However, none have ever given the answer Gustavo Ballas gave. When asked before the defense against Pedroza "What is your best punch?", Ballas shockingly and truthfully answered, "Neither. I can't punch hard with either hand." The truth didn't hurt him. His lack of power did.

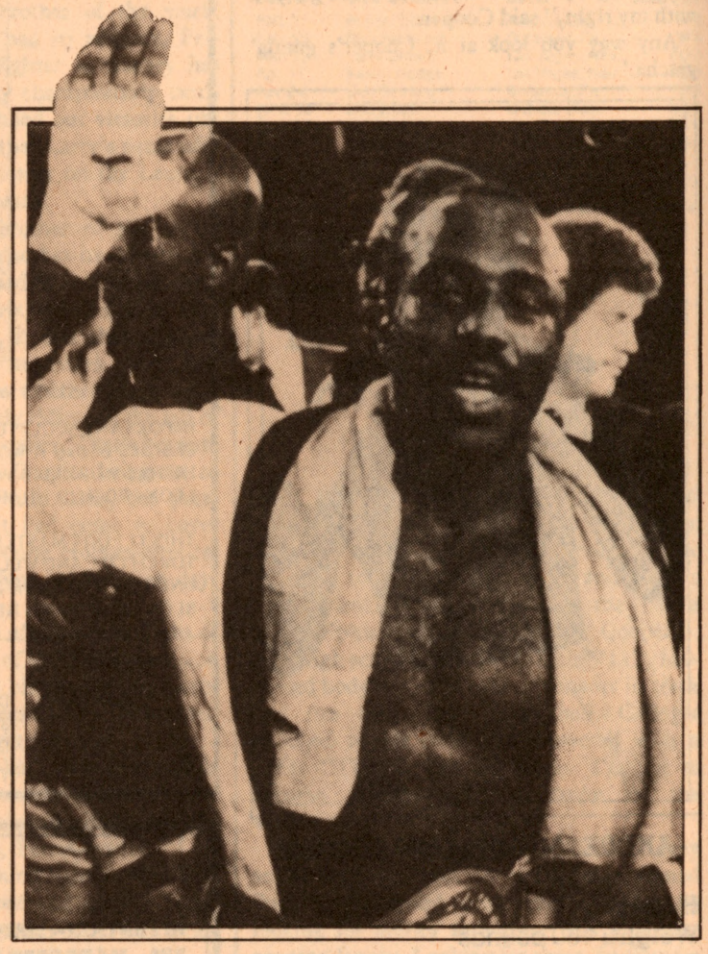
Pedroza realized that fact almost from the opening bell. He went after Ballas, making his pre-fight prediction hold ture. It was then he said, "I feel very good about this fight, very confident. I intend to win the title in front of my countrymen. I intend to win."

Without fear and with as much determination as any fighter has ever shown, Pedroza swarmed all over Ballas. Ballas retreated, but he didn't run, didn't go into a defensive shell. He fought back.

In the second round, Ballas began looking at his right hand every time he stepped back from a

PAGE 40 *Continued on page 45*

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



Early in 1981, Dwight Braxton decisioned John Davis and Al Bolden. However, the man known as the "Camden Buzzsaw" needed to sharpen his blade. He did against former light heavyweight king Mike Rossman, whom he knocked out in the seventh round. He then further sharpened his blade by returning to his alma-mater—Rahway State Prison—and whipping former classmate James Scott. With his blade precision sharp, Braxton—a huge underdog—proceeded to cut down Matthew Saad Muhammad as no man had ever done, shocking the boxing world, winning the world light heavyweight title and becoming Ring's "Fighter of the Month."

RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

LET'S SEE. WHERE WERE WE WHEN WE LAST looked in on those wonderful people who gave us the WBA? These wonders of wonders, the types you'd use for a blueprint if you were building idiots, were busy making farces out of their ratings. Or, if you prefer, chicken droppings out of chicken salad.

But, lest it be thought we had seen the last of their ratings findango, they have just pulled yet another one. No, make that two. Things that are so visible it is not necessary even to see them, only to hear them.

What, you might ask, have they done now? All they have done is elevate a young welterweight, name of Davey Moore, with an 8-0 record, into a title shot. And not a welterweight title shot, but a Junior Middleweight one against their paper champion, Tidashi Mihara. Forget the fact that Moore is a welterweight. Even forget that he could give Mihara a helluva fight, if not beat him. That is not in contention here. What is in contention here is how they could have the CHUTZPAH to propel an unranked welterweight into a sanctioned Junior Middleweight title bout.

Bobby Lee, the WBA vice president, has asked how Moore could even get the fight, inasmuch as he was unrated 30 days prior to the signing of the fight, a supposed rule the WBA has in its phantom rules and regulations. But his protest, like most of those to the WBA—even by those supposedly on its executive board—will go unheeded. Because it serves their purpose—and the purposes of promoter Bob Arum—the WBA, in a miracle to rival the raising of Lazarus, raised Moore to the Number 10 spot in its Junior Middleweight ratings. Just in time for the title defense. That serves their commercial ends better than boxing's ends.

Seems like the WBA is back to its old tricks again, using its ratings merely as a means to an end to favor certain fighters, certain promoters, and certain countries. Why even bother with ratings? Unlike those run each month in THE RING, the WBA's ratings are pure fiction. Even, it could be hinted, pure bull. (Or, because they are issued from Panama, would that be pure MIERDA?) Maybe these worthies should stick to what they do best: Go back to earning their livings by the sweat of their brow-beating and leave boxing alone. Bert Randolph Sugar

RING RATINGS 40 YEARS AGO

From the February, 1942 issue of The Ring.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Joe Louis, Detroit, Mich.

1. Billy Conn, Pittsburgh, Pa.
2. Lem Franklin, Cleveland, Ohio
3. Bob Pastor, Saratoga, N.Y.
4. Buddy Baer, Oakland, Calif.
5. Melio Bettina, Beacon, N.Y.
6. Abe Simon, New York, N.Y.
7. Turkey Thompson, Los Angeles
8. Lou Nova, Alameda, Calif.
9. Harry Bobo, Pittsburgh, Pa.
10. Max Baer, Oakland, Calif.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside, N.J.

1. Booker Beckwith, Chicago, Ill.
2. Anton Christoforidis, Greece
3. Tami Mauriello, New York, N.Y.
4. Mose Brown, Pittsburgh, Pa.
5. Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland, Ohio
6. Jock McAvoy, England
7. Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio
8. Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento
9. Tommy Tucker, Rockaway, N.Y.
10. Herbie Katz, Brooklyn, N.Y.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Tony Zale, Gary, Indiana

1. Georgie Abrams, New York, N.Y.
2. Billy Soose, Farell, Pa.
3. Ken Overlin, Decatur, Ill.
4. Coley Welch, Portland, Me.
5. Steve Belloise, New York, N.Y.
6. Ceferino Garcia, Philippines
7. Shorty Hogue, Jacumba, Calif.
8. Ron Richards, Australia
9. Archie Moore, St. Louis, Mo.
10. Johnny Colan, New York, N.Y.

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Freddie (Red) Cochrane, Elizabeth

1. Ray Robinson, New York, N.Y.
2. Jackie Wilson, Los Angeles
3. Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh, Pa.
4. Young Kid McCoy, Detroit, Mich.
5. Charley Burley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
6. Holman Williams, Detroit, Mich.
7. Izzy Jannazzo, New York, N.Y.
8. Mike Kaplan, Boston, Mass.
9. Ernie Roderick, England
10. Joe Legon, Havana, Cuba

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Sammy Angott, Philadelphia, Pa.

1. Bob Montgomery, Philadelphia
2. Lew Jenkins, Sweetwater, Texas
3. Dave Castilloux, Montreal
4. Lenny Mancini, Youngstown, Ohio
5. Ray Lunny, San Francisco, Calif.
6. Juan Zurita, Mexico City, Mexico
7. Leo Rodak, Chicago, Ill.
8. Aldo Spoldi, Italy
9. Willie Joyce, Chicago, Ill.
10. George Latka, San Jose, Calif.

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Chalky Wright, Los Angeles, Calif.

1. Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.
2. Ritchie Lemos, Los Angeles, Cal.
3. Pedro Hernandez, Puerto Rico
4. Harry Jeffra, Baltimore, Md.
5. Jimmy Hatcher, Lake City, S.C.
6. Sal Bartolo, Boston, Mass.
7. Bobby (Poison) Ivy, Hartford
8. Mike Raffa, Weirton, Pa.
9. Bill Speary, Nanticoke, Pa.
10. Jackie Callura, Toronto, Ontario

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Lou Salica, Brooklyn, New York

1. David Kui Kong Young, Hawaii
2. Manuel Ortiz, Los Angeles, Calif.
3. Rush Dalma, Philippines
4. Tony Olivera, Oakland, Calif.
5. Jim Brady, Scotland
6. Freddy Pope, Columbus, Ohio
7. Kid Tanner, British Guyana
8. Jimmy Stubbs, England
9. Tommy Forte, Philadelphia, Pa.
10. Kenny Lindsay, Vancouver, B.C.

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant

1. Jackie Paterson, Scotland
2. Little Dado, Philippines
3. Luis Castillo, Cuba
4. Johnny Shaughnessy, England
5. Joe Curran, England
6. Tiny Bostock, England
7. Jackie Jurich, San Jose, Calif.
8. Small Montana, Philippines
9. Little Pancho, Philippines
10. Humberto Espinosa, Cuba

GENUINE

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The Ring International Ratings

GENUINE

(AS OF JANUARY 8, 1982)

How **The Ring** International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all six major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under **The Ring**'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions as of January 8, 1982. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. After the top ten were tabulated, those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** . . . . Easton, Pa.
1 **Mike Weaver*** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
2 **Gerry Cooney** . . . . Huntington, N.Y.
3 **Michael Dokes** . . . . Akron, Ohio
4 **Greg Page** . . . . Louisville, Ky.
5 **Gerrie Coetzee** . . . . South Africa
6 **Trevor Berbick** . . . . Halifax, Canada
7 **Leon Spinks** . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
8 **James (Quick) Tillis** . . . . Chicago, Ill.
9 **Randall (Tex) Cobb** . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
10 **Renaldo Snipes** . . . . Yonkers, N.Y.

11. John Tate, 12. Jimmy Young, 13. Tim Witherspoon, 14. Bernardo Mercado, 15. Lynn Ball, 16. Pinklon Thomas, 17. Marty Monroe, 18. Stan Ward, 19. Larry Frazier, 20. John Denis

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

DWIGHT BRAXTON** . . . . Camden, N.J.
1 **Michael Spinks*** . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
2 **Matthew Saad Muhammad** . . . . . . Phila., Pa.
3 **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad** . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
4 **Jerry Martin** . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
5 **Carlos DeLeon** . . . . Puerto Rico
6 **Marvin Camel** . . . . Missoula, Mont.
7 **Murray Sutherland** . . . . Bay City, Mich.
8 **Jerry Celestine** . . . . New Orleans, La.
9 **James Scott** . . . . Rahway, N.J.
10 **Marvin Johnson** . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.

11. Mustapha Wasajja, 12. S.T. Gordon, 13. Lotte Mwale, 14. Vonzell Johnson, 15. Yaqui Lopez, 16. Bashiru Ali, 17. Young Joe Louis, 18. Jim McNally

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MARVIN HAGLER . . . . Brockton, Mass.
1 **Dwight Davison** . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Mustafa Hamsho** . . . . Syria
3 **Wilford Scypion** . . . . New York, N.Y.
4 **Frank Fletcher** . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
5 **Tony Sibson** . . . . England
6 **Fulgencio Obelmejias** . . . . Venezuela
7 **Curtis Parker** . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
8 **Ray Seales** . . . . Tacoma, Wash.
9 **Robbie Epps** . . . . Clovis, N. Mex.
10 **Vinnie Curto** . . . . Boston, Mass.

11. Ronnie Harris, 12. Alan Minter, 13. Bernard Mays, 14. William "Caveman" Lee, 15. Alex Ramos, 16. Marcos Geraldo, 17. Bobby Czyz, 18. Robbie Sims, 19. Ernie Singletary, 20. Ted Sanders, 21. Juan Roldan, 22. Mickey Goodwin, 23. Jose Macias, 24. Jacinto Fernandez

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
1 **Wilfred Benitez**** . . . . Puerto Rico
2 **Ayub Kalule** . . . . Uganda
3 **Maurice Hope** . . . . England
4 **Tony Ayala, Jr.** . . . . San Antonio, Tex.
5 **Carlos Herrera** . . . . Argentina
6 **Charlie Weir** . . . . South Africa
7 **Roberto Duran** . . . . Panama
8 **Gary Guiden** . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
9 **Walter Gomez** . . . . Argentina
10 **Tidashi Mihara*** . . . . Japan

11. Nino Gonzalez, 12. Herol Graham 13. Clint Jackson, 14. Kenny Bristol, 15. Rocky Fratto, 16. Carlos Santos, 17. Bruce Johnson, 18. Tony Braxton, 19. Luigi Minchillo, 20. Clemente Tshinza, 21. James Green

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
1 **Thomas Hearns** . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Roger Stafford** . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
3 **Pipino Cuevas** . . . . Mexico
4 **Roberto Duran** . . . . Panama
5 **Randy Shields** . . . . N. Hollywood, Calif.
6 **Bruce Finch** . . . . Milwaukee, Wisc.
7 **Milton McCrory** . . . . Detroit, Mich.
8 **Adolfo Viruet** . . . . Hoboken, N.J.
9 **Colin Jones** . . . . England
10 **Bobby Joe Young** . . . . Steubenville, Ohio

11. Pete Ranzany, 12. Marlon Starling, 13. Luis Primera, 14. Pepe Dominguez, 15. Davey Moore, 16. Carlos Santos, 17. Donald Curry, 18. Babs McCarthy, 19. Greg Stephens, 20. Chung-Jae Hwang, 21. Harold Volbrecht, 22. Pat Hallacy

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR** . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
1 **Saoul Mamby*** . . . . New York, N.Y.
2 **Jo Kimpuani** . . . . France
3 **Dujuan Johnson** . . . . Detroit, Mich.
4 **Miguel Montilla** . . . . Dominican Rep.
5 **Monroe Brooks** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Johnny Bumphus** . . . . Nashville, Tenn.
7 **Willie Rodriguez** . . . . Allentown, Pa.
8 **Lennox Blackmoore** . . . . Guyana
9 **Leroy Haley** . . . . Las Vegas, Nevada
10 **Steve Hearon** . . . . Houston, Texas

11. Billy Costello, 12. Bruce Curry, 13. Obisia Nwankpa, 14. Cristobal Torres, 15. Juan Jose Gimenez, 16. Jorge Morales, 17. Clint McKenzie, 18. Ronnie Shields, 19. Steve Early, 20. Sal Lopez, 21. Roberto Alfaro, 22. Hugo Luero, 23. Thomas Americo, 24. Antonio Guinaldo, 25. Hugo Quartapelle

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ALEXIS ARGUELLO** . . . . Nicaragua
1 **Aaron Pryor** . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
2 **Andrew Ganigan** . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
3 **Hilmer Kenty** . . . . Detroit, Mich.
4 **Art Frias*** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
5 **Howard Davis, Jr.** . . . . Glen Cove, N.Y.
6 **Sean O'Grady** . . . . Oklahoma City, Ok.
7 **Rodolfo (Gato) Gonzalez** . . . . Mexico
8 **Claude Noel** . . . . Trinidad, W.I.
9 **Gonzallo Montellano** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
10 **Ray Mancini** . . . . Youngstown, Ohio

11. Curtis Harris, 12. Roberto Elizondo, , 13. Edwin Viruet, 14. Ernesto Espana, 15. James Busceme, 16. Herman Montes, 17. Jorge Morales, 18. Barry Michael, 19. Jose Luis Ramirez, 20. Rolando Navarette, 21. Joey Gibilisco

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SAMUEL SERRANO* . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Rolando Navarette**** . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
2 **Cornelius Boza-Edwards** . . . . England
3 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** . . . . Mexico
4 **Edwin Rosario** . . . . Puerto Rico
5 **Bobby Chacon** . . . . Pacoima, Calif.
6 **Yasutsune Uehara** . . . . Japan
7 **Ildelfonso Bethelmy** . . . . Venezuela
8 **Johnny Sato** . . . . Stockton, Calif.
9 **John Verderosa** . . . . Staten Island, N.Y.
10 **Carlos Pinango** . . . . Venezuela

11. Greg Coverson, 12. Chung-Il Choi, 13. Hector Cortez, 14. Patrick Ford, 15. Jorge Alvarado, 16. Frankie Baltazar, 17. Enrique Maxwell, 18. Mario Vizcaya, 19. Tony Santana, 20. Johnny Aba, 21. Leonardo Moreno, 22. Alfredo Paiva, 23. Il-Bok Lee, 24. Armando Perez

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SALVADOR SANCHEZ** . . . . Mexico
1 **Eusebio Pedroza*** . . . . Panama
2 **Wilfredo Gomez** . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Juan LaPorte** . . . . New York, N.Y.
4 **Rocky Lockridge** . . . . Paterson, N.J.
5 **Ruben Castillo** . . . . Bakersfield, Calif.
6 **Patrick Ford** . . . . Guyana
7 **Mario Miranda** . . . . Colombia
8 **Pat Cowdell** . . . . England
9 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . Mexico
10 **Paul Ferrari** . . . . Australia

11. Guillermo Vallejo, 12. Gustavo Salgado, 13. Roberto Castanon, 14. Juan Malvarez, 15. Augustin Martinez, 16. Alcibiades Blandon, 17. Freddie Roach, 18. Bernard Taylor, 19. Nicky Perez, 20. Royal Kobayashi, 21. Carlos Pinango, 22. Reyes Gonzalez, 23. Kelvin Lampkin, 24. Jorge Lujan, 25. Justo Garcia, 26. Noel Arriesgado

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Sergio Palma*** . . . . Argentina
2 **Mike Ayala** . . . . New York, N.Y.
3 **Leo Cruz** . . . . Dominican Republic
4 **Ricardo Cardona** . . . . Colombia
5 **Jaime Garza** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Juan (Kid) Meza** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
7 **Lupe Pintor** . . . . Mexico
8 **Nicky Perez** . . . . Tucson, Ariz.
9 **Soon-Hyun Chung** . . . . Korea
10 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . Mexico

11. Jose Caba, 12. Carmelo Negron, 13. Derrik Holmes, 14. Joaquin Acuna, 15. Jorge Lujan, 16. Oscar Muniz, 17. Vilchit Muangroi-Et, 18. Carlos Mendoza, 19. Juan Antonio Lopez, 20. Bernabe Montanez, 21. Julio Saba, 22. Salvatore Melluzo

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JEFF CHANDLER* . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
1 **Lupe Pintor**** . . . . Mexico
2 **Chul-Ho Kim** . . . . Korea
3 **Kiko Bejines** . . . . Mexico
4 **Albert Davila** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
5 **Oscar Muniz** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Eijiro Murata** . . . . Japan
7 **Johnny Carter** . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
8 **Jose R. Narvaez** . . . . Argentina
9 **Rafael Orono** . . . . Venezuela
10 **Hurricane Teru** . . . . Japan

11. Julian Solis, 12. Carlos Bejarano, 13. Jaime Garza, 14. Miguel Iriarte, 15. Jovito Rengifo, 16. Weilie Nkosinkulu, 17. Diego Rosario, 18. Fred Jackson, 19. Jorge Ramirez, 20. Ramon Soria, 21. Seung-Hoon Lee, 22. Willie Jensen, 23. Artemio Ramirez, 24. Enrique Sanchez

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ANTONIO AVELAR** . . . . Mexico
1 **Hilario Zapata** . . . . Panama
2 **Juan Herrera*** . . . . Mexico
3 **Katsuo Tokashiki** . . . . Japan
4 **Hwan Jin Kim** . . . . Korea
5 **Rafael Pedroza** . . . . Panama
6 **Gustavo Ballas** . . . . Argentina
7 **Candido Tellez** . . . . Mexico
8 **Betulio Gonzalez** . . . . Venezuela
9 **Luis Ibarra** . . . . Panama
10 **German Torres** . . . . Mexico

11. Juan Diaz, 12. Charlie Magri, 13. Willie Jensen, 14. Pedro Flores, 15. Peter Mathebula, 16. Reinaldo Becerra, 17. Joey Olivo, 18. Gabriel Bernal, 19. Eleoncio Mercedes, 20. Stephen Muchoki, 21. Prudencio Cardona, 22. Ray Perez

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing)

***WBA champion** ****WBC champion**

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clinch or from some in-close action. Though manager Tito Lectoure denied any injury, it was quite evident something was wrong with the hand.

Acting as a true champion, Ballas threw the right repeatedly, despite the fact he was in awful pain every time it landed. He threw it and threw it, hoping to find the power he did not possess.

Behind going into the 10th round, Ballas nearly came up with his much-needed knockout, as he rocked Pedroza with a series of rapid combinations. Pedroza was in serious trouble, but with his hometown crowd cheering him on, he came back throwing volleys of shots, bobbed, weaved, ducked and threw more punches. The round ended with Pedroza dazed but still very much in the fight.

He came back strong in the 11th, but Ballas battled him on near even terms in close, hard exchanges, where most of the 15 rounds were fought.

Round after round was a repeat of the previous. Both wanted to win more than they ever had in their lives. And win it Pedroza did. He won it in a manner he can always be proud of, in an effort every title challenger should put forth. As for Ballas, he lost in a way champions should lose. He refused to stop fighting until the final bell rang, desperately trying to retain his crown.

Referee Larry Rozadilla scored the fight 145-141 for Pedroza. A Venezuelan judge had it 146-142 for Ballas, while another judge scored it 145-142 for the new champion.

The junior bantamweight title is one with little meaning or purpose. Yet Pedroza and Ballas fought as if the heavyweight championship of the world was on the line.

The fight spelled everything that is good about boxing.

PEDROZA-SIBACA
WBA Featherweight Title

On the afternoon before their title fight, WBA champion Eusebio Pedroza and challenger Bashew Sibaca were a contrast in styles. Pedroza was relaxed and loose. Sibaca was nervous and tight. Pedroza was smiling and cheerful. Sibaca was sullen and nasty. Ped-

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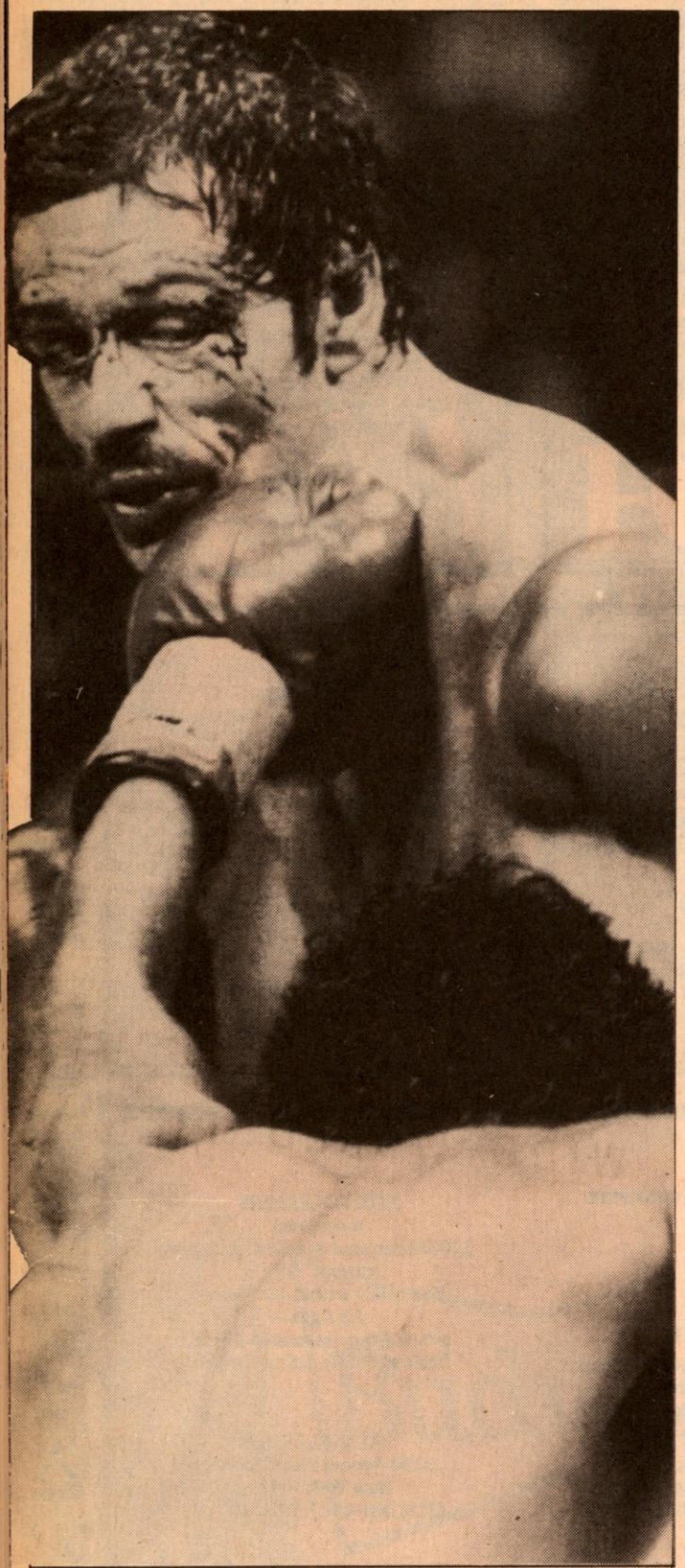


Above: Salvador Sanchez, Ring's world featherweight champion from Mexico, puts a left to the chin of blooded Pat Cowdell of England in the 15th round of the fight at the Houston Astrodome, Dec. 12, 1981.

roza oozed with confidence. Sibaca looked physically and mentally destroyed, as if he were a man on Death Row the day before his execution.

Walking out of the Maranon Gym where he trained, Pedroza told sportscaster Sal Marchiano and the writer—through interpreter and fellow countryman Luis Henriques—he'd gladly meet them at a local coffee shop to discuss his upcoming defense against Sibaca as well as his future plans. He smiled as he met them, smiled as he talked with them and smiled when he left them. Sibaca, who also trained at the Maranon Gym, rushed to his waiting car, surrounded by a handful of sparring partners and African "advisors".

"No more talking," Sibaca snapped at the writer. "I will not talk to anybody until after my fight. I'm through talking! The next talking I'll do is with my fists!" If Sibaca's fists can talk, they probably had the equivalent of laryngitis. Against Pedroza, they were barely audible.

The fight took place in the Panama City Arena; the old wooden structure's 32nd title affair. Nearly all the arena's 17,000 seats were sold out, with prices ranging from six to 65 dollars. Madison Square Garden, eat your heart out!

ESPN, the 24-hour sports cable network based in Bristol, Connecticut, beamed the fight live, via satellite, to slightly more than 13 million homes in the United States, Canada, Central America, and Italy. It was the network's first telecast outside the United States and the first half of a title doubleheader. The other half matched WBA junior bantamweight king Gustavo Ballas of Argentina against Rafael Pedroza.

As Sibaca's national anthem was played, the large crowd stood politely, all eyes upon the 5'5" warrior who came into the ring with a reported record of 74-13-3, including 26 knockouts. Then came the Panamanian anthem. The crowd erupted into one chorus of "Himno Nacional," led by the intensely nationalistic Pedroza, who was about to make the 13th defense of his title, a divisional record.

Earlier, Pedroza had said he figured Sibaca would come directly at him, bobbing and weaving, looking for an opening to throw a big hook or overhand right.

"I always worry about small guys," said Pedroza, "because of what they can do with their heads. They come charging in low, than come up quickly." He tapped his *cabeza*. "This will keep him off." He pointed to his left hand. With that left, one of the finest pieces of fistic weaponry to be found in any division, Pedroza did more than "keep him off." He used it as a jab to frustrate Sibaca, break his rhythm, confuse him and yes, even hurt him. A fourth-round jab by Pedroza was among the finest jabs the writer has ever seen. It shot out with Pedroza's full 126 pounds behind it, and all of the strength in his wonderfully-honed and magnificently-conditioned body. When it landed, it landed with the force of a hook, rocking Sibaca, 124, back on his heels. After landing that punch and seeing its effect, Pedroza knew it was time to put Sibaca's lights out. That jab, along with a terrific body battering administered to Sibaca almost from the opening bell, had quickly turned this number one-ranked WBA contender into nothing more than a brave, shopworn pug ready to be knocked out for the first time in his career.

Pedroza showed no respect in the fifth round for Sibaca. He stood flatfooted in front of him, whipping in brutal combinations, then moved laterally—faster than Sibaca could think. Sibaca had no defense to protect himself and no offense to stop Pedroza's onslaught.

Pedroza saw an opening. He stepped quickly to his left, planted his feet, and fired a short, powerful right that found Sibaca's jaw. The punch dropped him against the ropes to the left of his corner. Referee Ernesto Magana tolled the count over Sibaca as Pedroza raised his right arm in triumph and as Sal Marchiano had his first international and first world title fight "Good Night, Sweet Prince."

For Pedroza, it was his fourth victory of the year and 33rd victory against three losses. Where once he was considered to be a mere "cheese" champion, Pedroza has developed into one of the ring's most talented craftsmen. He is the "Panamanian Smorgasbord," a veritable endless wealth of fistic talent, heaped with extra helpings

of stamina, coordination, and heart.

A match between him and Salvador Sanchez is something to dream of.

(12-05-81)

RANDY GORDON

ZAPATA-VORASINGH
WBC Junior Flyweight Title

KORAT, THAILAND—WBC junior flyweight king Hilario Zapata battered former title holder Netrnoi Sor Vorasingh, the local favorite, from all angles, weakened him, and stopped him at 2:50 of the 10th round to retain his crown. It was Zapata's eighth successful defense.

Both are southpaws, and the weight differential was negligible—107.4 for Zapata to 107.2 for Vorasingh. That's where the physical resemblances ended, for Zapata towered over the five foot challenger—nicknamed "Shorty"—by eight and a half inches.

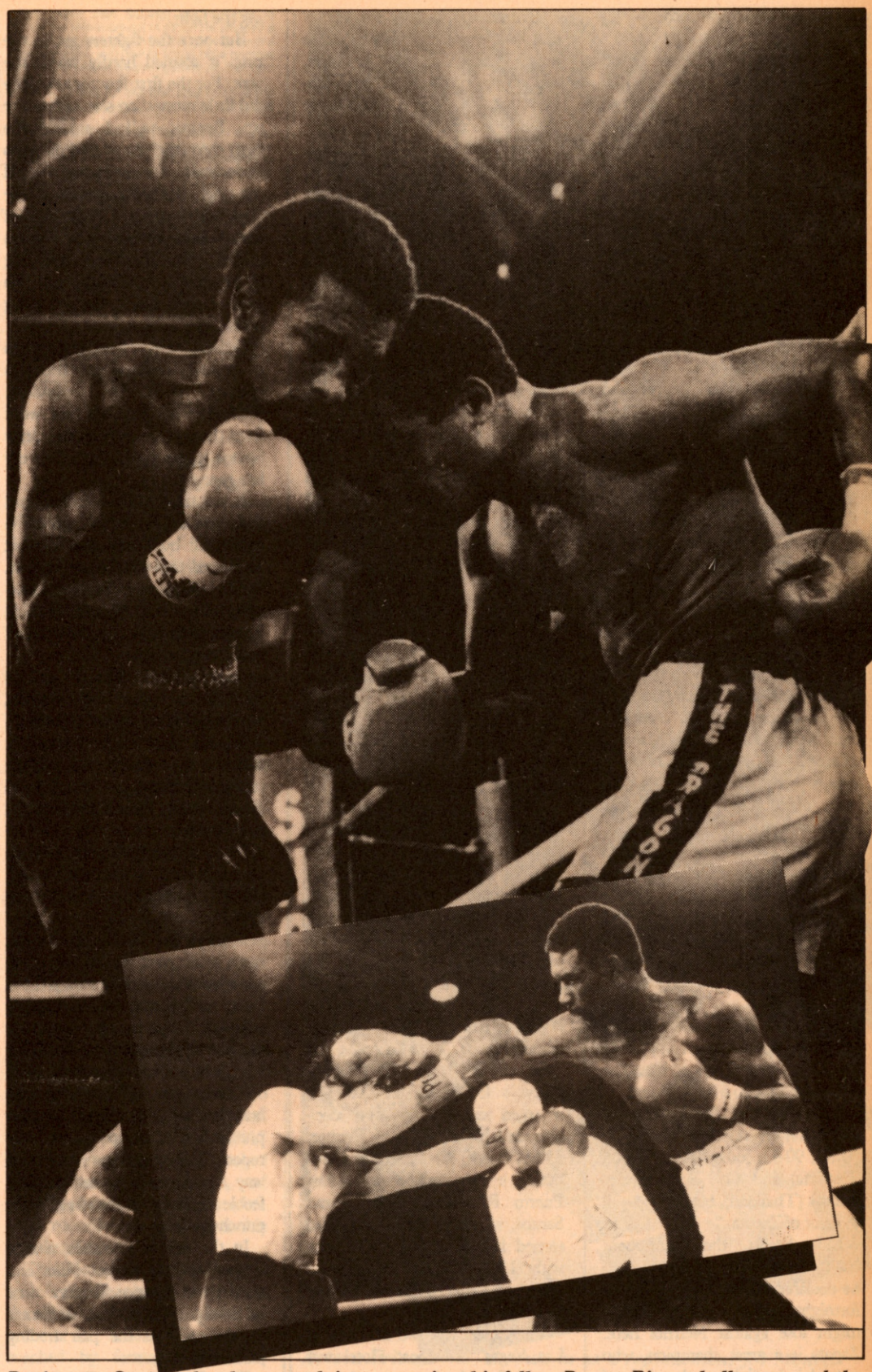
The 23-year-old Zapata quickly went to work, and rained his quick southpaw right jabs and combos to the challenger's face in the first round. The second session the 24-year-old Thai go for Zapata's body, but the champ had a good defense, and managed to stretch his body out of harm's way while retaliating with incessant combinations. Netrnoi looked weary at the closing of the canto.

Vorasingh launched a furious attack in round three, and the champ was on the defensive for awhile. Hilario, however, caught most of the blows on his gloves, and threw back sharp jabs in retailiation. It was Vorasingh's round by a narrow margin.

The fourth session was a hot one. Netrnoi rushed out of his corner and tried to go to the Panamanian's body, while Hilario responded with light but accurate shots to the face. The Thai's right eye was swollen, but he pinned the champ into a corner with some reckless combinations and landed a couple of hooks to the jaw before the bell rang.

From the next round on, the fight became onesided.

In round five, Zata connected with beautiful rights followed by left crosses, and shook Vorasingh on a few occasions. Netrnoi had trouble getting inside the champ's



Benitez vs. Santos; the champ took it easy against his fellow Puerto Rican challenger, and the bout looked more like a 15-round waltz than a title fight. Needless to say, the champ kept his crown. Inset: "Joltin' Jeff" Chandler dismantles Japan's Eijiro Musata, eventually retaining his WBA bantamweight title after a TKO in the 13th round.

reach, and his body punches hardly hit the target.

The sixth round saw Zapta bounce right jabs off of the man from Thailand's head. Netrnoi should have realized his body attack wasn't working, but he stuck to his initial plan. The result was that he took a lot of punches to the face, and started to fade rapidly.

The seventh frame saw Zapata score well with numerous light punches, while Vorasingh missed plenty. He just couldn't cope with Hilario's superior speed. In round eight, Zapata outboxed and outpunched the slower Thai at will. The challenger took a lot of jabs, but came forward and scored with a couple of clean hits to the jaw. But his punches no longer carried convincing power, and Zapta answered with strong rights that shook Vorasingh up badly.

The onesided tide, however, almost turned in the ninth canto. With about a minute gone, the desperate Netrnoi turned loose with all the energy remaining in his body, and a flurry of left and right hooks had Zapata staggering to the ropes. The Thai was stalking the bewildered champ, cornering him with his two-fisted attacks. Hilario, however, managed to escape with crafty head slipping and sidestepping. It was Vorasingh's round.

But the challenger had shot his bolt, and the 10th frame saw him run completely out of gas. Zapata caught him with solid rights, and continued to batter him with every kind of punch he had until referee Rudy Jordan of Los Angeles intervened.

The game Thai was willing to continue, but no one complained about the third man's action. The bout had come to a decisive end.

Official scoring after nine rounds was as follows: referee Rudy Jordan (U.S.), 90-83; judges Rodolfo Hill (Panama) and Col. Suthi Promchairak (Thailand), both 90-86—all in favor of Zapata.

Luis Spada, the triumphant champ's manager, was cool when he declared he "never once in the fortnight had any doubts Zapata might lose against Netrnoi here. Zapata is a great champion, who proved it by fighting the sixth of his eight defenses far away from Panama and winning so impressively."

"Zapata was very, very sharp," said the crestfallen challenger. "He punched me with fine precision, and gave me little chance to get inside him. This night, I was badly beaten. I admit..."

There were troubles prior to the contest. The scheduled referee, Mexican Abraham Chalavarria, couldn't get to Thailand in time, so one of the three judges, American Rudy Jordan, was obliged to work as the third man *and* score the contest. (The WBC rules don't really allow the referee to score.)

It was strange that WBA president Rodrigo Sanchez and WBA Ratings Committee chairman Dr. Elias Cordoba were invited to Thailand as the guests of their Panamanian compatriot, Luis Spada. Zapata, who intends to move up to the flyweight class, may very probably be given a title shot at reigning WBA flyweight king Juan Herrera of Mexico in the near future.

Attendance—20,000 at Suranaree Army Stadium.
(11-06-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

BENITEZ-SANTOS
WBC Junior Middleweight Title

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—You could yawn in disbelief, nod off in boredom, or amuse yourself by counting the punches per round . . . most of them on only one hand.

It was more of a 15-round waltz than a title fight, and this made even more unbelievable by the fact that the contestants were WBC super welterweight champion Wilfred Benitez and WBC number one contender Carlos Santos.

In the later rounds, Benitez threw a few more punches and emerged with a unamimous decision and his title intact. Benitez, 153½, Puerto Rico, may have been taking it easy against his fellow Puerto Rican, the 153¼-pound Santos, whose southpaw style had earned him a record of 24 wins with 18 knockouts. The dance marathon with Benitez was Santos' first loss.

The capacity crowd of 1,600 at Las Vegas' Showboat Hotel was irate before the bout even began. The fight was delayed 25 minutes because of technical problems with HBO, the cable network broadcasting the fight.

But once the fighters got in the ring, it seemed hardly worth the wait. For the first few rounds, they did little more than size each other up. Benitez walked around the ring, throwing one or two punches periodically. Santos danced around the ring, backpedaling most of the time and wasting a great deal of energy swinging at the air. Santos looked like he was treading water—his feet moving and his arms swinging, both going nowhere.

Benitez, who is most effective as a counterpuncher, got little to counter from his opponent. Wilfred, who does his best work from the ropes, was unable to draw Santos to the ropes until the very late rounds.

It was not until the sixth round that a solid punch was scored—a strong left by Santos. But Benitez countered this with a knockdown, which looked more like slip. However, referee Ferd Hernandez ruled it a knockdown . . . as the crowd booed his decision.

Benitez and Santos danced through the next four rounds, although Benitez began to move inside and land a few punches. Santos came on a bit in the eighth round, dealing rights and lefts to Benitez' body, none of which did any damage.

The ninth and 10th rounds were more of the same, with both fighters trading ineffective punches.

Finally, in the 11th, Benitez came to life, and displayed the talent which has earned him his titles. First, he scored with a double right-left combination. Then, at the end of the round, he staggered Santos with a pair of hard rights.

The 12th round was a sleeper, but, in the 13th, Benitez began pummeling Santos against the ropes. The challenger eased his way to center ring, and made a feeble attempt at landing some punches of his own.

In the last two rounds, Santos seemed willing to just relax and survive the distance. Benitez came on briefly in the 15th, with Santos countering, and the pair trading jabs to the body.

The final scoring: Hal Miller, 145-140; Dave Moretti, 145-139; Paul Smith, 147-138—all for Benitez.

The five preliminary bouts provided more action than did the main event, with four of the five ending in knockouts.

In the semi-main, scheduled for 10, Edwin Rosario, 130½, kayoed Roberto Garcia, 133, at 1:45 of the second. Rosario's vicious left hook proved the end for his opponent. Referee: Joey Curtis.

In the card opener, scheduled for eight, Alberto Mercado, 123½, scored a TKO over Ramon Barrera, 122½, at 2:40 of the fifth. Mercado sent Barrera to the canvas in the first round, and was in complete and punishing control until referee Joey Curtis stopped the bout.

A middleweight bout, scheduled for six, ended at 2:01 of the third round, as Jose "Pepe" Quoines, 162½, kayoed Pedro Guerrero, 157½, with a solid right.

Roger Mayweather, 131¼, scored a TKO over Adrian Arreola, 129¾, at 0:37 of the sixth and final round. Referee: John Worth.

In the only prelim to go the distance, Wilfredo Vasquez, 117¾, won a unanimous four-round decision over Rudy Perez, 118½. Perez went down briefly from a Vasquez right in the third round, but survived to go the distance. Scoring: Larry Clark, 39-36; Duane Ford, 39-37; Charles Minker, 38-37. Referee: John Worth.

The Benitez-Santos title card was a presentation of Azteca Promotions, Don Chargin, Matchmaker.

Attendance—1,642. Gross—$301,665.
(11-13-81)

SHIRLEY NORMAN

RAMOS-SABATER

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—Just as every bird must one day leave the nest, every pugilistic prospect must eventually face the reality of a live opponent. You can't baby the bird or the boxer forever. It's either fly or fall, fight or flop. Such was the case when undefeated Alex Ramos squared off against fellow New Yorker Norberto Sabater in an afternoon bout televised live from the Sands Hotel Casino over NBC-TV. Ramos, one of Top Rank's "Tomorrow's Champions," came through with flying colors, earning his wings with an impressive 10-round unanimous decision.

Ramos, 160, fought a steady fight, never deviating from his purposeful game plan.

"I kept the pressure on and made sure he didn't lead," said Ramos. "I was pleased. I did very well listening to my corner. I wanted him at close range, whether it was in the center of the ring or on the ropes."

He stalked Sabater, 160½, for most of the match, backing him into the ropes repeatedly and then cutting loose with short, compact combinations to both head and body. Ramos looked so composed that it was hard to believe that this was only his 12th pro adventure.

The "Bronx Bull" was sensational in the sixth. He backed Sabater into a neutral corner and exploded with a textbook combo. A left hook to the side of the face

propped Norberto's head up for the following right that sent him down hard on his rump. He looked dazed and hurt.

Sabater bravely made it up by eight, only to be immediately pinned in the same corner. Ramos quickly moved in and unleashed a series of three left hooks that promptly redeposited Norberto on the boards. As so often happens in these situations, the bell came to the rescue before Alex could apply the finisher.

Given the 60-second break to recover, Sabater was able to stay the remainder of the course. Except for some scattered success with his right-to-the-head-left-to-the body combination, Norberto never really threatened. He was, in a way, a disappointment. In his only other loss, to Frank "The Animal" Fletcher, he had fought tooth and nail. This time, the lanky Puerto Rican never planted his feet and committed himself while punching. Maybe he was too busy worrying about Ramos' counters?

As good as his showing was, Ramos will not be stamped into a quick title shot.

He's a long way from being a contender," said manager Lou Duva. "We're going to bring him along, but slowly. There's no need for a fight with Marvin Hagler yet. Right now, I want to see him fight a few guys that move a lot. But I'll tell you, I'm not going to shorten this kid's career by moving him too fast."

Ramos seems to concur with his handler's schedule.

"Right now I feel I'm ready for whoever they put in front of me, but I don't want to rush anything. I want to take everything step by step. I'm young (20); I'll be champion one day."

Both judges, Harold Lederman and Charles Spina, voted for Ramos by a 6-3-1 margin, while referee Rudy Battle gave him a larger 8-2 advantage.

Detroit's Lindell Holmes saw his unbeaten streak come to an end when journeyman Irvin Hines stretched him for the full-count at 2:03 of the third round in a scheduled 10.

In what can only be described as a stunning upset, Hines, 163½, floored Holmes, aso 163½, with a straight right to the nose shortly after wobbling him with a left hook to the side of the head. Holmes went down in a heap and never looked close to beating the count. He was later taken to Atlantic City Medical Center for treatment of a broken nose.

Although we wish Holmes no misfortune, it is refreshing to see the cannon fodder win one for a change, especialy in such spectacular fashion. Hines, Winston-Salem, N.C., had been stopped in his last outing by none other than Sabater and seemed to enjoy his rare moment of glory. He showed a lot of guts going punch-for-punch with such a hot prospect, and had to shrug off a number of telling blows before getting in his own licks.

Holmes lost for the first time in 15 starts (13 kayoes). Hines is around 15-5, with eight stoppages.

In a third 10, Curtis (Troubleman) Harris, 135, Paterson, N.J., escaped with a split decision over Philly's Gary Hinton by scores of 6-4 and 6-3-1. Referee Rudy Battle gave it to Hinton, 5-4-1, the same as *The Ring*.

Harris hustled all the way and scored a questionable flash knockdown in the third that must have caught the judges' eye. From this reporter's seat, Hinton's southpaw counters and shifty boxing were enough to win.

In a pair of bruising prelims, Luis "Slick" Rivera, 147, Camden, won unanimous decision over New Yorker Dennis John, -148½, while "Shotgun" Jimmy Muse, 150½, punched his way to a draw with Kevin Griffin, 149½, four. Both youngsters are from Philly.

The card, promoted by Top Rank, Inc., was excellent from top to bottom—all competitive matches with no stiffs.

Attendance—700 (est.)
(11-14-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

KIM-MARUYAMA
WBC Super Flyweight Title

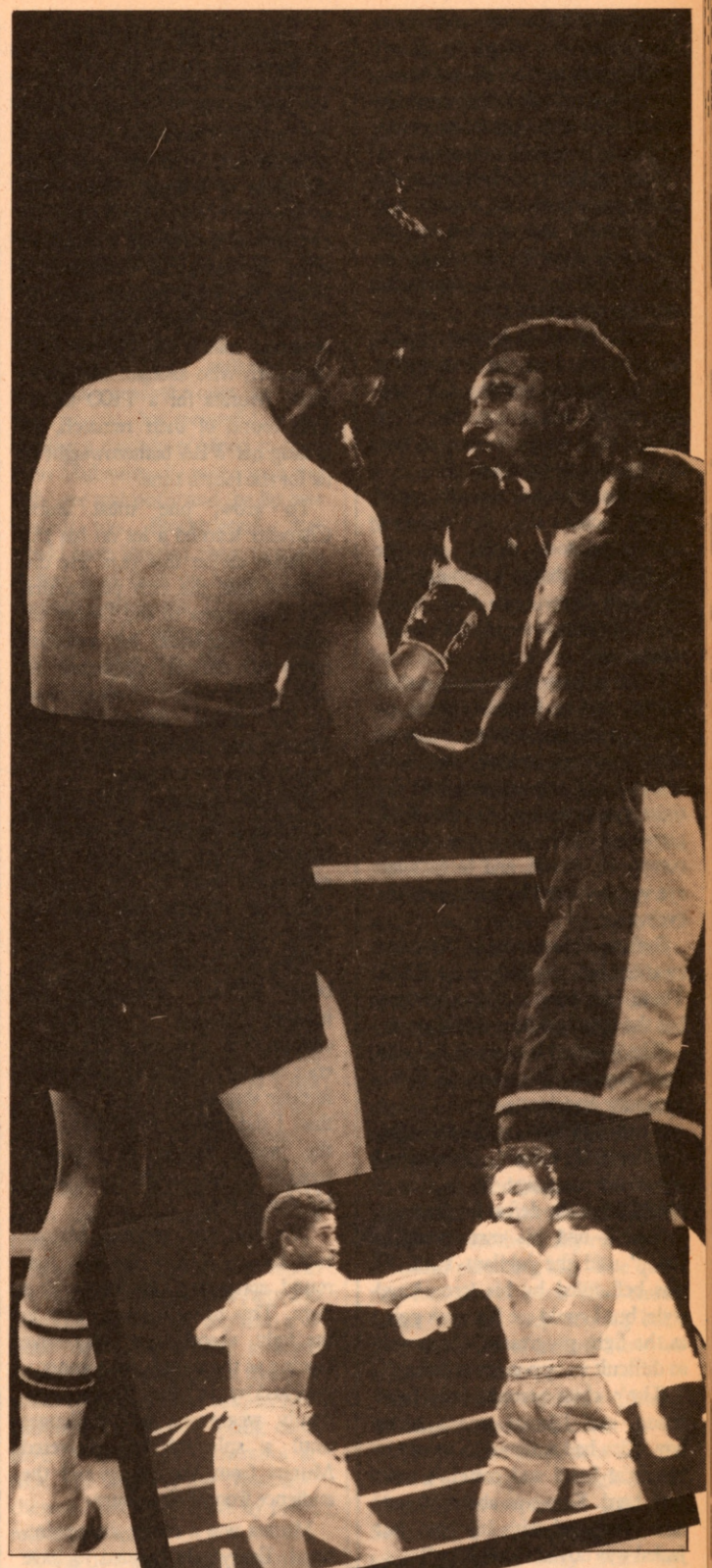
PUSAN, KOREA—Chul-Ho Kim, 114, Korea, retained his WBC super flyweight (AKA junior bantamweight) title, halting Jackal Maruyama, also 114, at 1:12 of the ninth session in their scheduled 15-rounder at Kudok Gymnasium.

The fight, quite frankly, gave me indigestion.

Kim, 20, was a prohibitive favorite, owing to his youth, superior speed, and stamina. Jackal had been Japanese national junior bantamweight champ before relinquishing that crown to concentrate on this world title shot. Maruyama, however, had been stopped by Argentine Gustavo Ballas in 11 one-sided rounds in a WBA junior bantamweight title elimination bout on May 19. He's 28 years old, a mediocre fighter, and no one thought he had a chance of beating Kim.

The bout wasn't quite as onesided as had been expected. Boring? Yes. A slaughter? No. They felt each other out in the first two rounds, but the 5'6" Kim's left jabs were faster than the 5'3½" Maruhama's. The champ looked sharper, moving in and out, and Jackal's periodic attempts to score with roundhouse rights over his jabs were in vain.

Chul-Ho took the third round with fast combos to the body, while the challenger was missing with inaccurate left hooks. Kim, who is coached by former world bantamweight and junior feather champion Soo-Hwan Hong, also took the fourth round with his numerous light punches.



Arturo Frias, thrown in as a replacement for Montellano, jumps at the opportunity and strips Claude Noel of the WBA lightweight title with an eighth round KO. Inset: Zapata throwing one of his quick southpaw right jabs to Vorasingh's face. Zapata stopped the latter at 2:50 of the 10th round.

Maruyama tried to bob and weave, but was an easy target for Kim's stinging lefts and occasional hooks. The champ shook Jackal up at the two-minute mark, but Maruyama's toughness showed him through.

Kim continued battering the challenger in the fifth session, and Maruyama's face started to get bruised and puffy. The Japanese threw jabs, but Kim responded with fast combinations.

Then, all of a sudden, Jackal landed a right to the button that had the champ wobbly. He stepped in to follow up, but Kim fought back with counterpunches, and the round was about even.

By the time the seventh round began, Jackal's right eye was very swollen—almost closed as the result of the champ's jabbing. The next two frames saw Kim throw more left jabs, most of them at the same target.

Jackal is known for being a slow starter, and he hoped to come on strong in the late sessions. In round nine, however, referee Ray Solis stopped the contest and had his right eye examined by the KBC physician. The optic was almost completely closed, and Jackal's left eye was bothered by a cut over the eyebrow.

Referee Solis turned to Kim and awarded him the victory by TKO. There had been no knockdowns, but the fight had been a mismatch.

Kim's record is now 18-1-1 with eight kayoes. Maruyama is 17-5-2 with nine knockouts.

Neither Jackal nor his manager, Yoshinori Takahashi, complained about the stoppage. It was as if they'd taken the defeat for granted.

"Jackal had his own puzzling style," said the jubilant Kim. "I was befuddled by his (crouching) style, but I could see his weak point as the fight progressed. He wasn't so difficult an opponent to defeat."

Kim's chief second, Soo-Hwan Hong, said "Jackal was a lucky boy. Kim had suffered an injury to his right hand and couldn't train very hard. Kim was about 50 percent compared with his best, but Jackal was no match for him."

Ho-Chun's Kukdong Promotions.

Telecast live through Korea's KBS and Japan's TV Asahi.

Attendance—4,500.

(11-18-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

CHANDLER—MURATA
World Bantamweight Title

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—December 3rd through December 11th was a nine-day span that added little to the glory of boxing. Almost lost somewhere between the folds of fat and fantasy enveloping a couple of aging ex-champs in Chicago and Nassau was a fine pairing of the little guys. The star of this media-neglected match was "Joltin' Jeff" Chandler, who dismantled Japan's Eijiro Murata for a TKO in the 13th round of their rematch, retaining his WBA bantamweight title for the fourth time.

To grow, one must learn. Chandler learned a lot on his trip to Japan earlier this year. He discovered that the rich purses that lure champions to the Orient are often accompanied by awkward fights with difficult opponents. Jeff kept his belt with a 15-round draw in his initial encounter with Murata and needed a new battle plan to improve his game.

Chandler delivered impressively, unveiling a smoother, slicker style, featuring much more upper body movement than in the past. A switch in trainers was generally credited for the change.

"Willie O'Neill made me a 50% better fighter," proclaimed the jubilant Chandler. "It was a total change. You can see a big difference in style. I feel a lot more comfortable staying close to a guy now than I did before. I'm bending at the waist instead of standing straight up and letting guys take a big shot at me."

The first time around, Murata took his big shot in the very first round, staggering Chandler with a right. This time, he was never in the fight, absorbing a progressive beating as the rounds monotonously ticked by. Jeff took his time, patiently weakening his challenger until a splendid kill delivered Murata from his misery and the audience from their tedium.

Murata was a major disappointment. Everybody seemed to have the same question on their lips: "How could this guy have held both Chandler and WBC boss Lupe Pintor to title fight draws?" At best, Eijiro is a spritely counter-puncher with no punching power whatsoever. On the few occasions that he tried to bussle Chandler out of his stride, he seemed unacustomed to the aggressor's role. Overall, Murata looked completely baffled.

The match held a certain amount of international flavor. Both champs entered the ring at the Sands Hotel Casino with flags flying. "K.O." Becky O'Neill, Jeff's spunky little manager, was the American standard bearer. A small Japanese contingent supported their man as best they could before the first bell, but after that, they had nothing to cheer about.

Chandler opened slowly behind his left jab, splicing in an occasional lead right. He gradually picked up the tempo, scoring with greater frequency as the bout progressed. Murata took his punishment well, offering precious little in return in the way of offense. Jeff was like a surgeon, the ring his operating table.

Another new aspect of Chandler's fight was cronic complaining—complete facial grimaces—to referee Vincent Rainone.

"That was more or less strategy to keep the referee aware that his head was in my face," reported Chandler. "In Japan, the ref allowed him to hold and grab me. Let the people think what they want. I got the kayo."

A flush right hurt Murata, 117¾, for the first time in the sixth. He survived, but from then on, Chandler began to open up, putting together classy left hook-right uppercut combinations that raked Eijiro repeatedly.

From time to time, Murata tried an ineffectual rush, pressuring Chandler into the ropes and flailing away with absolute zero effect. He usually paid dearly for his improprieties. The champion was superior in every department, dominating the action inside as well as at long range.

Following a steady diet of abuse, another right rocked Murata dramatically in the 12th. He was nearly finished, and Chandler knew it.

"I thought, like wow, he's ready to go," said Jeff. "I realized that the fight was just about over."

Chandler, 117¼, finally struck paydirt in the 13th, when a ripping right uppercut dropped Murata to his knees. The visitor from Tokyo struggled up at the count of five, tried to shake the cobwebs from his head, and was then permitted back into the fray for further castigation.

Eyes gleaming, Chandler moved in with deadly efficiency. He was now the cool executioner, Murata his hapless victim. Jeff pulled the trigger on a quick series of left-right combos, and poor Eijiro went down again as another uppercut crashed into his chin.

The crowd came out of their seats screaming for blood as the gutty Japanese pulled himself up once more. The problem was that his legs were still in limbo. He wobbled drunkenly away from his assailant, and Rainone stepped in at the 1:53 mark before another punch could land. The dissemination process had been boring at times, but the finish was clean and unequivocal.

"Uppercut-left hook, that was my shot," said Chandler. "When he bends, pick him up. When he stands, turn the left hook over." It worked like a charm, suckering Murata time and again.

Now that Pintor is almost certain to move up in weight, Chandler is running out of paydays. A local showdown with fellow Philadelphian Johnny (Dancing Machine) Carter is probably next on the agenda.

"He's made good money (about $150,000 for this one), said promoter Russel Peltz, "more than any other bantamweight in recent times. He's just too physical, too strong for anybody else in the division."

Chandler echoed Peltz's assessment, saying, "The more I fight, the more I learn. I'm starting to pull away from the rest of the bantamweights."

The win lifted Chandler's record to 27-0-2 with 14 kaoes. Murata suffered his first loss in 23 bouts, two draws and 11 stoppages. It is unlikely that their paths will cross again.

The scoring after 12 rounds was as follows: judge Joe Santarpia (New York), 120-108; judge Emma Urrunaga (Panama), 119-112; judge Marco Torres (Panama), 118-113—all in favor of Chandler. Could it have been any other way? Rounds given to Murata were strictly of the charitable variety.

In the main support, hot welter Bobby Joe Young looked sensational scoring a fifth round TKO over rugged journeyman Babs McCarthy in a scheduled 10.

Young, 144½, Steubenville, Ohio, floored McCarthy, 147, Sacramento, California, with a right to the head in the second. He continued to smear McCarthy, decking him again in the fifth before referee Larry Hazzard came to the rescue at 1:36 of the round. McCarthy had been in with some good names and was expected to give Bobby Joe a stern test. As it turned out, all he provided was a moving target. Young is now 13-1 (12 kayoes) and on the move.

In other prelims, lefty Randy Mack, 209½, Phila., scored a unanimous decision over David Johnson, 143½, Seat Pleasant, Md., eight. Jerome Coffee, 117, Nashville, Tenn., TKO'd Juan Nieves, 114, San Juan, P.R., at 0:58 of the seventh. Harold Rice, 280, Hartford, Conn., looked lucky to score an eight-round split decision over Steve Mormino, 220, St. Louis, Mike Sheeran, 158¾, Upper Darby, decisioned Joe (Baby) Bradford, 157, Phila., four. Francis Childs, 119, Pottstown, Pa., TKO'd Brain Johnson, 119, Phila., at 1:42 of the second.

The show was carried over various cable-TV outlets throughout the country, with a near-capacity crowd of 1,000 paying $25, $50, and $100 for the privilege of witnessing the festivities live.

Preliminary referees—Larry Hazzard and Joe O'Neil

Preliminary judges—Richard F. Murry and Eva Shain

Promoter—Peltz Boxing Promotions, Inc. (12-10-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

BRAXTON-MUHAMMAD
World Light Heavyweight Title

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—This time he didn't come back. In fact, the cavalry never left the fort. This time, when WBC light heavyweight champion Matthew Saad Muhammad reached for his customary miracle, all he came up with was Dwight Braxton's fist in his face. Boxing's greatest comeback act finally collapsed, a victim of his own mirage and a fearsome visage known as the "Camden Buzzsaw."

For some time now, Muhammad has been delving deep into his reservoir of recuperative powers in order to hang on to his belt. His fights have long been a ritual of fistic resurrection in the finest B-movie mold. Braxton, however, refused to follow this familiar script, prefering instead to rip the crown from Saad's battered head with unceremonious efficiency. The end came 2:54 into the 10th round. There was no joy in Philadelphia; boxing's Lazarus had struck out.

For a while it looked like Muhammad might forfeit his title at the scales. Reportedly six pounds over the 175-pound division limit early the morning of the fight, he was forced to quickly shed the excess before the 10 a.m. deadline. A faulty scale in the champ's camp was blamed, but one has to wonder who was minding the store. This wasn't exactly a four-round prelim.

Earlier in the week, the entire promotion was jeopardized when Saad's manager, Bilal Muhammad, threatened to pull his fighter if promoter Murad Muhammad didn't release the champion from future commitments. The rumor was that Bilal wanted to sample the goodies in Don King's larder, now that a unification match with Michael Spinks was only one win away. As it turned out, Murad had the last laugh. He's the one with an option on Braxton's first defense.

Braxton is a sawed-off howitzer of a fighter with huge slabs of muscle covering his body like armor. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, staying in Muhammad's chest and applying relentless pressure out of a crouching, bobbing stance.

Throughout the fight, Braxton successfully jabbed his way inside, slamming Saad into the ropes and then opening up with short, jarring combinations to both head and body. He had the champion's number, and he knew it.

"Like I told you before, I had his style cased," said Braxton after his triumph. "He was the easiest opponent for me. He looks for one shot (the right) and I had my eye on him at all times. I'm well trained and well schooled."

In the opening rounds, Muhammad attempted to outbox Braxton. He backed away from his advancing adversary, jabbing tentatively as Dwight rumbled menacingly forward, lips curled in a perpetual snarl. A wicked right whistled past Matt's ear, bringing a gasp from the crowd. The punch missed the mark. It was one of the few that did.

Muhammad, 174½, seemed to briefly find the range for his left in the second. He moved briskly around the ring in reverse, snapping home jabs. It looked good, but his left hand dangled perilously low, almost level with the bottom of his trunks. Braxton was quick to take advantage of Saad's elementary lapse, connecting with a thudding right to the chin that hurt the champ. Dwight followed with three left-right combinations, all landing flush. It was a pattern that continually repeated itself.

Hunched down behind his massive shoulder, Braxton provided Muhammad with very little in the way of a target. He was, as Dwight himself said, "harder to hit than the number".

Instead of bringing his uppercut into play, Saad tried to punch down at his shorter rival—a tactic that seldom works and certainly didn't here. Matt's history of relying on his big punch to pull him through finally caught up with him. He simply didn't know what to do when his equalizer failed to materialize. He never really took the care to grow into a well-rounded craftsman. He lived by the bomb and also died by it.

Braxton, 174¾, stalked and scored impressively over the next four rounds, his powerful blows causing a cascade of blood to flow from Muhammad's nose. Soon the right eye was puffy and the lip was busted, too. Blockbusters, that would have toppled mere mortals, rocked Saad back on his heels on numerous occasions. The fierce expression of determination on Dwight's face was the complete antithesis of Matthew's weary look of confusion. The title was about to change hands and both seemed to sense the fact.

Those waiting for one of Matt's patented comebacks were given a false ray of hope near the end of the seventh. Muhammad maneuvered Dwight into the ropes, measured him with the left and brought over a hard right to the noggin that momentarily had the challenger a bit unsteady.

"The man hits as hard as a mule kicks," admitted Braxton. "He hit me with some punches and I saw the ceiling turn upsidedown. It was a life-and-death thing all the way."

The seventh proved to be the dying gasp of a doomed man. Never again did Muhammad look even remotely like winning the fight.

Braxton was right back on top in the eighth, digging downstairs and then coming over the top with a vicious right that almost knocked Saad's bloody mouthpiece flying. It was a rout, plain and simple, Muhammad was literally being eaten alive by Braxton's unmerciful attack. The blades of the "Buzzsaw" chewed Matt apart, piece by piece, round by round.

It was now only a matter of time. Even Sam Solomon, Saad's reinstated trainer, knew it was just about over.

"Before he went into the final round, I knew he didn't have anything left," said Solomon. Okay, Sam, then why did you permit the slaughter to continue? In the end, it was left for Muhammad's gnome-like cutman, Aldolph Ritacco, to jump into the ring during the 10th and demand that referee Arthur Mercante stop the fight. Was he the only man in Saad's corner who cared more about the human being than the title?

A heavy left hook dropped Muhammad midway in the 10th for the first time in 11 title bouts. He groggily groped his way to his feet at five and staggered to a neutral corner, his left arm resting over the top rope for support. He looked lost, patiently waiting for Braxton to close for the kill, and perhaps relieved that his ordeal would soon be over.

Braxton gleefully finished the job, cleaning up with still another volley of unanswered punches. When Mercante hesitated—perhaps remembering the boomerang nature of past Muhammad bouts—Ritacco could stand no more. Shaking free from the restraining grasp of several New Jersey State Athletic Commission officials, he climbed into the ring, prompting Mercante to make his overdue move.

Muhammad left the ring, managed a brave wave to his fans, and was immediately taken to Atlantic City Medical Center, where he was kept overnight as a precautionary measure. He had been the most exciting of champions and, regardless of any subsequent adventures, will always be remembered for his magnificent brawls. No fighter ever brought more courage into the ring than Saad Muhammad. It was a sad, but almost inevitable, sight to watch him methodically reduced to a human punching bag. The question had always been: How much longer can he keep coming back from the brink of defeat? Now we know.

Braxton was rightfully pleased with his spectacular success.

"First I want to speak to the disbelievers. People thought that Matt was a superman and that Scott was a superman. I am not taking anything away from my opponents. This is only proving my point. I am the "Camden Buzzsaw." I do cut, and when I cut, all you can say is 'timber.' "

Muhammad's loss will probably delay the unification of the light heavyweight title. It is doubtful

that the networks will be willing to come up with a million-dollar purse for a Braxton-Spinks showdown until Dwight is hyped some more. That should not be difficult. His style makes for an attractive match with just about anyone. Braxton won the title after only 17 pro bouts (he's now 16-1-1) and, although he is a year older than Muhammad at 28, is still improving.

In a deadly dull semi-final, Alberto Mercardo, 125, Puerto Rico, won a unanimous 10-round decision over Lloyd Allen, Columbus, Ohio. ZZZZZZ!

Bruce Johnson, 154, Orlando, Florida, won a unanimous decision over Carlton Swift, 159, Bronx, N.Y., eight. Dwight (Tiger) Walker, 159, Newark, N.J., TKO'd Reggie Moore, 160, Lakewood, N.J., at the end of the third. Anthony Witherspoon, 176, Phila., TKO'd southpaw Bernard McClean, 175, Jersey City, at 0:44 of the first. Ricky Whitt, 148, Phila., TKO'd Manny Simms, 149, N.Y.C., at 1:04 of the second.

The "Death Squad" visited in the opening four-rounder when Kevin Moley, 154, TKO'd Ra'Shan Parker, also 154, Camden, N.J., at 0:39 of the third. Parker billed himself as Stan Tull because he had been belted out under his real name at Prospect Hall in Brooklyn the night before. Several ringsiders noticed the farce and deputy commissioner Bob Lee held up his purse pending a hearing. Not surprisingly, veteran "Squad" leader Robert Taylor worked Parker's corner.

Judges for the championship match were Tony Castellano, Eva Shain, and Charles Spina. They all had Braxton way ahead at the conclusion by scores of 89-83, 87-84, and 89-82, respectively.

The main event was carried live over ABC-TV.

Prelim referees—Rudy Battle and Tony Perez.

Prelim judges—John Stewart and Frank Brunett.

Promoter—Murah Muhammad, Inc.

Attendance—1,500 (est.)

(12-19-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

SERRANO-TOMONARI
World Junior Lightweight Title

SAN JUAN, P.R.—WBA junior lightweight champion Samuel Serrano, Puerto Rico, abandoned his usual stick-and-move style, threw caution to the wind, and hit Japanese challenger Hikaru Tomonari with everything but the water bucket until referee Larry Rozadilla finally stopped the onesided affair at 1:40 of the 12th.

"I wanted to see what he had to offer," Serrano said after the bout. "I never saw him fight and had no idea of what his style was."

The truth is that no one really had much of an idea who Tomonari was, or why he had been ranked number one by the WBA. He lacked punching prowess, as well as boxing skill.

Tomonari was on his feet when the end came, but he was bleeding from a cut left eyelid and blood was pouring from his mouth when the ref asked Dr. Amaury Capella to take a look. "The eye cut was not too damaging and if it looked like the guy had a chance, I would have let it go on. But he was totally outclassed up to that point," the doctor said. The referee concurred and stopped the contest.

Serrano was, as has been said, unusually aggressive, but he did not pack the power to kayo his game opponent.

All the preliminary bouts ended in early knockouts, thanks to promoter Pepito Cordero's careful selection of opponents for a group of outstanding prospects.

Victor Callejas flattened Juan Pimentel with an overhand right in 1:56 of the second round in a scheduled 10. Callejas, a feather, is now 11-0 with nine kayoes.

Julio Espinal, Dominican Republic, kayoed Julio Osorio, Puerto Rico, in 1:57 of the second, bantams.

Flyweight Jose (Caguitas) DeJesus stopped Jose Latimer in the second. DeJesus is on a kayo streak.

Undefeated Charlie Baez halted Manuel Reyes in the third.

And, to put the frosting on Pepi Cordero's cake, his veteran protege, former WBA welterweight champ Angel Espada, made a successful return to the ring by stopping the oft-kayoed Julio Alfonso in the fourth. This was Espadas' first start in close to two years. It's rumored that a bout with Roger Stafford is in the making.

The card was held in Roberto Clemente Stadium.

(12-10-81)

MARIO RIVERA MARTINO

SANCHEZ—COWDELL
World Featherweight Title

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Salvador Sanchez, the quiet champion with the thundering fists, made the seventh defense of his world featherweight title against lightly regarded Pat Cowdell (the WBC's sixth-ranked contender), Birmingham, England, in front of a relatively sparse crowd in the massive Astrodome and nationwide television audiences in the U.S.A., Mexico, and the United Kingdom. When the smoke had cleared, Sanchez had retained his crown via a hard-fought 15-round split decision, while Cowdell gained the respect of all who witnessed his efforts against a champion who is rapidly becoming recognized as one of the dominant fighters in the lower weight classes.

The first three rounds were more-or-less the usual feeling out process, with Sanchez moving and countering with rights to the body of the advancing Cowdell. Cowdell landed little of any consequence during these initial heats.

By round four, Cowdell had begun the change in styles which would not only enable him to last the distance—when most had felt that he would be little except cannon fodder for Sanchez—but to capture the next two rounds, by most accounts, as well. Staying at arm's length, Cowdell bobbed and weaved, moving his arms in an exaggerated fashion in front of his body and scoring frequently with snappy jabs.

It wasn't until the midpoint of round seven that Sanchez seemed to have Cowdell's strange style ("Look at that cat wiggle," promoter Don King was heard to exclaim.) figured out. The champ landed a particularly strong left hook that opened a cut near the upper outside edge of Cowdell's right eye.

As round eight rolled around, Sanchez began to assume control again, peppering Cowdell with stiff jabs and slashing right crosses. The latter had begun to take their toll on the Briton's face, with a minor cut appearing under his left eye in addition to the free flowing gash over his right.

Through the twelfth stanza, it was more of the same . . . Sanchez dominating through the use of his greater punching ability, scoring strongly during the frequent toe-to-toe exchanges.

In the 13th round, Cowdell—obviously enthused by a between rounds pep talk from his agent, Mickey Duff—rallied and captured his last round by simply outpunching Sanchez. The worried expressions which crossed the faces of Sanchez's cornermen as they saw their charge receiving several hard vollies from Cowdell almost gave the impression that they could see the crown slipping from Salvador's head. In covering some half dozen of Sanchez's fights, both before he became champ and after he wrested the title from Danny Lopez, this was the first time I'd ever seen anything except supreme confidence surrounding Sanchez and his camp.

Coming out for round 14, Sanchez asserted himself again, cracking the challenger with a number of flashing left jabs followed by thudding rights, with one of those later blows cutting Cowdell over the left eye.

In the final round, action continued in the same pattern—Sanchez scoring solidly with combinations to the face and flanks of Cowdell, who continued to move in behind his herky-jerky style. The only knockdown in this contest came with about 20 seconds left, as Sanchez landed a crushing overhand right as Cowdell missed with a wild left hook. Only great conditioning enabled Cowdell to rise and hold on until the final bell.

The final scores of the three judges were as follows: Dr. James Jen-Kin of Long Beach, 148-137, Sanchez; Dick Cole of Dallas, 146-140, Sanchez; with Bob McMillon of Houston somehow seeing it 145-144 for Cowdell. Referee Steve Crosson of Dallas didn't score under WBC rules.

After the bout, Sanchez, through interpreter Jose Ventimilla, offered these comments: On McMillon's surprising score—"erroneous." On Cowdell—"a tough fellow, but I would have won more decisively if I had known a little more about him." And finally, on his next opponent, whether it would be a unification fight with Pedroza or with lightweight boss Alexis Arguello—"Arguello—more money," he replied with a smile.

Ronnie Shields, 142, Port Arthur, won a unanimous 10-round decision over Larry Bonds, also 142, Denver, the WBC's seventh ranked welterweight, to raise his record to 10-1. After decking the southpaw Bonds in round three, Shields scored seemingly at will from thereon. He remains, with all due respect to Donald Curry, Felix Castillo, *et al*, the premier prospect in Texas, in this reporter's opinion. Scores: referee Chris Jordan, 100-90; judges Dave McCullough and Bob McMillon, both 100-89—all for Shields.

Jerry Celestine, 169, New Orleans, won a 10-round split decision over journeyman James Williams, 173, Portland. Referee Dick Cole and judge Roy Auld both saw Celestine the winner by 97-93 margins, while judge McMillon favored Williams, 96-95.

After 19 consecutive wins, Bernard (Super Bad) Mays, 161, Detroit, was lucky to escape with a 10-round draw against trial horse Ted "TNT" Sanders, 161, San Diego. Sanders, who appeared to be *much* the stronger psysically, decked Mays in the last round. Scores: ref Bob Gonzales, 95-95; judge McCullough, 97-94, Sanders; judge Auld, 95-94, Mays.

In what can only be described as a pitiful mismatch, the WBC cruiserweight champ, Carlos (Sugar) DeLeon, 191, Puerto Rico, did away with Greg Payne, 186, a prelim class fighter from Winter Haven, Florida, at 1:38 of round three. DeLeon, who began round three by jigging over to where world welterweight champ Ray Leonard was seated in his role as announcer for the HBO telecast and shouting "Hey, Hey, Sugar Ray," was a big favorite with the Spanish language media in Houston due to his outgoing personality and ready wit. Referee: Dick Cole.

Lynn Ball, 218½, Dallas, the current NABF champion, kayoed Curtis Gaskin, 209, Orlando, at 2:10 of round eight, after pounding Gaskin with everything but a partridge in a pear tree. Referee: Chris Jordan.

Ed Green, 151, Houston, won a unanimous eight-round decision over Billy Lloyd, 152, Philadelphia.

Ricky Henderson, 136, Houston, won a unanimous decision over Demrick Espre, 133¼, Houston, four.

Timekeeper—Tommie Ferris.

Knockdown timer—Jack Joerns.

Attendance—7,381.

This card was promoted by Astrodome Championship Enterprises in conjunction with Don King Productions, Inc. Bob Goodman and local promoter Robert Turner served as matchmakers. In addition to the live audience, the show was seen by subscribers to the Home Box Ofice satellite tele-

vision network, with Larry Merchant and Ray Leonard mikeside.
(12-12-81)

C. A. JACKSON

TOKASHIKI-KIM
WBA Junior Flyweight Title

SENDAI, JAPAN—Quick Katsuo Tokashiki won the WBA junior flyweight title with a onesided unanimous decision over defending champion Hwan-Jin Kim, Korea, at Miyagi Prefectural Sports Center. It was quite an upset.

Kim was forced to sweat off one and a quarter pounds to make the required 108-pound limit, finally coming in at 107½. Tokashiki weighed 107¾.

The challenger, a former sparring partner of Yoko Gushiken, got the title shot because of an option Yoko had for a return bout with Pedro Flores, who had lost the crown to Hwan-Jin in his first defense.

Tokashiki is a 5'2" powder puff righthander who depends on rapid combination punches. He came out in the first round like a windmill, jabbing and stalking the bewildered Kim for the entire frame. Kim, who is called "Little Tarzan" and Popeye" due to his muscular arms and torso, had neither Jane nor spinach to fall back on. He tried some of his tricky mobility in round two, but was too slow, and Katsuo won that session also.

That lack of "tricky mobility" may explain Kim's defeat. He'd made good use of busy, tricky movement to befuddle his opponents in his previous contests—and then startle them with sudden, sticky combinations. He lacked his usual zip against Tokashiki, and the challenger won the first six frames with ease. Katsuo started going to the breadbasket in the fifth and sixth rounds, and it paid off in the later sessions.

Kim turned on the aggression in the seventh round, attacking with big left hooks to the face and midsection. Tokashiki utilized his speed, however, and came back with blow after blow to the wide open Kim. The round was even.

The eighth round was clearly Tokashiki's. He cornered the champ with smashing combinations, and moved to and fro when Kim tried to answer with desperate swings. The Japanese speedster battered Hwan-Jin's stomach with fast uppercuts.

The next two stanzas saw Katsuo score with rapid punches to the face and body, first hitting one area and then the other. Many wondered if the challenger would run out of steam in the last one-third of the contest, but Tokashiki was still in command in the eleventh. Katsuo didn't have much weight behind his punches, but he dominated the action.

Kim is known for being strong in the late sessions, and this fight was no exception. He converted to a southpaw stance in round 13—so as to put more weight behind his left, which is a normally strong hook—and *won the stanza!* Tokashiki was on the retreat on at least a few occasions.

But it was the defending champ's last gasp. The challenger attacked with double and triple left hooks in the 14th round, and the 15th saw both fighters weary but still going. They punched and clinched, and clinched and punched . . .

The unanimous decision in favor of Tokashiki was almost a formality. Referee Waldemar Schmidt (Puerto Rico) had it 148-140 while judges Charles Hassett (Los Angeles) and Rodolfo Hill (Panama) both carded 149-139. It was hardly very close.

Tokashiki, on the shoulders of his seconds, raised his arms triumphantly. He'd made his pro debut while working as a cook in a steak house in Tokyo in December, 1978 and won the All-Japan Shinjin-o tourney (junior fly class) by outpointing lefty Fujio Ito in February, 1980. A non-title victory over OPBF champ Young-Hyun Kim last June had paved the way for this fight with Hwan-Jin Kim, and the 21-year-old Katsuo had made the most of his opportunity. He's now 14-1-1.

Kim was crestfallen. "Tokashiki was a cleverer and faster boxer than I," he said, like a good sportsman. "The better man wins in this game." "I did my best," said the jubilant Tokashiki. "I am very very happy to have been able to live up to people's expectations."

Few, however, had expected Katsuo to beat Hwan-Jin.

Hi-Sop Shin, 109, the Korean Boxing Commission's ninth ranked junior flyweight, outscored Hiroyuki Tada, 107¾, 10. Tada, the JBC's top rated junior fly, is a stablemate of Tokashiki.

Makoto Taguchi, 117½, halted Hiroyuki Yamashita, 117¾, at 2:37 of the second in a scheduled six-round bout.

Four-rounders: Hideto Osanai, 107¼, outpointed Takao Ogaki, 108. Hiroyuki Nakao, 117½, stopped Hisashi Nakayashiki, 117¼, at 2:05 of the first round. Masahiro Tsuda, 116, halted Shin Yagihashi, 116¾, at 2:13 of the second. Kenji Ogawa, 116¾ (piloted by former world champ Fighting Harada), halted Koji Ozawa, 116¼, at 1:04 of the fourth and final session in the opener.

Masaki Kanehira's Kyoei Promotions. TBS TV

Attendance—6,000.
(12-16-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

FRIAS-NOEL
WBA Lightweight Title

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA—Christmas came early and unexpectedly for little-known Arturo Frias, as he wrested the WBA lightweight title from the highly favored champion, Claude Noel.

The bout was a fight fan's dream, as the 650 fans assembled at the Showboat Hotel's Sports Pavilion saw the the gutsy, and surprisingly skillful, underdog knock out the champion in 1:52 of the eighth round in the scheduled 15-stanza title bout.

Frias, ranked number nine by the WBA, came into the fight on 11 days' notice—as a replacement for the ailing Gonzalo Montellano.

And Frias, fighting out of Los Angeles at 133¼ pounds, took full advantage of his once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

He was the aggressor from the opening bell until the sensational eighth round knockout—when he set Noel up with a left jab, followed by a powerful overhand right that sent the champion to the canvas. Noel was unable to get up for several minutes after referee Mills Lane had finished the 10-count.

Noel, 134¼, of Trinidad, had held the title for less than three months after winning a 15-round decision over Rodolfo (Gato) Gonzalez.

Noel seemed listless throughout the bout, and fought an unimpressive defensive fight, missing with many of his intended punches.

Frias, on the other hand, was all over the champion—pressing, swarming, and attacking with every jab, punch, and combination at his command.

The new champion admitted after the bout that he may have been too aggressive. "I should have been more composed," he said. "My trainer calmed me down and told me to box a little more".

Both Frias and Noel suffered bloody noses in the first round, and Noel was badly cut inside the mouth in the third round—a factor which no doubt contributed to his lackluster performance.

After the fight, Noel stated that he was hoping to let Firas punch himself out and then come on in the later rounds.

However, neither Noel, nor the screaming fans, counted on Frias' ability to score the stunning knockout.

Noel, at the time of the kayo, was behind on points on all three judges' cards.

Frias stated, after the bout, that he had studied tapes of Noel's fight with Gonzales and noticed that Noel was open to the overhand right. "When I saw the opportunity," he continued, "I set him up for it with a left jab and then delivered the overhand right that did the job."

Frias admitted that he was surprised when Noel did not beat the 10-count. "It was a hard fight to the end," he said. "When I knocked him out, I didn't really know what I had done. It really feels beautiful. My reason for being on this planet was to become a champion, but I didn't expect it this quick!"

Meanwhile, Noel, dejected and in obvious pain, stated that he did not see the knockout punch coming. "I guess I got careless," he said. "After the cut inside my mouth, I kept swallowing blood, and that really hindered my performance. I feel bad now—but I'll be back!"

In a semi-main, scheduled for 10, Ricardo Jiminez, 141, TKO'd Mike Parsons, also 141, at 1:55 of the third round. Parsons was down once in the first round and twice in the third before referee Richard Green stopped the bout.

A welterweight bout, scheduled for six, ended at 1:44 of the second round, as Lupe Aquino, 147¼, scored a TKO over Barretto Heranadez, 144½. An Aquino left sent Hernandez to the canvas in the second, and, as he got to his feet, Aquino sent him down a second time as referee Harry Krause stopped the bout.

Francico Coronado, 115¾, won a unanimous decision over Sylvester Guerro, 115¼, 10. Scoring: Duane Ford, 97-93; Charles Minker, 99-91; Dave Moretti, 98-92.

A scheduled four-round heavyweight contest saw an impressive performance by Tony Filiilange, 210, who was fighting his sixth pro bout. Filiange swarmed all over his opponent, Larry Ware, 217, who was in his fourth pro bout. Filiange sent Ware to the canvas twice in the first round and once more in the second before referee Richard Green stopped the bout at 1:20 of the round.

The Firas-Noel title card was a presentation of Top Rank, Inc. and the Showboat Hotel. Nationally telecast by CBS.

Attendance—627.
Gross—9,140.
(12-05-81)

SHIRLEY NORMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

	DATE	WINNER	WEIGHT	LOSER	WEIGHT	RESULT	TIME KO	SITE	REFEREE
‡	02/12/77	DeJESUS, Esteban	135	YAMABE, Buzzsaw	135	TKO6	2:06	Loubriel Stadium, Bayamon, P.R.	Tony Perez
‡	06/25/77	DeJESUS, Esteban	135	MIJARES, Vicente S.	134½	TKO 11	2:20	Loubriel Stadium, Bayamon, P.R.	Raymond Baldeyrou
	9/17/77	DURAN, Roberto	134½	VIRUET, Edwin	135	unan 15		Spectrum, Philadelphia, Pa.	Isidoro Rodriguez
	01/21/78	DURAN, Roberto	134½	DeJESUS, Esteban	134	KO 12	2:32	Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas, Nevada	Buddy Basilico
‡	04/17/79	WATT, Jim	134½	PITALUA, Antonio	135	TKO 12	1:52	Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, Scotland	Arthur Mercante
†	06/16/79	ESPANA, Ernesto	135	NOEL, Claude	134½	TKO 13	2:38	Roberto Clemente Stadium, San Juan	Waldemar Schmidt
†	08/04/79	ESPANA, Ernesto	133¾	LIRA, Johnny	134¾	TKO 10	*	Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, Ill.	Dr. Roque Nova
‡	11/03/79	WATT, Jim	135	VASQUEZ, Roberto	134½	TKO9	2:30	Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, Scotland	Rudy Ortega
†	03/02/80	KENTY, Hilmer	134¼	ESPANA, Ernesto	134¾	TKO9	2:53	Joe Louis Arena, Detroit, Mich.	Larry Rozadilla
‡	03/14/80	WATT, Jim	134¾	NASH, Charlie	134¾	TKO4	2:10	Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, Scotland	Sid Nathan
‡	06/07/80	WATT, Jim	134¾	DAVIS, Howard, Jr.	133½	unan 15		Ibrox Park, Glasgow, Scotland	Carlos Padilla
†	08/02/80	KENTY, Hilmer	135	OH, Young-Ho	134½	TKO9	2:15	Joe Louis Arena, Detroit, Mich.	Ernesto Magana
†	09/20/80	KENTY, Hilmer	135	ESPANA, Ernesto	135	TKO4	2:57	Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan	Martin Denkin
‡	11/01/80	WATT, Jim	135	O'GRADY, Sean	133	TKO 12	2:37	Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, Scotland	Raymond Baldeyrou
†	11/08/80	KENTY, Hilmer	135	FERNANDEZ, Vilomar	134½	unan 15		Cobo Hall, Detroit, Michigan	Waldemar Schmidt
†	04/12/81	O'GRADY, Sean	133	KENTY, Hilmer	134½	unan 15		Park Place Hotel, Atlantic City	Larry Hazzard
	06/20/81	ARGUELLO, Alexis	134½	WATT, Jim	134¾	unan 15		Wembley Arena, London, England	Arthur Mercante
†	09/12/81	NOEL, Claude	134	GONZALEZ, Gato	134½	unan 15		Park Place Hotel, Atlantic City	Vincent Rainone
	10/03/81	ARGUELLO, Alexis	135	MANCINI, Ray	134½	TKO 14	1:36	Park Place Hotel, Atlantic City	Tony Perez
‡‡	10/31/81	GANIGAN, Andrew	133	O'GRADY, Sean	132	KO2	2:08	Convention Center, Little Rock, Arkansas	Larry Hazzard
	11/21/81	ARGUELLO, Alexis	135	ELIZONDO, Robert	133¾	KO7	3:07	Showboat Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada	Joey Curtis
†	12/05/81	FRIAS, Arturo	135	NOEL, Claude	135	KO8	1:52	Showboat Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada	Mills Lane

Note: Benny Leonard outpointed Freddie Welsh in their first two bouts. Welsh's name is listed in the winner's column since each was a "no decision" bout, with Welsh, the champion, retaining his title. *Loser failed to answer bell for round indicated. **Loser was disqualified at end of round. ref = referee's decision (sole arbiter) †NBA (later WBA) world lightweight title bout ††California world lightweight title bout ‡WBC world lightweight title bout §New York State Athletic Commission world lightweight title bout ‡‡World Athletic Association world lightweight title bout. The compiler wishes to thank Gary Phillips, Bob Yalen, and Joe Y. Koizumi for their kind help in securing information.

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TELL-TALES

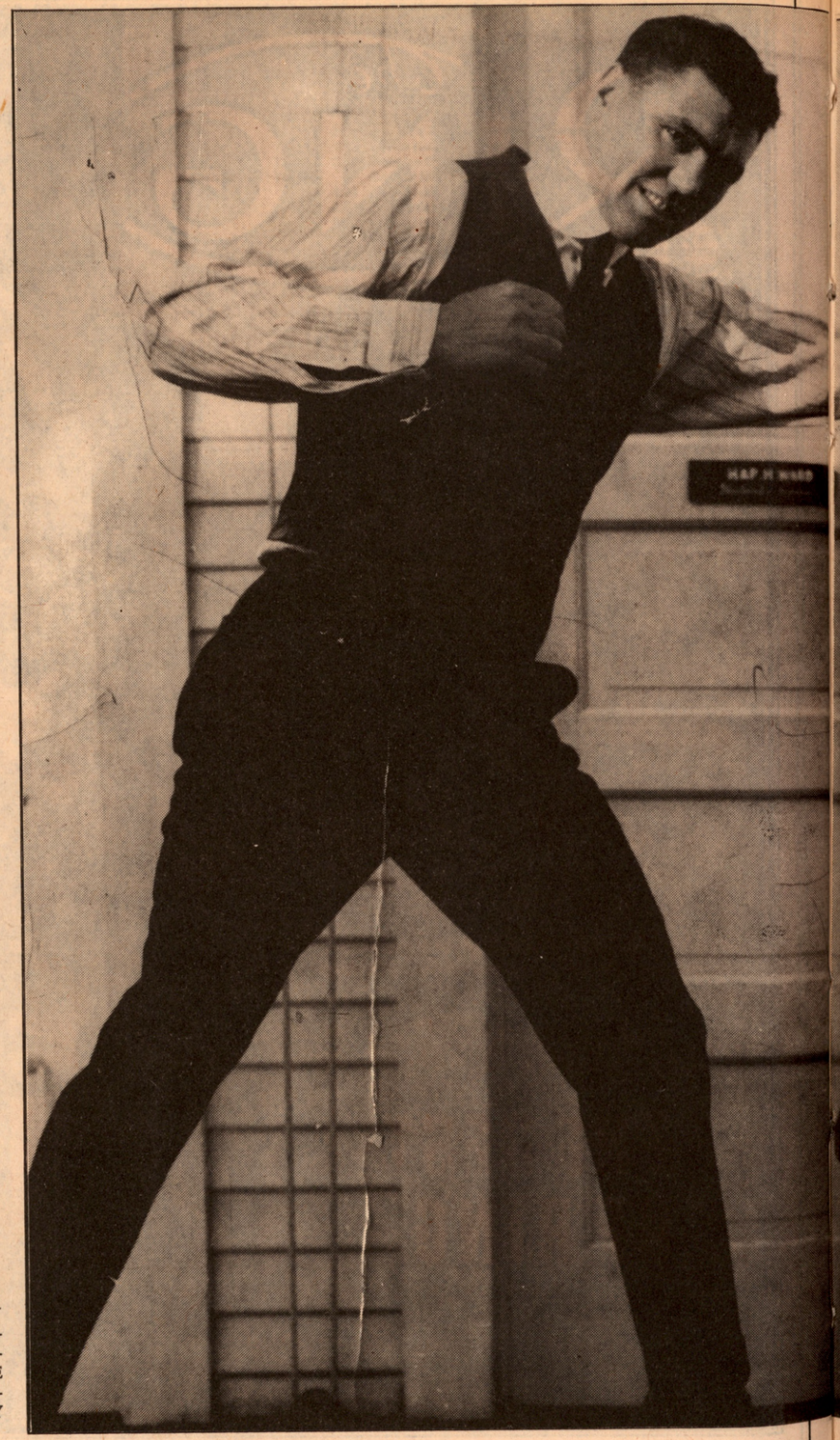
How Fighters Betray That They Have Been Hurt

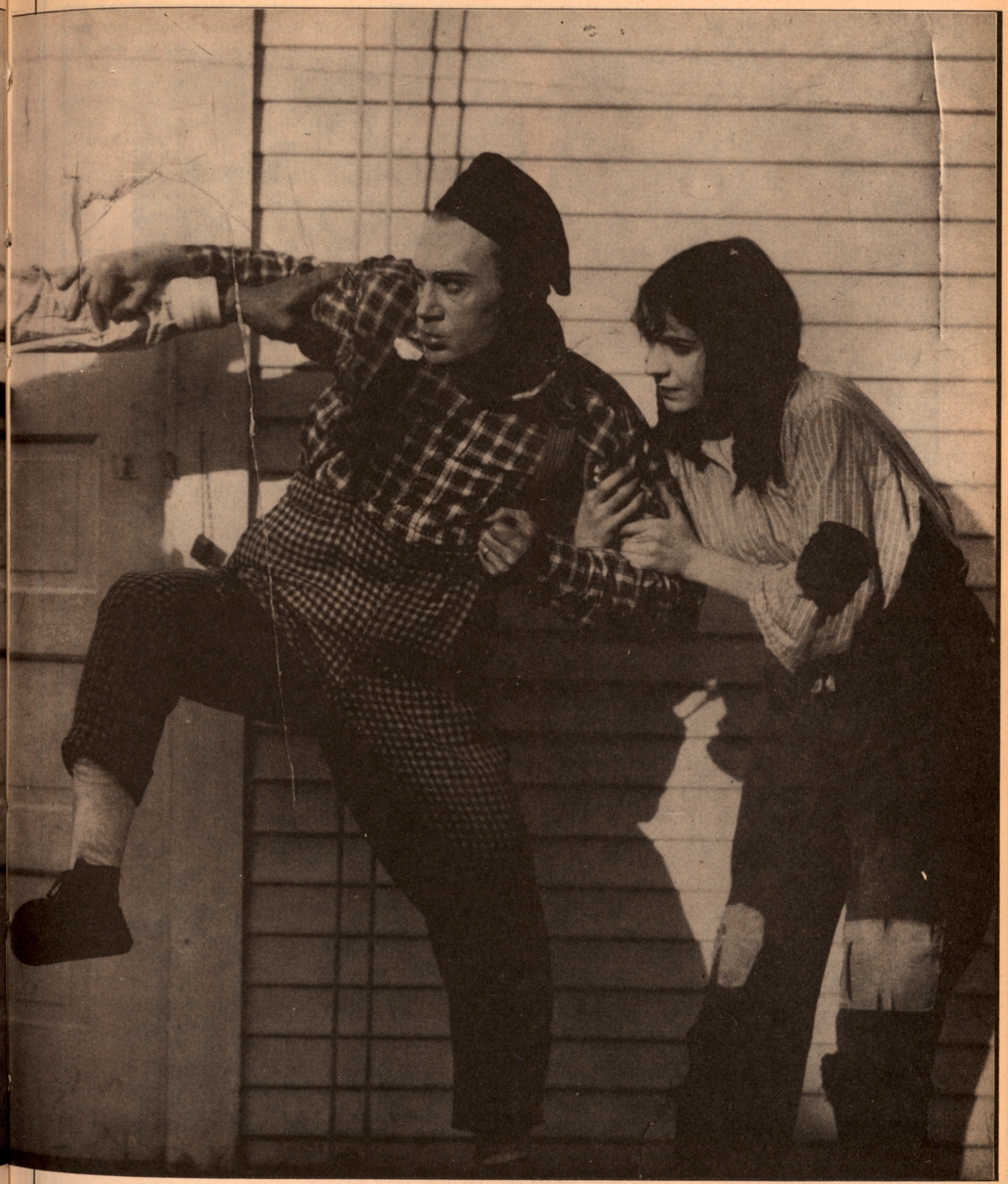
By Jimmy Johnston

A STORY OF WHAT FIGHTERS DO when in distress or when excited, makes interesting reading. How often have you watched the antics of a boxer who has been pummeled from pillar to post, or gazed in amazement at one standing up and taking his punishment with a smile in the face of a heavy bombardment from his adversary? How often have you seen a battler take on the Jack Dempsey scowl when in distress? Interesting pictures these!

Some fighters are smart enough to conceal their true condition while others, either through a worried look or through some other facial expression, reveal their distress and bring on the finishing touches by their opponent. Luis Firpo was a most difficult subject to study in the ring because his facial expression never changed. He sidled through the hemp staring straight at his man and, winning or losing, hurt or breezing, going down or standing up, with the exception of heavy breathing, there was little change noted.

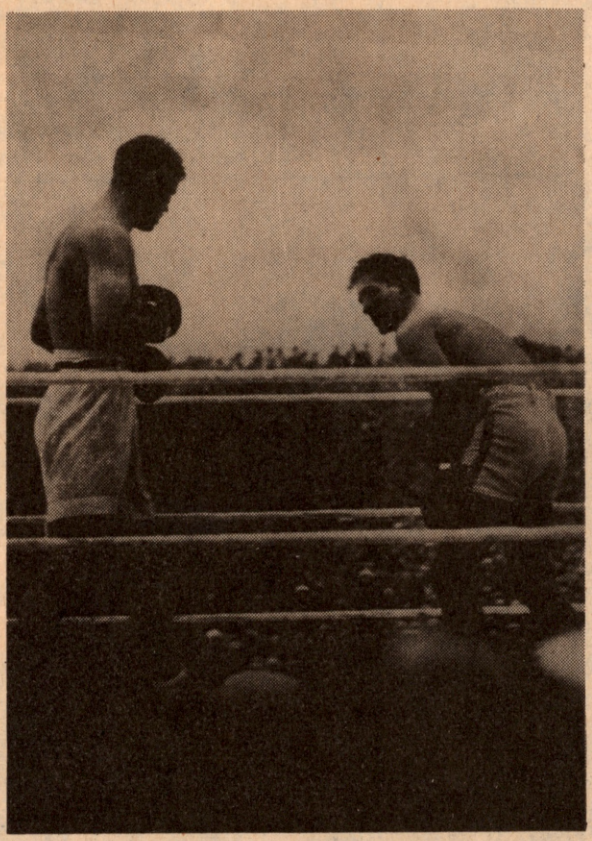
At times under a barrage, he held his right fist high a bit to protect his face, but

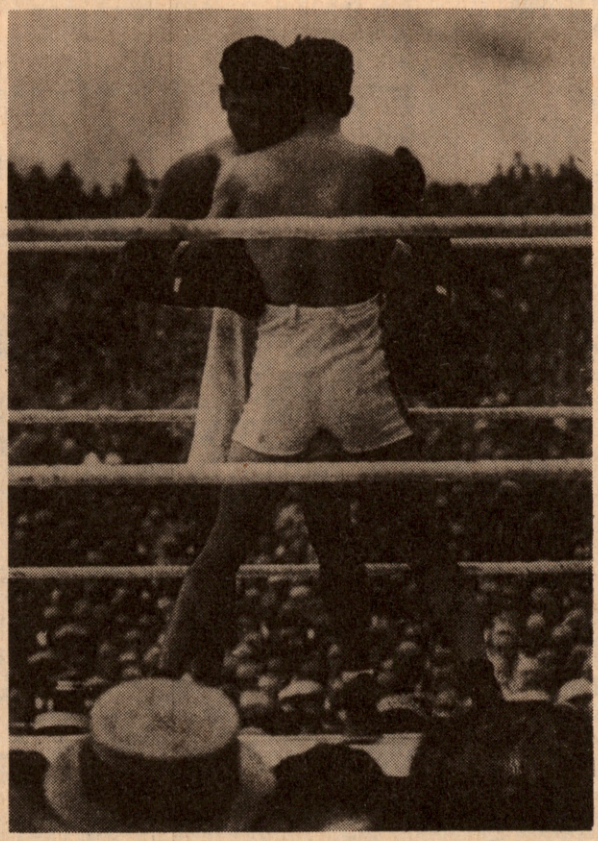


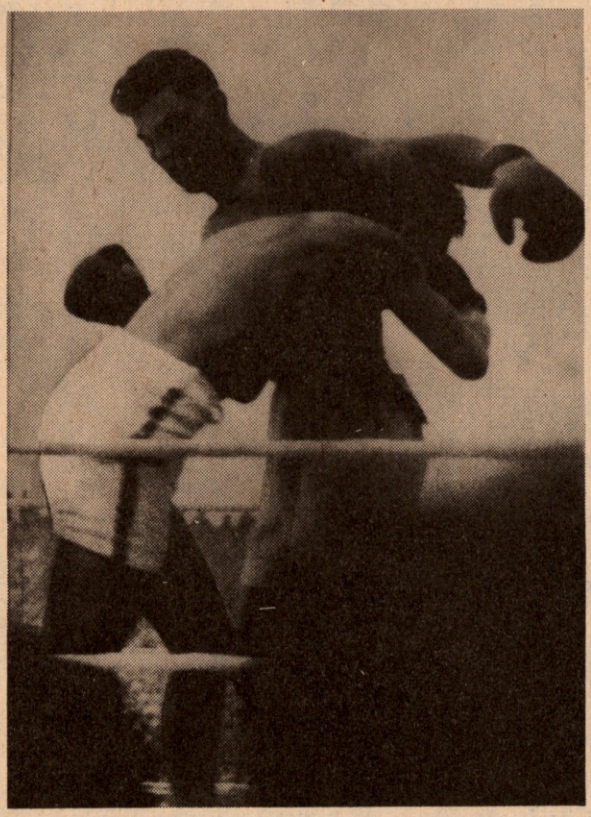


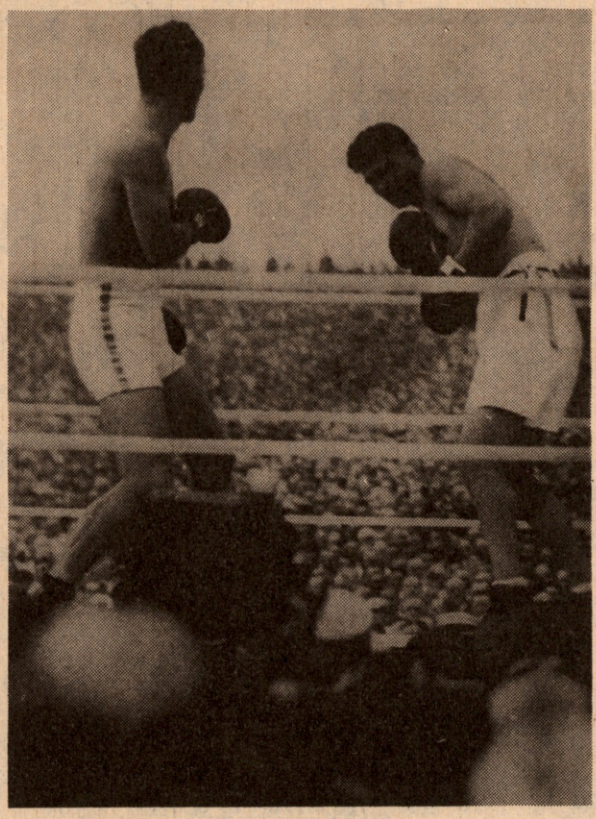
Preceding page: Jem Mace, England's last great heavyweight champion, from 1866 to 1871. At seventy-one, when this photo was taken, Mr. Mace had not yet "gone to the dogs". Right: Then champion Jack Dempsey in Hollywood, on Sennett lot.

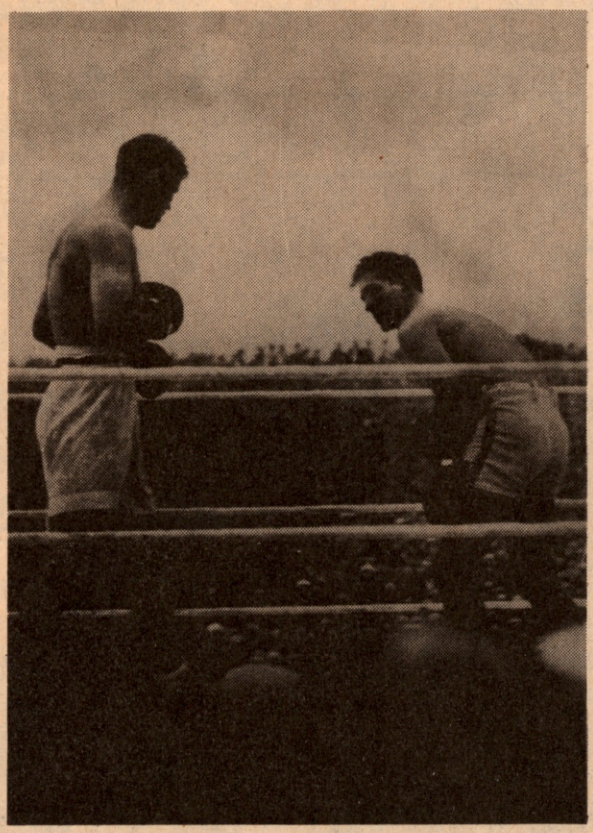
ON THE FOLLOWING 22 PAGES, THE EDITORS OF RING MAGAZINE HAVE SELECTED AN ANTHOLOGY OF SOME OF THE GREATEST WRITERS AND GREATER MOMENTS DURING RING'S PAST SIXTY YEARS.

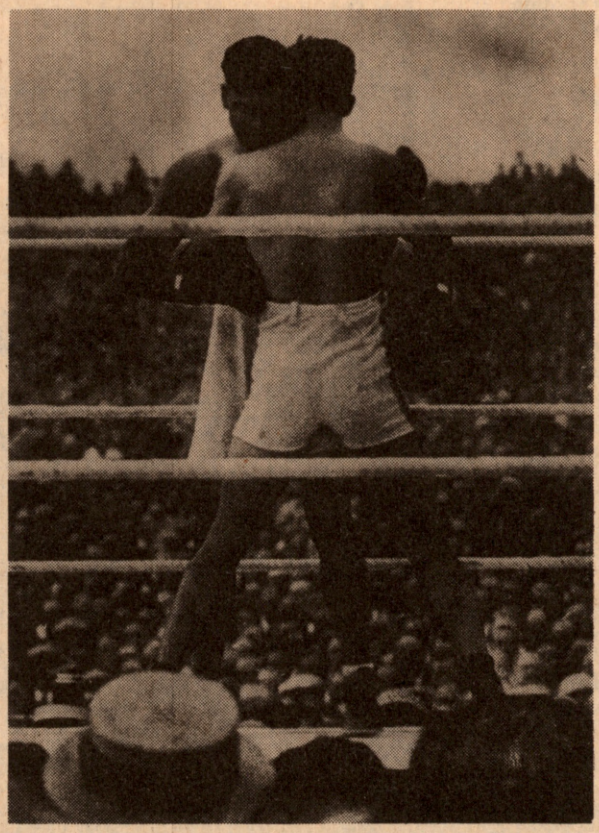


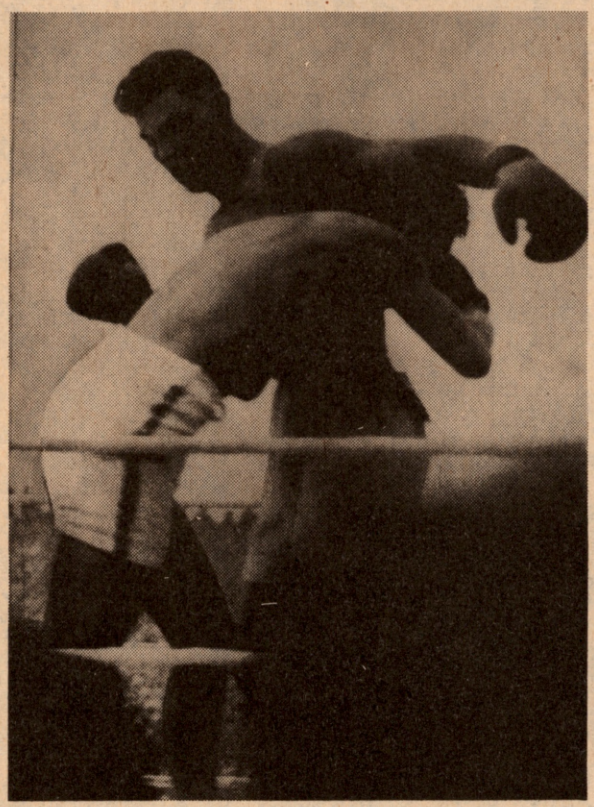


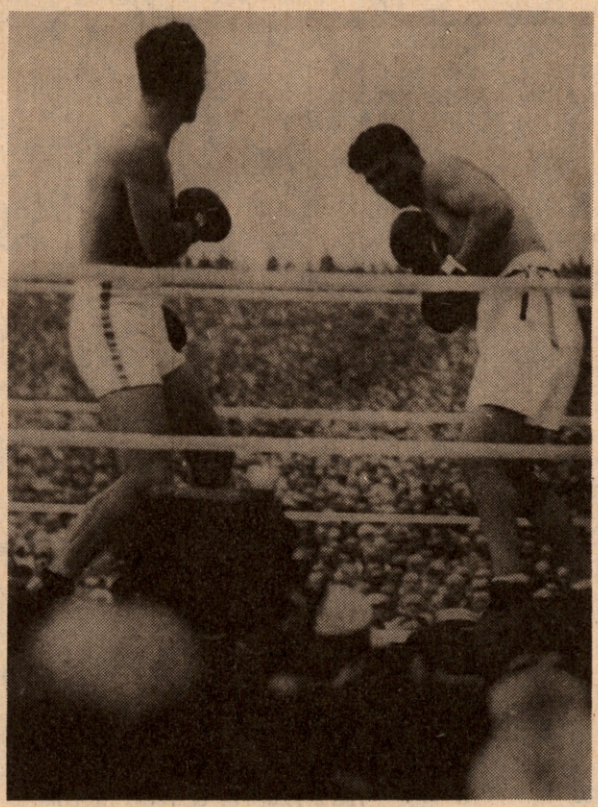












that was all. He always carried that vacant stare that made it most difficult for an opponent to guage his true condition. That is why, had Dead Pan Louie had the proper training, with his iron fists as an additional asset, he would have rated among the great fighters of the heavyweight division.

Jim Jeffries, when hurt, always crouched more than usual and that was a sign that the punch of his opponent was telling. Tommy Burns would rush into a clinch and talk with his opponent when he was in distress. Likewise Jack Johnson, who would clinch and humor his rival. And in that same class was Benny Leonard who had the knack of hiding his distress to such extent that his opponent didn't know that Benny was badly hurt.

Jack Dempsey always moved in close, and came forward with a crouch, when hurt. When he crouched without hitting, that was a sign of distress. Gene Tunney, unlike other great heavyweights, invariably when hurt, would complain to the referee about rough tactics of his opponent. He did this in two of his fights with Greb, the fight with Risko and one of his bouts with Dempsey.

Ace Hudkins and Bat Battalino, like Battling Nelson of old, showed their distress by addressing their opponent with the remark:

"Come on and fight."

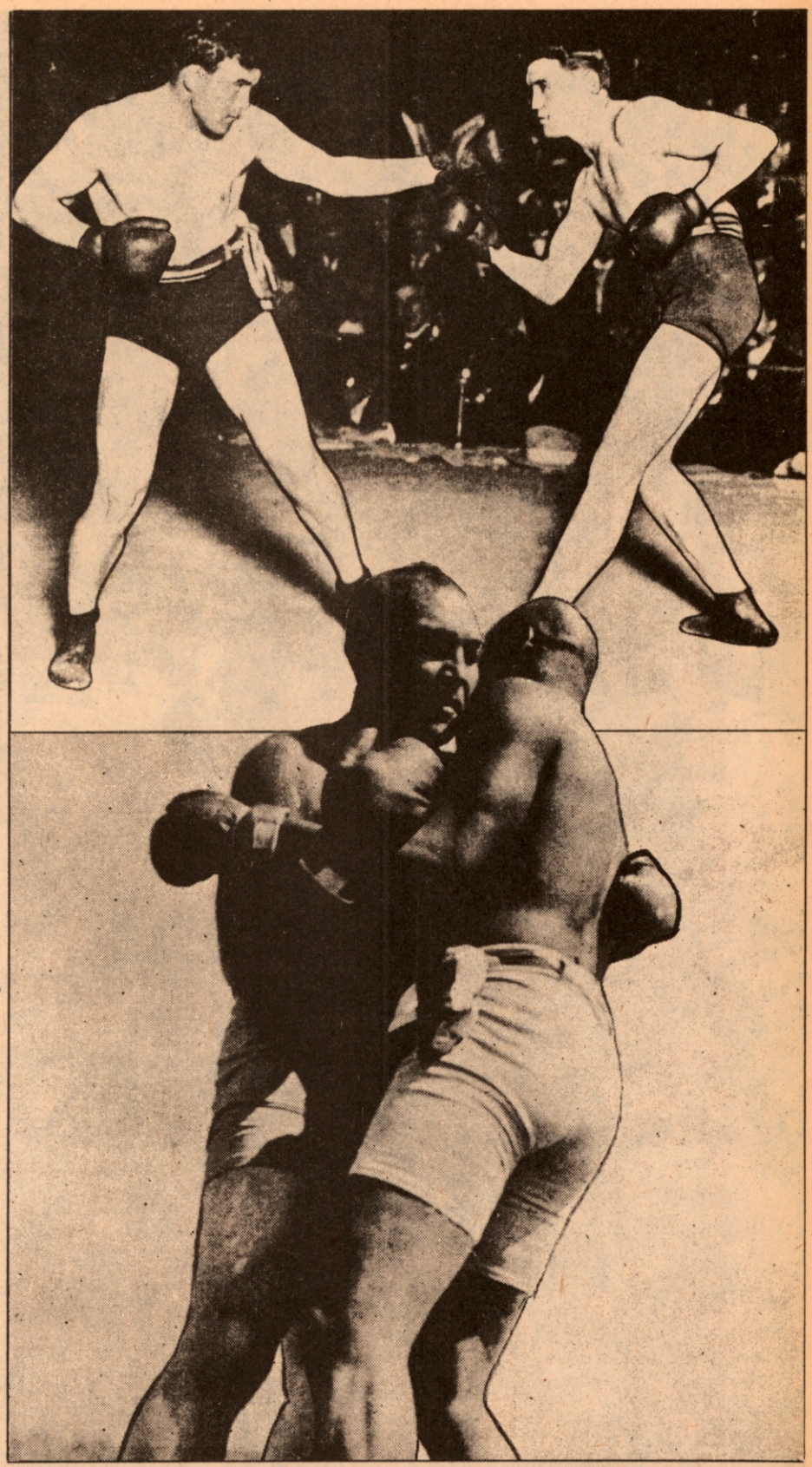
And with that, they would walk in and wade away, at the same time taking additional punishment. When Petrolle is hurt, he maneuvers about until he recovers, then cuts loose with all he has.

Georges Carpentier would brush his hair and retreat. He did this often in his fight with Gibbons and with Tunney. Mike Gibbons rubbed his nose with the tip of his glove. When Mike did that often, it was a sure sign that he was hurt.

Benny Leonard would brush his hair, circle his adversary and pull up at his trunks. Good fighters are most dangerous when hard pressed or hurt, and Carpentier, Leonard, Dempsey and Gibbons were great examples of action personified on such occasions. They would fire away lightning-like blows in an effort to fool their adversary.

Jack Sharkey glares at his rival and fights wildly when hurt. He loses complete control of himself.

In the fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres between Carpentier and Dempsey, it will be remembered that Dempsey received his hardest punch in that bout, a blow that stunned him and almost put him on the floor, just after Carpentier had adjusted



Opposite: Georges Carpentier desperately tries to hold on, not even bothering, with typical french bravoure, to hide his hurt. Top: Tommy Burns versus Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, McCarey's Arena. L.A., Calif., May 8, 1907. Burns won by decision. Above: James Jeffries hugs Jack Johnson in Reno, Nevada, July 4, 1910. Johnson won by K.O., 15th Round.

his pompadour after receiving a crashing left to the body. Georges had been stung into action.

Schmeling's distress signal is holding and waltzing. He did that in his fight with Risko.

Some fighters throw their head back and get clipped on the chin as a result of that action. Jimmy Maloney of Boston would toss his head back like a singer when reaching a high note. That's why he was knocked out so often.

Harry Wills had a plan whereby he frightened his opponents with "dirty looks." He also would wave his arms above his head menacingly.

Jess Willard, when in distress, would put out his hands and with his powerful arms he would hold off his rival. That worked well until he clashed with Dempsey who, through his weaving style, was able to avoid Jess' paws and reach the chin with regularity.

Jim Corbett was a master feinter. He feinted with his arms and kept up that line of defense until he fully recovered.

Tommy Loughran was another who followed that style. Tommy, when badly hurt, would indicate his distress by change of tactics. He would hold if he could, and also throw his guard up. Like Corbett, he is a master at feinting with the arms when hard pressed. On the other hand, Jack Britton, one of the cleverest fighters of modern times, feinted with his body when the danger point was reached.

Harry Greb, a stylist all his own, would rub his glove on the right thigh, then tear in and maul away with both hands when a telling blow was landed. He did that often in his fight with Tom Gibbons. Tom, on the other hand, dropped both his hands to his sides and moved either to the right or to the left. While doing that, he shot his deadening left to the liver. That was his most damaging weapon.

Mickey Walker squints through his arms crossed in front of his face, and as his opponent comes in, he cuts loose with a body attack. Stribling ducks under a left lead and comes up in back of his opponent when in trouble and then delivers a choice wrestler's twist. Having been an acrobat, he uses the tactics prevalent in that profession to get out of danger and when he executes such stunts, one always knows that he is hurt.

The faults of fighting men vary and everyone knows that every fighting man has plenty of faults, but the worst fault one can have is that of betraying distress. The man who can hide that, is the follow who is most likely to reach the top. ●

Opposite: Dempsey stalks Jack Moran on way to 1st Round K.O., Reno, 1918. Top: Dempsey Firpo, 1922, 1st Round. Above: Battling Nelson versus Jimmy Britt, Colma, Calif., Sept. 9, 1905. Nelson won in 18 rounds.

COSTLY KIDDING

Joe Humphreys Tells Of A Telegram To Tex Rickard That Was The Cause Of The Gans-Nelson Battle In Goldfield

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE EDDIE Ran-Billy Petrolle fight.

The scene was one of the dressing rooms of Madison Square Garden.

Stories of fights and fighters were in order and as is usual on such occasion, the veterans had the floor.

Johnny Reagan, Deputy Boxing Commissioner, who at one time was one of the leading skin-tight glove fighters, had just completed his tale—the story of his great battle with Nonpareil Jack Dempsey at Sands Point, Long Island, many years ago.

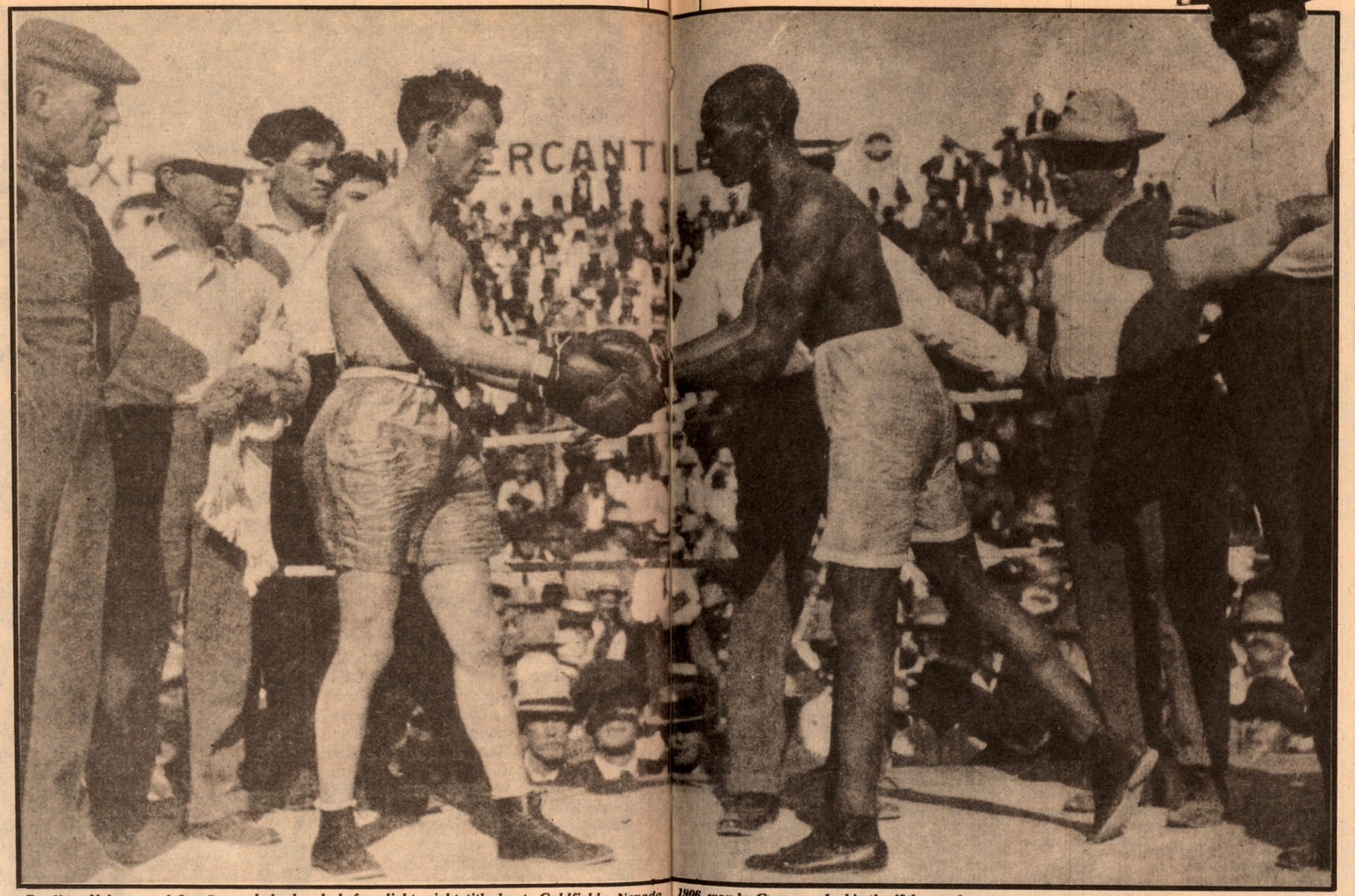
Then came Charley Harvey, whose flowing moustache was the subject of many caricatures in the days when he held sway as one of the best announcers of his period and a fight manager of international fame. Charley told of a fight out at Reagan's Seaside Club in Brooklyn at which a woman, dressed in man's garb, became so excited that she tossed her derby into the air thereby exposing her beautiful blond hair, the expose of which caused her arrest for disorderly conduct for having ventured into a fight club.

And so the time was passed. When we were about to break up on our session as fight time neared, I was asked how many years I have spent as an active member of the boxing fraternity.

"Gone on my forty-first," I replied.

"Were you always a 'kidder' Joe?" piped up Ed Van Every, the former scribe whose "Sins of New York" and "Sins of a Nation" have gained for him fame as an author.

"Well, I'll tell you something about 'kidding' that almost caused me to throw a fit," I replied. "It's the story of Tex Rickard's great show at Goldfield, the fight between Gans and Nelson that started Tex on the road to fame and fortune. I pride myself on my tact, something I've been forced to perfect in many many years' association with the public. But once I kidded myself out of a fortune, by trying to jolly a man who simply wouldn't be jollied. I thought it a huge joke when I sent him a message about which I'm going to tell, but it hurt me for years afterwards because of the price I paid."



Battling Nelson and Joe Gans shake hands before lightweight title bout, Goldfield, Nevada, 1906, won by Gans on a foul in the 42th round.

Twenty-four years ago I was managing that little chunk of Irish dynamite, Terry McGovern—and a job that was, I'll tell the cock-eyed world. When I wasn't arranging a bout for Terrible Terry I was trying to keep him out of jail for socking some 200-pound truck driver whose face he didn't like, or trying to restrain one of the grandest thirsts ever put into a small body. Just about that time I got a match for Terry with Jimmy Britt, the California flash, a great boxer but nothing much as a hitter, and the bout was staged in the old Garden.

It was a good fast fight, a ten-round affair, which kept all the boys yelling their heads off. Terry couldn't put Jimmy away, but the newspaper boys gave him the edge next day. One of the crowd who saw that fight was a tall, bronzed, lanky cowpuncher and gambler from somewhere out West, a fellow with a lazy voice and a keen, hard eye. I just barely met him and his name didn't mean a thing to me. There were a lot of Tex's in those days—Tex this and Tex that—so I didn't give this feller any kind of a tumble.

Well, a month later I was sitting with Johnny White and some of the old gang in the back room and a Western Union kid that had been chasin' me around town finally caught up with a telegram. I started to take it and the kid said nix. He said that I couldn't have the telegram until I came across with $4.80 collect charges. The kid wouldn't say where it was from, of course, or didn't know, and I had to take a chance. Telegrams weren't as common in those days and it was more exciting to get one.

I ripped open the envelope and read the message: "Will give fifteen thousand dollar purse for finish contest between Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt at Goldfield, Nevada. Wire answer immediately."

"The name signed to the message was Tex Rickard" and I remembered it as the name of the lanky guy with the keen eye that I had met at the McGovern fight in the Garden. It looked like a joke to me and I was sore anyway over having to fork over $4.80. Says I to myself, says I, I'll just fix you, my kidding friend from Goldfield, Nevada. So I borrowed Johnny White's fountain pen and dashed off a message.

"Your telegram," I wired, "received with four dollars, eighty cents charges. What's the big joke? Never heard of Goldfield, Nev., but am personally acquainted with the Greenfields of Virginia, Morris and Jake. If you are on the level with this offer let me know."

I sent it collect, figuring it would cause this Rickard guy about the same five-dollar dent in the pocketbook that his had caused me. Well, you could have drowned me in the foam off a glass of pilsener when I heard a few weeks later that this fellow Rickard had signed up Battling Nelson and Joe Gans for a world's championship fight at Goldfield, and everybody knows what happened at that fight—the biggest gate that lightweights had ever taken in. A $30,000 purse for the winner, fame for Tex Rickard and plenty of dough for everybody on the inside.

What happened was, when Rickard got that wise-cracking telegram from me with a collect charge of five bucks tagged on to it, he was so mad he could only stutter. He was so mad that he never gave another thought to Terry or to me, his manager, and started out to make an entirely new arrangement with Bat Nelson and the Old Master from Baltimore.

If I had taken Rickard's telegram seriously, I could have got the same purse, probably, that Rickard hung up for the Nelson-Gans fight, and probably I would have been in so good with Rickard that I could have counted my dough in the hundreds of thousands within a few years. Wasn't that hell? But how should I have known at the time that Rickard was on the level? I thought he was kidding me, but I learned, much to my sorrow, that he meant every word he had written.

There's one time when I should have kept my kidding for the gallery gods. Tex taught me a lesson that I've never forgotten. ●

"BUSY BEES"

Modern Fighters Have Little Chance To Match Some Old-Time Records Of Ring Men Who Fought From 400 To 1,000 Battles

BROWSING IDLY THROUGH THE 1948 RING RECORD BOOK recently something suddenly caught our eye.

It was the record of an obscure preliminary fighter, Lew (or Lou) Perez, a Puerto Rican middleweight, operating in and around New York's metropolitan area.

From October 1942, until the end of 1947, Perez had crowded 154 bouts into 63 months!

Even for a preliminary kid, who loses more often than he wins, that sort of actvity is remarkable these days, when very few fighters of any calibre—good, bad or indifferent—are able to put together 100 bouts in an entire career.

And those who succeed in reaching a 200 total practically qualify as museum pieces!

Officially, the busiest performer the ring has produced in recent years, has been Fritzie Zivic, whose record running from 1931 to early in 1947, embraces a total of 227 ring outings.

Unofficially, it is generally conceded that an even more enterprising individual has been Louyis Hardwick, more popularly known to the trade as Cocoa Kid of Puerto Rico.

The record books list Cocoa as having started his ring career in 1930, and wading through 214 battles since then. But the Kid was operating for at least two years before 1930, and there is no saying how many bouts he fought in that time. We have a recollection of Cocoa coming to New York from Cuba with Kid Chocolate in 1928. He must have done some scrapping in the West Indies before then, and we distinctly recall him appearing in several preliminaries in and around New Haven and Holyoke in 1929.

Two other durable gents whose listed records are incomplete, and who must have reached or passed the 200 mark in bouts, are Chalky Wright and Tiger Jack Fox.

Wright already was a veteran campaigner, with ten years of fighting behind him, when he first landed in New York during the summer of 1938. In his ramblings around the landscape, Chalky hadn't bothered to keep tabs on his many scraps, and there has been no way to check on them. Wright himself is a bit hazy on the score. He "guesses" he must have had "about a hundred" in that pre-1938 decade. There is no denying Chalky's enterprise during these last ten years. he has added another 110 bouts to whatever his previous total was.

Like Wright, Fox is somewhat vague about his early years in the ring. Officially, Tiger Jack, turned professional in 1932, and his record since then covers about 140 scraps. But for seven years previously, while listed as an amateur in his native Indianapolis, Fox was a frequent performer on what were humorously labelled "semi-pro" cards. He doesn't recall just how many of these "semi-pro" bouts he fought, but knows there were "lots of 'em; nearly a hundred, maybe."

Another busy bee of recent vintage was Henry Armstrong. The record books credit Hammerin' Hank with 176 battles from 1932 through 1945, but unofficially it is estimated that he went well beyond the 200 total.

During the early years of his industrious career, when he was bouncing around the country under various *noms de boxe*, among them "Mellody Jackson," Armstrong didn't bother to keep a too itemized account of his fistic operations, and the records of quite a few of those early scaps became lost or mislaid in the shuffle.

If he feels in the mood to carry on a while longer, Holman Williams ought to reach the 200 goal. In sixteen years of professional leather-pushing, the shifty Chicago veteran has waded through 186 bouts so far.

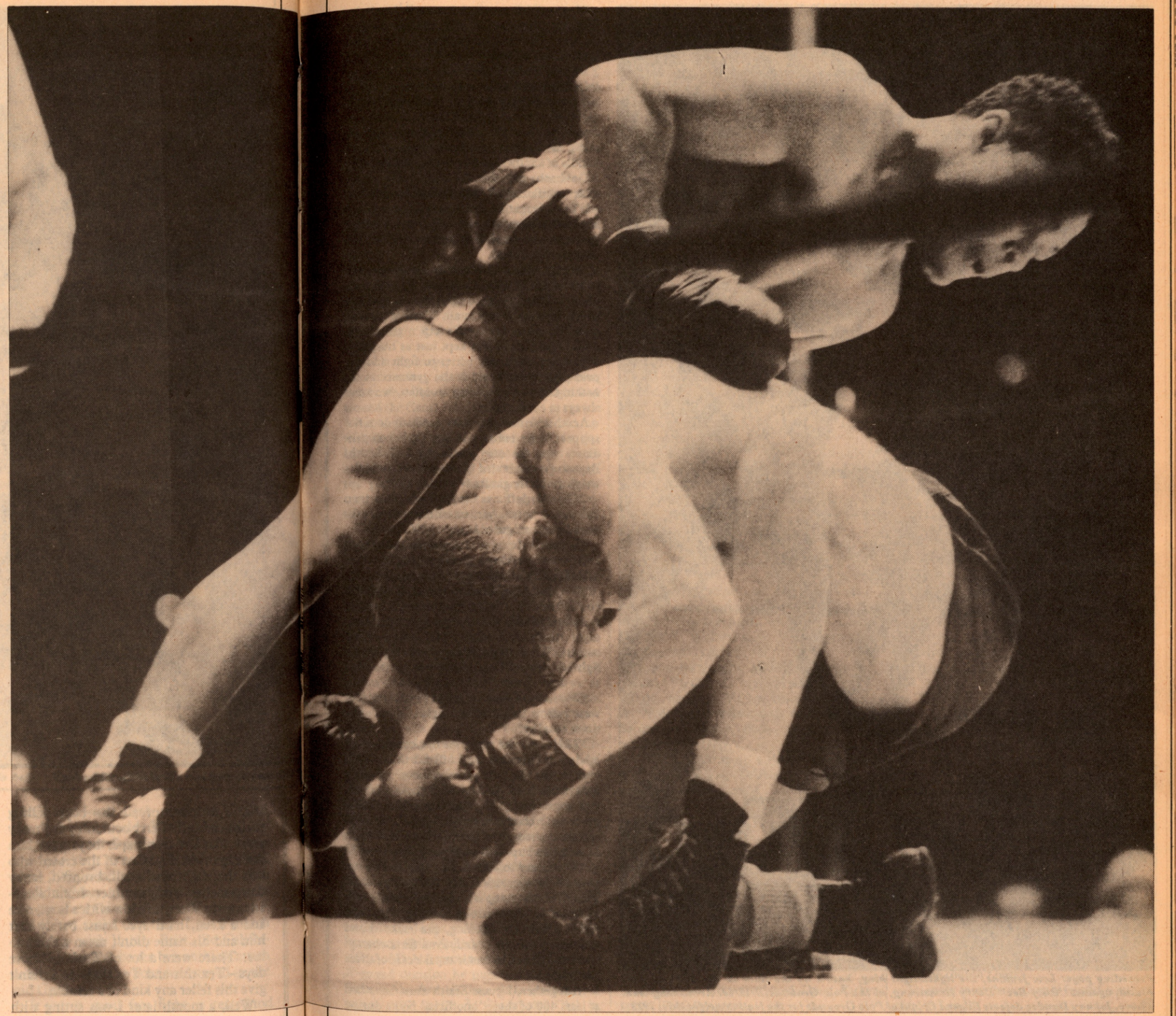
Johnny Dundee, in twenty-three years of ring service, finished with an estimated toal 350 scraps.

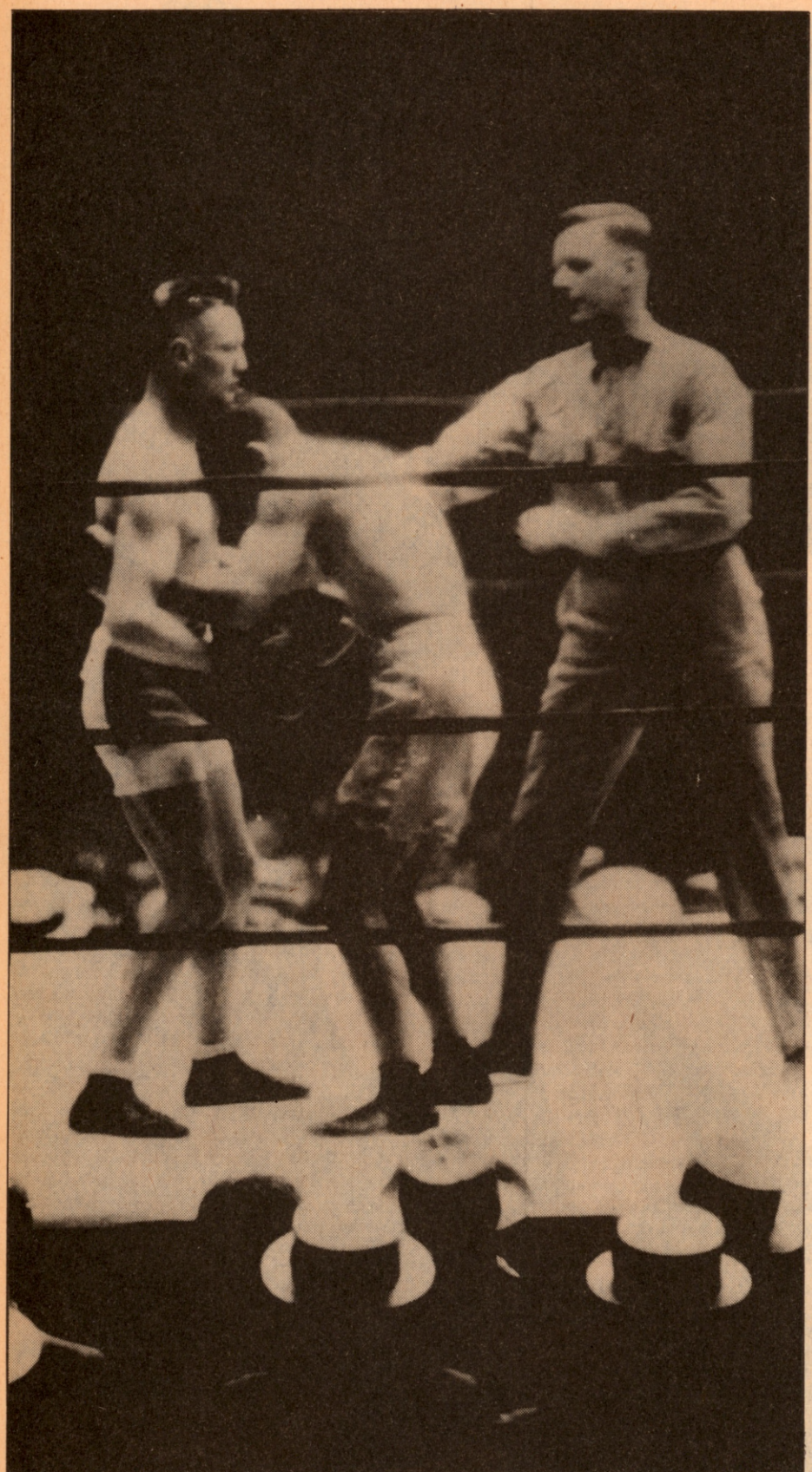
Harry Greb, Bill (Young) Stribling, Jack Britton and Maxie Rosenbloom fell just short of hitting the 300 mark, Greb closed with 291, Stribling with 290, and Britton and Rosenbloom with 288.

Quite a few other oldsters did well for themselves in piling up high figures. To cite only some of the many there were Sam Langford, 244; Jack Dillon, 242; Jack Kid Berg, 239; Freddie Miller, 237; Battling Levinksy and Young (Yi-Yi) Erne, 235; Frankie Mason and Benny Valger 234; Memphis Pal Moore, 233, and Ted Kid Lewis, 230.

Even those imposing marks assume minor proportions when compared to some other figures reported though the years.

For instance, Charley Goldman, of Brooklyn, a top ranking bantam during the early years of the century estimate that he fought "more than" 400 battles from 1904 through 1917.





Preceding page: Lew Jenkins, the lightweight king, kneels on the floor in the 6th and final round, against "Busy Bee" Henry Armstrong, at the Polo Grounds, 7/17/40. Armstrong won. Above, Johnny Dundee defeats Eugene Criqui at Polo Grounds for the featherweight title, 1923.

"I never kept a complete record," explains Charley, now one of the nation's leading trainers. "Before the Frawley law legalized professional boxing in 1911, clubs in New York and Brooklyn operated on a 'membership' basis, and it was nothing in those days to box every night in the week—and even twice a night. As a mater of fact, Georgie Kiston and I once did a triple-header at three different clubs. We opened one show, appeared in the middle of another, and wound up the third."

Goldman and Kitson were rivals in the most prolific "feud" boxing ever has produced. They fought so often the exact count was lost somewhere on the way, but Charley "guesses the total was somewhere in the neighborhood of 60.

"Kitson also must have finished with 400 bouts or more," says Goldman. "There were plenty of bantams around in those days, and plenty of work for them all. There was many a stretch when I fought every night in the week. And Kitson was kept just as busy as I was. After all, it was better to fight and get paid than to work out in the gymnaisum for nothing. And by fighting so often, we were always in condition.

Another remarkable record, which does not apppear in its entirety in any fistic compendium, was the one posted by Jeff Smith, Bayonne's celebrated globe-trotting middleweight, who fought from 1910 to 1927.

Officially, Jeff was credited with less than 200 actual bouts, but, unofficially, it is estimated that he figured in about 600.

We recall doing a newspaper feature on Smith some years ago, and dropping in on his manager, the late Al Lippe, for some data.

"We never bothered to list a lot of Jeff's bouts," said Al. "In our barnstorming around the world, Smith frequently appeared in one-night stands in foreign ports, taking on all comers. We didn't consider them legitimate fights, however. To us, they were exhibitions, so we didn't count them in the record.

"But some of those affairs, I can assure you, were just as tough as real fights—and sometimes tougher.

"There was the time, for instance, that we landed in Gibraltar, and offered to box anyone in the British garrison there. Boxing always has been popular with the Britishers, and some pretty fair fighters were in that garrison. Nobody, however, considered himself good enought to meet Jeff in a real bout, so we wound up with a unique proposition.

"We offered to have Smith take on five opponents in succession, for one round each. The offer was accepted, and Jeff really had a night of it. Any strong, willing kid, who knows a bit about boxing, can make things interesting for one round, even for a champion, and Jeff had to hustle to take care of those five soldiers.

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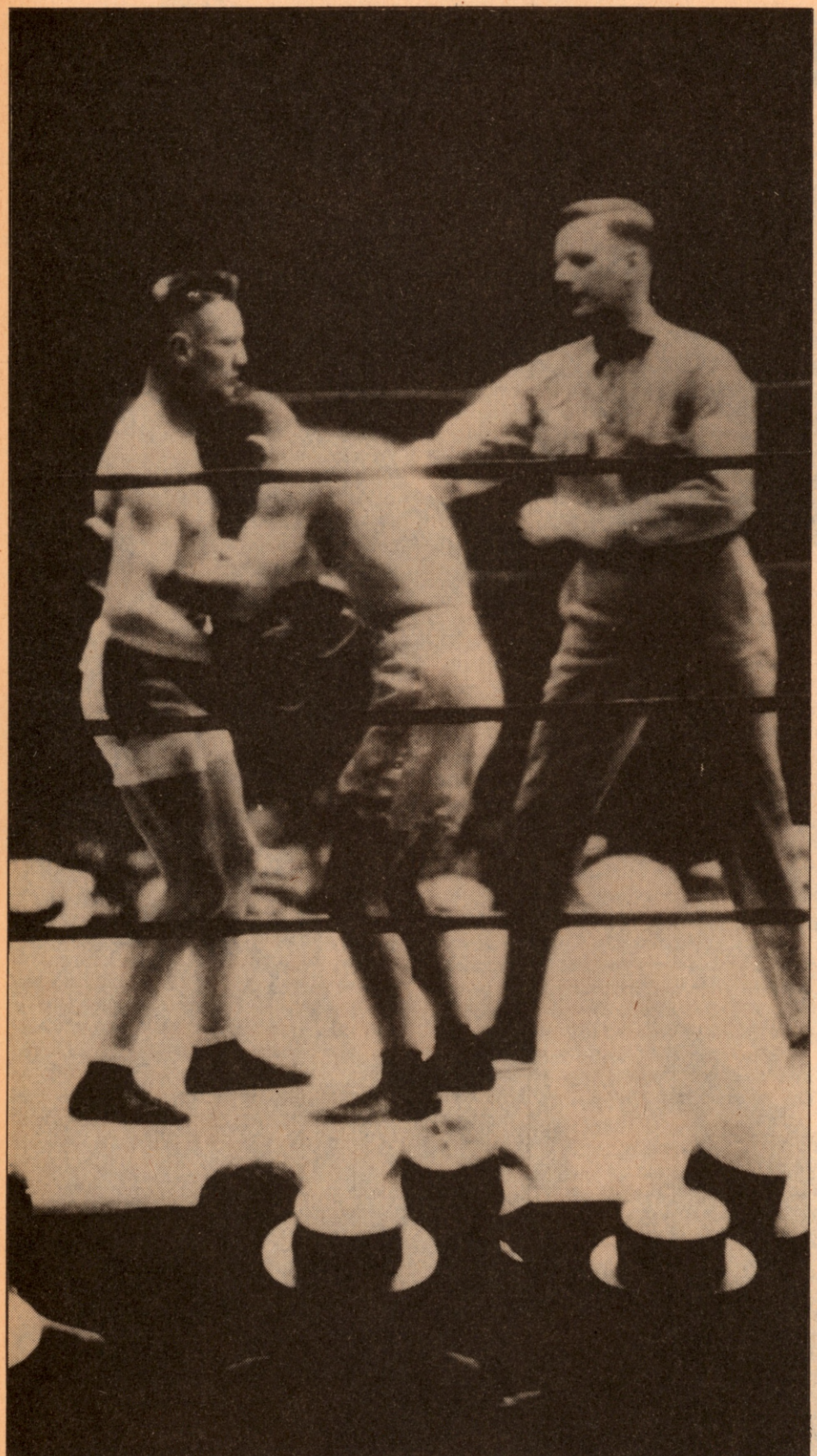

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"Altogether, I guess Smith must have had at least 400 of those 'unofficial' bouts during

his career, but, as I said, we didn't consider them authentic fights and never bothered to include them in Jeff's record."

Though he generally is credited with having established the all-time record for ring engagements, there are those who refuse to accept seriously the figures claimed by Abraham Hollandersky, a quaint character who called himself "Abe the Newsboy," and did considerable wandering around the globe from 1905 to 1918.

Abe, who fancied himself a wrestler as well as a boxer, insisted that he packed in 1,039 bouts with the gloves and 387 matches on the grappling mat. He even authored a book on his travels and industrious boxing-wrestling career.

So far as the authenticity of his claims is concerned, posterity has only Abe's word for it. There are very few recognized "names" in his lengthy list of opponents, but many a miscellaneous "Kid Whoozis" and "Young Whatzis."

In his journeys, the Newsboy seemed to favor American naval bases and army posts, and much of his activity was centered in and around the Canal Zone in Panama.

But the calibre of opposition Abe met up with in those spots was definitely of the dubious brand. From our personal experiences and observations, we'd say that very few of the general run of hangers-on at military camps could qualify for even novice competition in an amateur tournament.

Consequently, ring historians never have regarded Abe's alleged exploits too seriously.

One of the most remarkable of all endurance records was the one compiled by Bobby Dobbs, Kentucky-born Negro, who campaigned for thirty-nine years, from 1875 to 1914, and was 54 when he finally called it quits.

When Dobbs, died in Charleston, S. C., in 1930, it was claimed he had fought 1,024 ring battles during his ubiquitous career.

How, when and where such a robust figure was arrived at is difficult to understand. When he was alive, even Bobby was hazy about his early years in the industry. His official record didn't begin until 1888, and he had been fighting for thirteen years by then.

But it seems fairly safe to assume that Dobbs had somewhere beteen 600 to 700 legitimate scraps during his nearly two-score years in the trade. And he fought practically all the top lightweights and welterweights of his extended period, among them Joe Gans, Autsin Gibbons, Phaldelphia Jack O'Brien, Jim (Rube) Ferns, Joe Walcott, Andy Walsh, Joe White, Dick O'Brien, Young Peter Jackson, Martin Judge, and the British aces, Dick Burge and Spike Sullivan.

One of Dobb's proudest achievements was a 20-round decision he punched out over Joe Gans in the first of their three meetings. it was in 1897 at the old Greenpoint Club in Brooklyn,—and Bobby, then 39, had been fighting for twenty-four years!

In 1901, when he was 43, Dobbs engaged in a gruelling three-bout series with Young Peter Jackson. Two scraps were over the 20-round route, and the third over 12 rounds. Dobbs won the first, and the other two were called draws!

Bobby was quite a tourist, too. He not only covered the entire United States in his ramblings—from New York to San Francisco, and Minneapolis to New Orleans—but he made frequent jaunts to Europe, and was particularly popular in Britain, He also helped to establish boxing in such continental centers as Paris, Berlin, Budapest and Copenhagen.

To Bill Cairns and the Edinburgh *Evening Dispatch* we are indebted for an amazing account of a Scottish bantam, Frank Parkes of Dundee, who was credited with jamming 700 scraps into an incredible ten-year span. But let Bill tell the story:

"When the talk is on fighters who crowded their careers, I'd like to have you meet the busiest battler of my experience—Frank Parkes of Dundee. From 1924 to 1934, this little Tayside bantamweight fought at an average rate of 70 contests a year, or nearly three every fortnight!

"Huh! you say, taking a mean discount. 'Booth fights! Four-rounders! Granted. Frank went 'round with the booths; many of his fights were short-distance affairs with unskilled opponents. But don't assume that he coasted along for ten years against a lot of mugs. Maybe this will soften your tune—one week's work in the boxing life of Frank Parkes:

"Monday, against Douglas Parker, the famed, dynamic Sunderland Scot; Tuesday, against Harry McQuade, who fought for the Scottish featherweight championship; Wednesday, against Billy Woods, tough opponent for Johnny McMillan; Thursday, against Frank Markey, Scottish bantamweight champion; Friday, against Joe Frame, A Clydebanker who rated with the best; Saturday against a sixth opponent whose name Frank forgets.

"Today, entering his 40s, this Scot's glove glutton shows just the faintest trace of one cauliflower ear to betray his one-time calling. His hands and feet are perfect and he looks everything you expect a hard-tried pugilist not to be.

Never mind the feet, never mind the face; let's start with the hands. No. 1 witness—Johnny Smith, the man who fought Frank back in 1929 for the Scottish bantamweight championship (and the distance was 20 rounds!). Says Smith: 'I was knocked completely unconscious only once in my fighting life, and the one who did it was Frank Parkes.'

"Or let the aforementioned Doug Parker speak, if only by proxy.

"Doug, you will remember, knew something about punching. He knocked out Johnny Cuthbert, British featherweight champion; he floored Seaman Watson, who fought Kid Chocolate in New York; he floored world champion Panama Al Brown; and he was rated by Benny Sharkey, who certainly had claims to know, as the hardest puncher of his day.

"Well, what happened with Parkes and Parker? They met four times, and twice there was a K.O. pinned—on Parker. Twice there was a points decision—against Parker.

"Doug has told his own story, and he confessed that in one of the decisions contests, Frank punched him so full of holes he lay four hours in a bath seeking balm for his bruised body!

"Then why, you ask, didn't this guy Parkes make the world's headlines?

"Well, maybe that's a long and involved story. I often grieve over the shocking waste of boxing talent of which Scotland, one way and another, has been guilty. We have produced many fighters who deserved to rate much higher than they did. Some of them were 'over-managed'; some of them, you might say, were 'under-managed.' Frank Parkes was one of these.

"Of all those 700 fights of Frank's, only one was outside Scotland, and only one for a championship—with Johnny Smith.

"It is not by any means a discreditable story, but it was a pity. Frank Parkes lost only about a dozen of those 700 fights, and for one period of four years or so he was practically unbeatable."

No discussion of Busy Bees in Boxing would be complete without mention of the late Leo Parnell Flynn, one of the most colorful and energetic promoters and managers the industry has produced.

Early in his career, Leo P. established a record that probably never has been equalled. It was in 1913, and he was then handling 19 boxers. Two of them were ill at the time, but the other 17 all fought in various spots on Thanksgiving Day cards.

During the early 1920s, Flynn was matchmaker for Tex Rickard in old Madison Square Garden; full or part owner of several clubs around the country, and manager of the most extensive stable of assorted leather-pushers in the business. Leo P. had about 40 battlers in tow, among them Bill Brennan, Jack Renault, Kid Norfolk, the Shade brothers—Billy, George and Dave—Panama Joe Gans, Barney Adair, Pete Hartley, Tommy Noble, Bobby Michaels, Roy Moore and Dick Griffin.

And with all the hustle and bustle, the Silver Fox managed to find time to indulge in his two favorite pastimes, pool and golf, and in his ramblings he met up with very few gents he couldn't beat.

Sleeping must have been a fearful waste of time to Leo P. ●

Jimmy McLarnin

IT'S THE PUNCH THAT COUNTS!

Many Fighters Find No Need For A Referee And Judges—They Carry Their Own Official In The Shape Of A K.O. Sock.

SINCE THE FIRST FISTIC TITLE WAS fought for, in those dim distant days, there have been charges that "the referee done him wrong." Sometimes those charges of favoritism have been all too true. How might not the course of Queensberry history been altered merely by the substitution of one referee for another.

In recent years, with the general adoption of the system calling for two judges to collaborate with the referee, the latter's influence has been minimized, as far as the decision at the end of the fight is concerned. But, despite the restrictions which have been placed on the third man in the ring, he still wields tremendous power.

All the injustices worked by referees in the past have not been committed knowingly. Referees are only human, the same as all of us, subject to the same grievous errors in the ring as each of us commits from time to time in the daily run of business. But that is scant consolation for the fighter who is the victim of such an error.

Some boxers, fortunate fellows, carry their own referee in a figurative and not a literal sense. There comes to mind the story told of Sam Langford, that time when the Boston Tar Baby was scheduled to box before the National Sporting Club in London.

The club manager approached Sam on the subject of a referee.

"How is it, Mr. Langford," this dignitary inquired, "that you have not brought up the subject of a referee? All the other American boxers who have appeared here have been very much interested in the choice of a referee, yet you have not even mentioned the subject."

Langford answered without cracking a smile:

"Ah carries mah own referee."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the club official. "That will never do. The club always appoints the referee. We positively cannot permit you to put your own referee in the ring. By no means, Mr. Langford, by no means."

"Ah carries mah own referee," repeated Langford, unmoved. "He goes into the ring with me whenever ah fights. Here he is."

At that the Boston Tar Baby clenched his mighty right fist and raised it for the inspection of the official.

When the fight came off, Langford lived up to his prediction. His right hand, landing on his opponent's jaw, made it unnecessary for the referee to render a decision. There is no referee so reliable as a knockout wallop.

Langford, throughout a career that lasted for 25 years, many, many times made good the boast that he carried his own referee in his own right hand. A host of famous heavyweights render mute testimony to the truth of Sam's statement by the marks opposite their names in Sam's record.

Jim Flynn, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Sam McVey, Jim Barry, Porky Flynn, Harry Wills, Joe Jeannette, Kid Norfolk, George Godfrey, Bearcat Wright and many, many others sampled the dynamite in that right hand.

Flynn first ran into Sam's right hand in 1908, when the Fireman was belted out in the first frame. Flynn went to the eighth before Sam's own referee bowled him over in 1910. Fifteen years after their first meeting they faced each other again, each in the twilight of his career in the ring. That was in Mexico City, on October 19, 1923.

Langford's eyes were so bad then that he scarcely could see his own hand in front of his face. But the old dynamite was still in his right fist. In his closing year Sam had to grope blindly to find his foe, but once he got his bearings, it was just too bad. In the third round of that last battle between them Langford proved again that his right hand was still a good enough referee by flattening Flynn.

One of Langford's knockout victims in 1914 was none other than Gunboat Smith, who went out in the third. Smith likes to talk about his fight with Langford.

"Man, if old Sam were in his prime today, what he wouldn't do to these heavyweights!" exclaimed the Gunner. "There wouldn't be any need of judges or referee, or even timekeeper. He hit me on the top of my head and I thought the roof had caved in. If he landed on the button, it was a quick good night.

"Langford could call his shots. Once he noticed one of the seconds of his opponent slicing up oranges while waiting for the call to action.

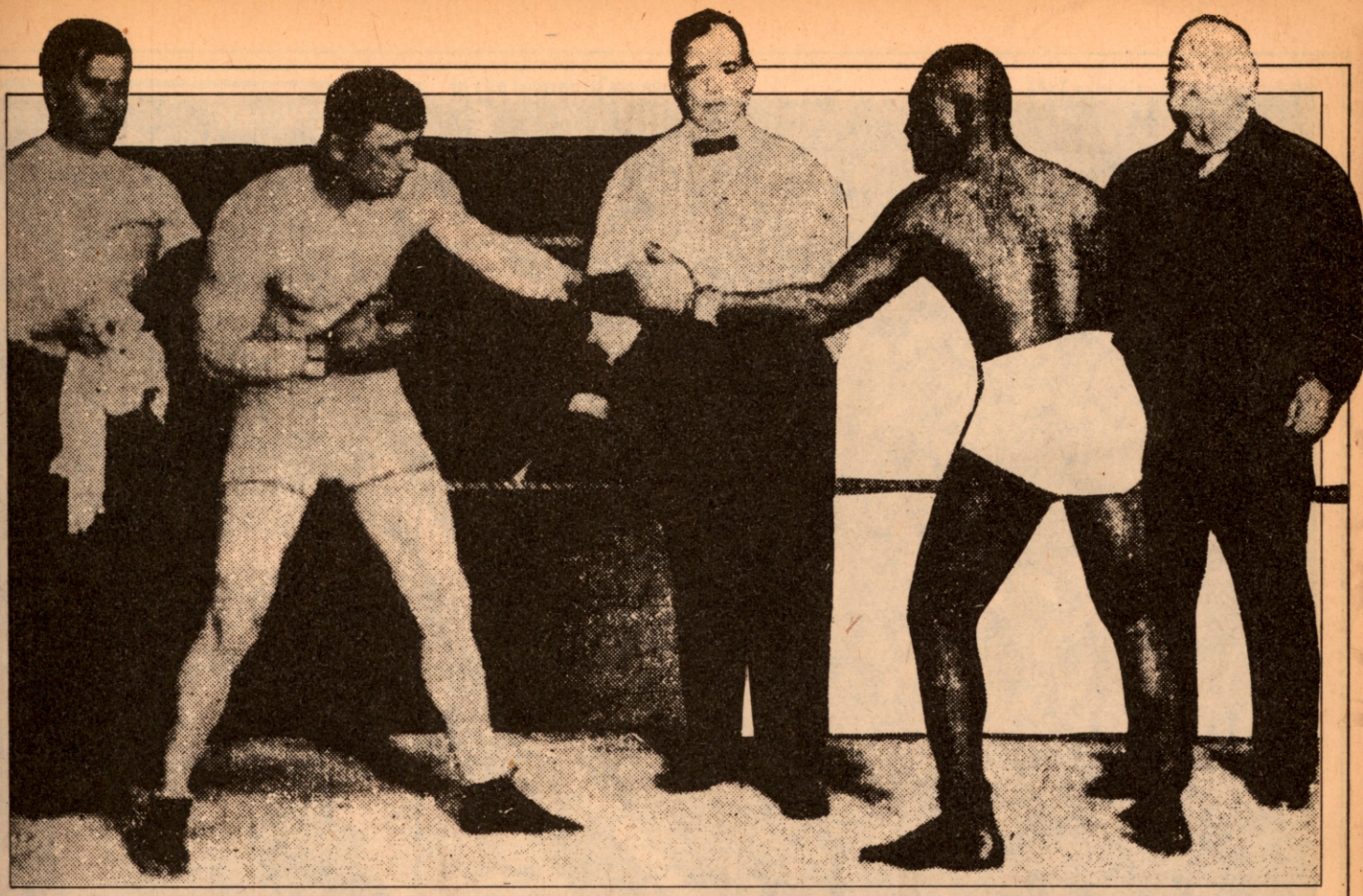
" 'What you doin' with all them oranges?' Sam asked. 'I'm slicin' 'em up for my man to suck on between rounds,' was the answer.

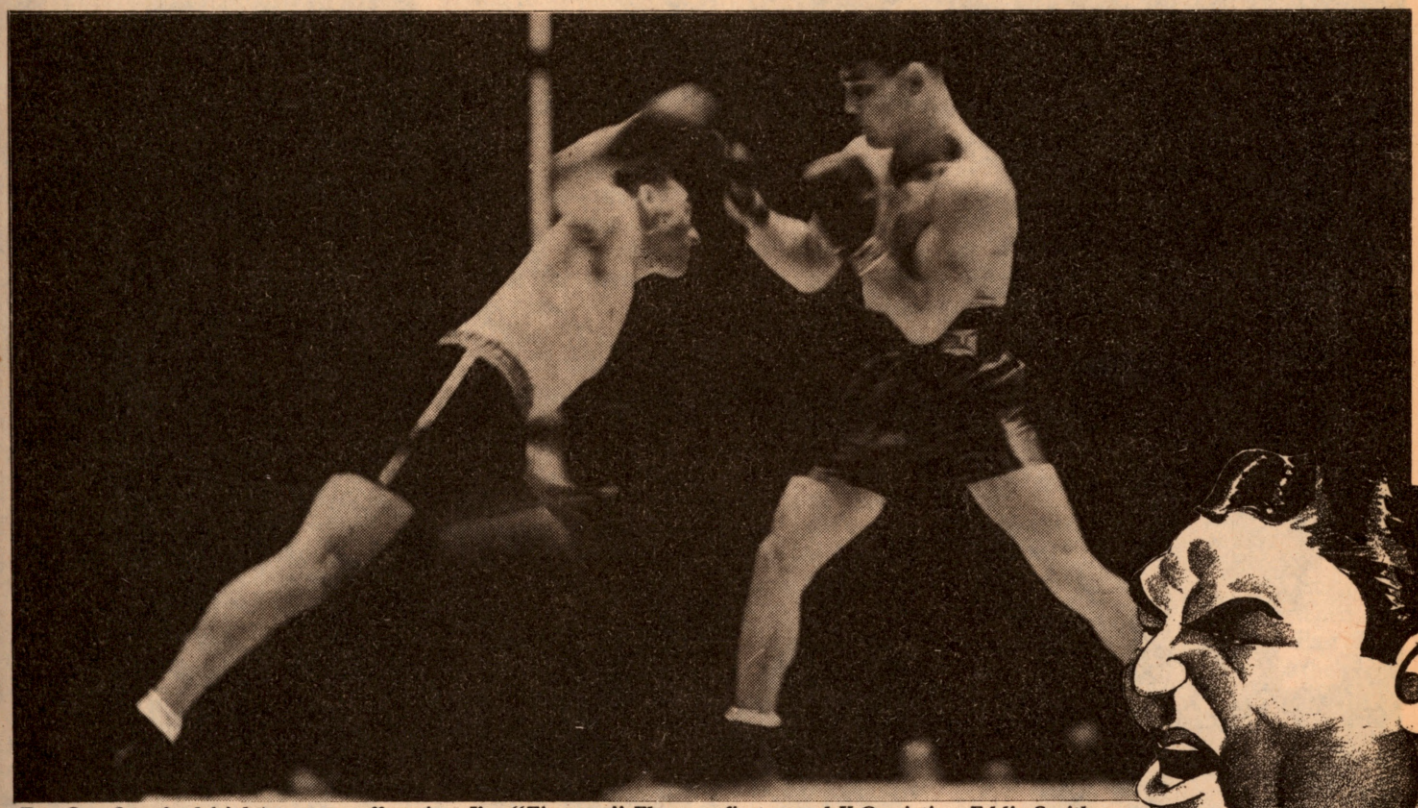
" 'Man, you ain't goin' to need them oranges,' promised Sam. And sure enough he put over a knockout in the first round."

Of the modern generation of fighters, Dempsey is beyond doubt the best example of a fighter who needed no referee or judges to determine the winner.

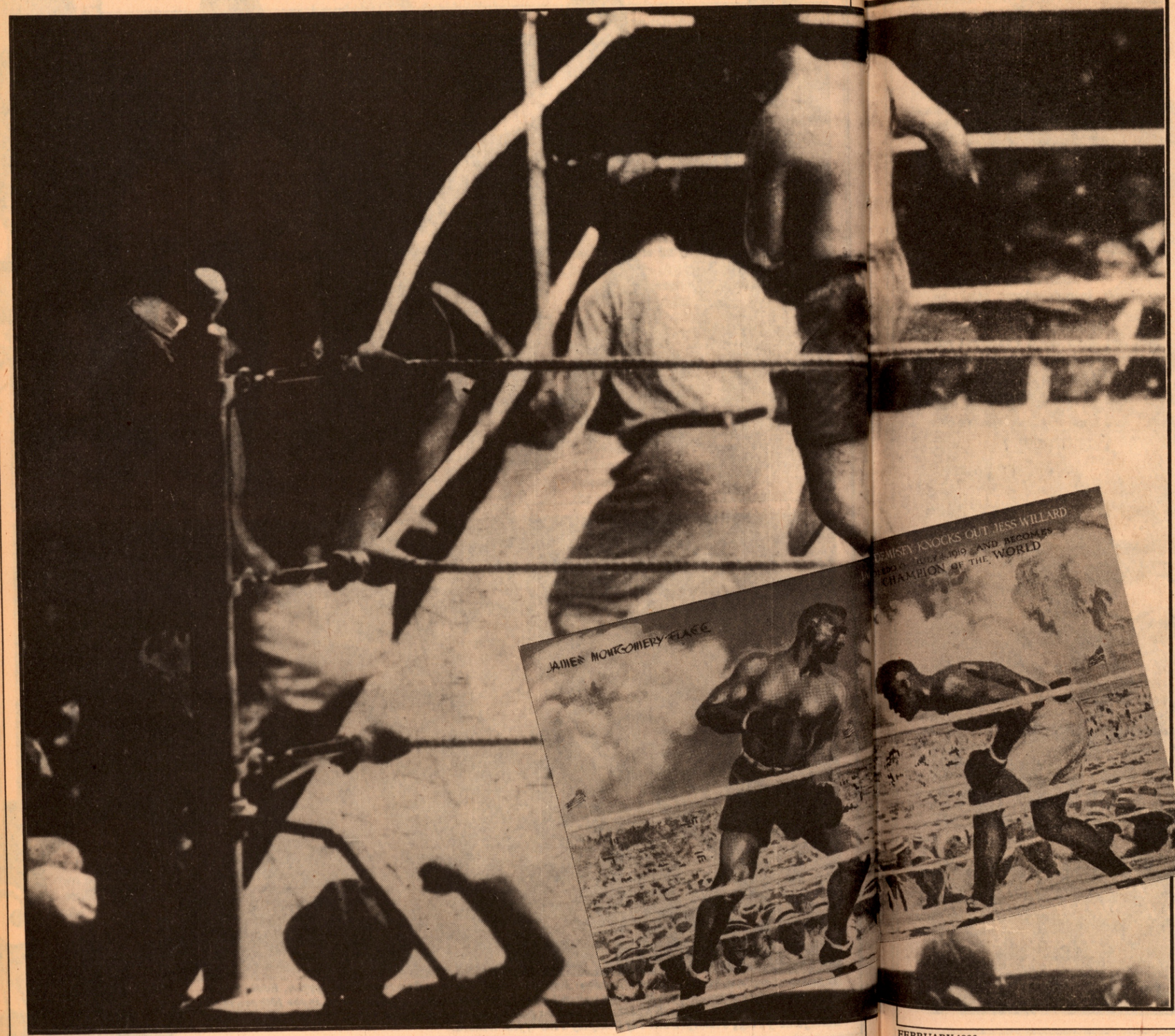
The old knockout wallop made Dempsey the greatest attraction the Queensberry realm ever has known. From the time he started in 1915, up to and including the fight with Willard in which he took over the title, the Manassa Mauler rolled up a knockout average of about .700, or 43 in 62 starts.

The greatest fistic thriller of them all was the Dempsey-Firpo brawl at the Polo Grounds in 1923. That story has been told so often that there is no need to repeat it here. It remains the standard by which heavyweight battles are measured





Top: Sam Langford (right) squares off against Jim "Fireman" Flynn, a first-round K.O. victim. Eddie Smith (center) was the referee. Above: McLartin swings a right in the direction of Lou Brouillard, in the 10th round of their bout at Yankee Stadium (8/4/1932). Lou won on points. Overleaf: Dempsey-Firpo, with as an inset, James Montgomery Flagg's interpretation of Dempsey's KO of Jess Willard.



in the matter of savagery.

Dempsey really had three referees that night, his right hand, his left hand and the official appointed by the New York State Athletic Commission. Jack needed all three of them to turn back the hectic assault of the Wild Bull of the Pampas. In the end, though, Dempsey's mighty left hook gave the final verdict, with a punch that felled the Wild Bull for the long count.

Dempsey's eighteen-second victory over Fred Fulton, the gangling Minnesota plasterer, was registered without benefit of referee other than his own left hook. The official referee might have sat in the first row that night for all he was needed in the ring.

There came a time, though, when the Manassa Mauler's punch was insufficient to overrule the official referee. That was the occasion of the famous, or infamous, long count, according to whether you were pulling for Dempsey or Tunney in that memorable seventh round at Soldiers Field in Chicago.

That case is a perfect illustration of how desirable it is to carry your own referee in the shape of a knockout punch. When Dempsey finally found Tunney's chin with a perfect left hook, after questing for it vainly through the ten rounds of their first encounter and the first six of their second meeting, it seemed that it was all over, that Dempsey had regained the championship.

But the third man in the ring had the upper hand in that argument. Without going into the right or the wrong of Dave Barry's long count over Tunney, it is certain that the champion was on the floor for more than the regulation ten seconds.

That Tunney got up at all, after absorbing half a dozen of Dempsey's best punches, is undeniable testimony to Gene's ability to take it. No other man ever went on after absorbing so many of the Manassa Mauler's punches on the chin in such a fleeting space of time as elapsed between the moment the first left thudded home and the instant Tunney reached the canvas. For once, Dempsey's "own referee," as carried in his mighty maullies, failed him.

Among the smaller men of today the outstanding exponent of the value of packing one's own referee in one's fists is Jimmy McLarnin. Baby Face has enriched modern fistic history with many a sensational knockout that took the burden of reaching a decison out of the hands of the referee and judges.

In 1928 McLarnin's lightning right hand finished Sid Terris in the first round, after the East Side will o' wisp had made a brilliant start.

The message that the radio announcer, Sam Taub, sent out over the air that night went something like this:

"Terris comes out fast at the opening gong . . . Terris jabs McLarnin and gets away . . . Sid leaps in with two more straight lefts . . . Terris is boxing beautifully tonight . . . McLarnin has not started a punch yet . . . Sid is in again with that straight left . . . He is fast as lightning . . . Terris leads again . . . Oi, oi, oi . . . Terris is down . . . McLarnin nailed him with a right to the chin . . . There's the count . . . Seven . . . Eight . . . Nine . . . Ten . . . Oi,oi, oi . . . It's all over . . . Terris is knocked out."

That is just the way it happened in those very words. It is extremely doubtful if Terris knows to this day what hit him. McLarnin's whip-like right hand spoke once. That was enough.

Oh, it's great to carry your own referee. It's a marvelous protection against any mistaken verdicts by the official referee or the judges.

And do the customers go for that sort of thing? Don't be silly! The greatest drawing cards the ring has known, now or in the past, have been the lads who carried their own referees in the shape of a knockout wallop.

That affair with Terris was only one of several occasions on which McLarnin took the necessity of rendering a verdict out of the hands of the officials by giving his own verdict with a knockout. That's the reason he is the card he is.

The iron-chinned Phil McGraw of Detroit went out in the first round under McLarnin's blasting attack. Stanislaus Loayza of Chile got as far as the fourth. Joe Glick took the count in the second and Sammy Baker in the first.

McLarnin's two-round knockout of Ruby Goldstein in the same ring where he blasted out that other idol of the Ghetto, Terris, was another spectacular affair in which McLarnin relied on his right hand to serve as judge and jury.

Last year Baby Face flattened Al Singer, last of the trinity of East Side lightweights who aspired to fill the shoes of the great Benny Leonard. Now Leonard himself is trying a comeback. Well-informed inmates of the sock market do not expect Benny to get as far as a match with McLarnin, but if he does the betting will be that McLarnin serves him the same bitter dose. ●

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JOE'S MASK-LIKE DEAD PAN AND SOMBER silence back in his early days: Mushky Jackson, the only man who could make him laugh . . . The way Joe used to try for knockouts in his training sessions when he was getting ready for Carnera . . . Paul Cavalier, now a leading referee, giving the Sunday crowds at Pompton Lakes a real show with his clever boxing against the young Bomber . . . Back in 1935, Harry Balogh's famous speech calling for fair play and sportsmanship before the Carnera fight, sounds funny now, but with the Italian-Ethiopian war a live issue at the time, it may have been a master stroke. Police details that evening were the heaviest for any boxing bout in New York City up to then . . . Detroit sports buying drinks for everybody in the place at Harlem hotspots following Joe's big win over the giant Primo.

The ragtag parades through the section which completely disrupted traffic following Louis' first New York appearance.

King Levinsky's abject terror just before going into the ring with Louis. So panic stricken was the Kingfish that Mike Jacobs, fearing the Chicagoan might pass out, rushed the bout into the ring before schedule, "due to weather conditions," although the night was clear as a bell.

The single shot that sifted through old Paulino Uzcudun's curtain of elbows and ended that bout then and there in Joe's first Madison Square Garden fight before a wall-bulging turnout. . .The right-hander that Jorge Brescia landed, which sent Joe right across the ring and the eventual knockout of the young Argentinian which ruined the likeliest looking prospect at the time. All this took place in New York's old Hippodrome theatre before the smallest crowd to ever see a Joe Louis fight in the big town. Less than 5,000 people.

The amazing change in Max Schmeling's attitude in the first and second Louis fights. In the first one, at the weigh-in, he was a picture of cool confidence, the second time he acted like a guy going to the guillotine. . .The unconcerned bravery, as contrasted to other opponents, with which James J. Braddock battled Louis in Chicago. Although outmatched, Joe Louis was just another fighter to James J. . . .The respect, admiration and real liking Louis has for Braddock. . .The towel that second Max Machon flung into the ring after Schmeling had hit the deck for the fourth time, and which was tossed right out again by Referee Arthur Donovan. . .The game of squat tag Arturo Godoy played with Louis for 15 rounds with one of the judges actually giving him the decision. . .The big kiss the emotional Chilian planted on the somber Bomber when the fight ended.

The left hook that dropped Tony Galento in the second round in 1939 which brought from great humorist Bugs Baer the following comment: "Joe hit Galento so hard they could have counted him out in the air," one of the funniest cracks in history. . .The terrible blizzard of blows that finally finished Galento.

The telegraph-pole-like left jab with which big Abe Simon staved off disaster for 13 rounds in Detroit in 1940. . .Poor Johnny Paycheck in his dressing room after Louis kayoed him, shaking his head and mumbling

THINGS THEY'LL REMEMBER

Overleaf: The end of the Louis-Galento fight in the fourth round, as referee Donovan tries to help an "unsteady" Galento back to his corner

continually, "God how the man can punch!" . . .Eddie Simms arising from a first-round knockdown out in Cleveland and asking the referee to "take a little walk around the roof.". . .The "mystery man" in street clothes whom pictures reveal in the ring, and walking around during the action, in an early round during the first fight between Louis and Buddy Baer in Washington, D.C.

The endless parade of Louis' sparring partners down through the years, most notable being, of course, Jersey Joe Walcott. . .Lee Q. Murray and Al Hoosman, two other good fighters in their own right, who were Louis' hired hands at one time. . .The immaculateness of Louis' training outfits and equipment at all times, so different from many others.

The pop-eyed hero-worshipping throngs who overran Pompton Lakes during Louis' final training sessions for Walcott, like pilgrims from far away lands come to worship an idol. . .The teen-agers in the surrounding

By Ted Carroll

vicinity of Pompton who were toddlers when the Bomber first showed up there, living evidence that none of us is getting any younger. . .The way Joe and entourage scampered back to Pompton Lakes after his desertion of that spot in favor of Lakewood, N.J., which led up to the first Schmeling bout and his sole setback. . .The sidelong glances the majority of Louis' opponents used to sneak at him at weigh-in-time.

The late James J. Johnston, who started out as one of Louis's severest critics and wound up as one of his biggest boosters. . . One of the earliest flashes of the famed Louis wit, following the Braddock fight, Joe's rejoinder to a radio query, "When did you know you had him, Joe?" "I knew I had him when I signed for the fight!" was the zingy comeback!

Bob Pastor's "shouldershimmy" which Joe explains made him one of the toughest of all to fight . . . Joe is supposed to have hated Schmeling and to have liked John Henry Lewis, but there was little difference in the savage attacks that blasted both men out of there in less than a round. . .The respect in which Joe has always held Max Baer as a fighter, calling him the best puncher and the hardest to hurt of them all.

The long war years, and the uncomplaining dignity with which Joe took all his assignments and details. . .The jam on the ferry boat that took Louis to Governors Island the day he was inducted, so great, he finally had to make his escape up to the Captain's quarters. . .Good old George "Uncle Nick" Nicholson, most faithful of the Louis retainers, who was with Joe over there in war and behind him over here in peace.

The exhibition bout with Arturo Godoy down in South America when Godoy missed Joe and nailed Luis Firpo, who was acting as referee. . .The "sleeper" some sharpshooters tried to put over in an exhibition with Louis back in 1935, who turned out to be Roscoe

Toles, and was belted out in a hurry. . .Jack Johnson's severe criticisms of Louis, so right when he called the turn about Joe's holding his left hand too low, so wrong when he predicted that Louis would never be the world's champion.

The amateur stars who beat Louis when he was a simon-pure—Stanley Evans, Clinton Bridges, Johnny Miler and Max Marek—never got past first base as pros, while Joe went on to become an all-time great. . .The opinion that Conn was a mile in front and couldn't lose the verdict if the bout went the distance the first time, isn't quite true. . .According to the official vote the last three rounds would have decided the fight. . .Like Benny Leonard and some other great ones, Joe lost his first fight, an amateur bout against Johnny Miler.

Schmeling and Jersey Joe Walcott were the only men to ever drop him more than once. . .Walcott turned the trick three times in two fights. . .Conn, who proved one of the toughest first time he met Louis, was the lightest of all Joe's title contenders, 172 pounds.

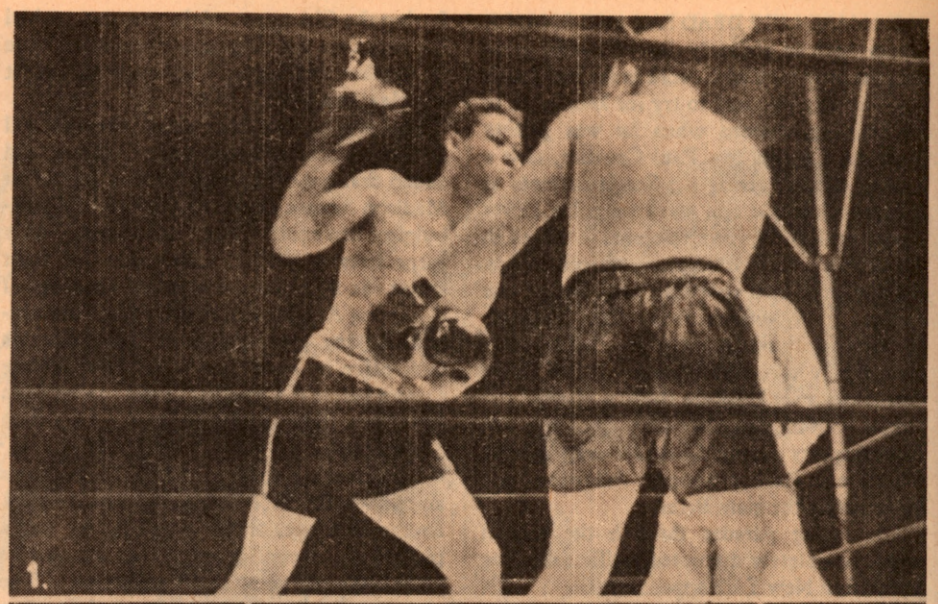
Louis set so many records as champion one of the most favorable is frequently overlooked. He was the only heavyweight titleholder in history to defend his championship for absolutely nothing. . .Joe did this twice for the Navy and then the Army Emergency Relief funds. . .Joe still rates early foe Lee Ramage over Jersey Joe Walcott, Billy Conn and Bob Pastor for smart cleverness. . . The Champ showed the results of his eight-month layoff from golf with a not so snappy 92 for 18 holes the day after the Walcott fight.

Like John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett, baseball was Louis' first love as a kid, but golf seems to have displaced everything else in his affections. . .What ever became of the phoney "championship belt" the *Police Gazette* handed to Jersey Joe after the first Walcott-Louis fight?

Bud Taylor, great little bantam of 20 years ago, used to string hard punches together just like Louis. Since Taylor was a pupil of Jack Blackburn's too, this is further proof of old Jack's greatness as a teacher. . .Louis is a man of innate wisdom. Asked about his feelings about Jersey Joe Walcott shortly after the first fight, Joe said, "I don't care nothin' about this revenge business. That never did nobody no good."

Perhaps if another great Golden Era of the sport comes and simultaneously with it appears another great champion, the records of Joe Louis will be wiped from the boards. Twenty-five defenses of his title; longest held the heavyweight title; most fights with receipts $100,000 or more; most total earnings from the ring—the records go on and on.

The fistic records held by Louis are legion and with his retirement from the ring his great deeds are now legends.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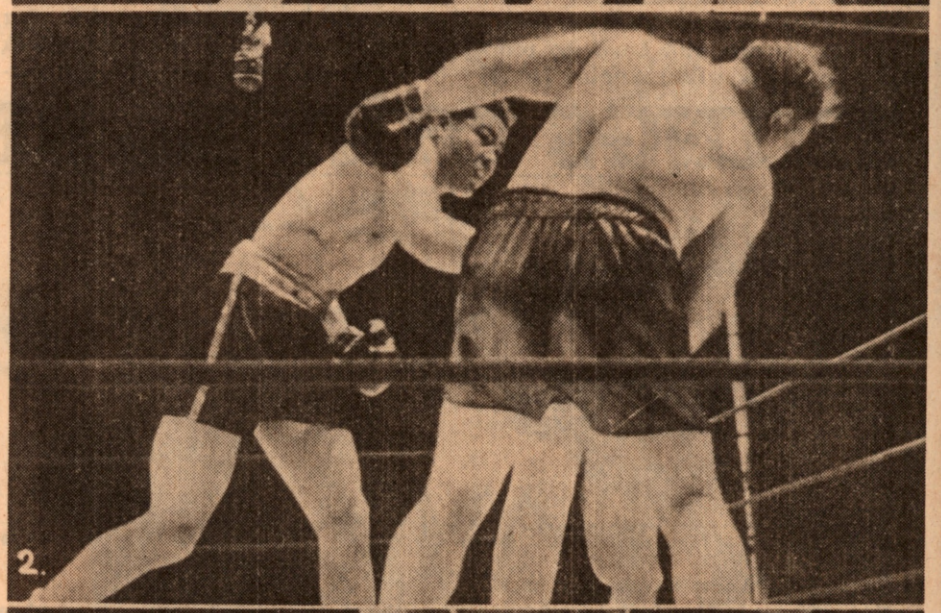
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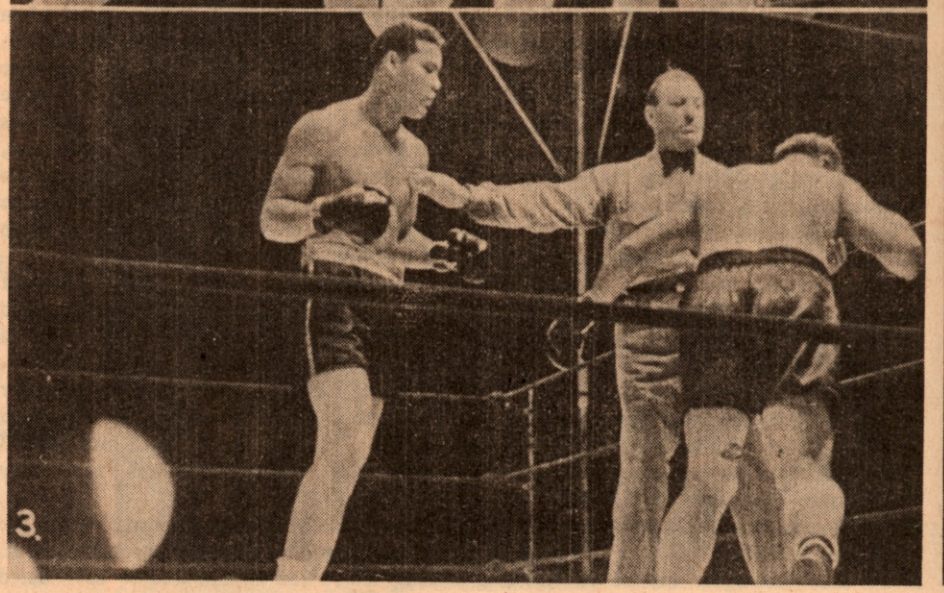
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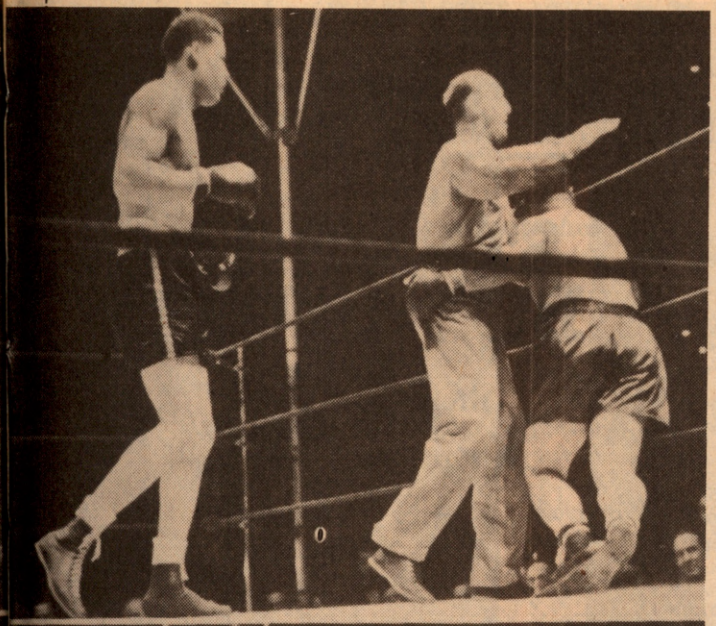

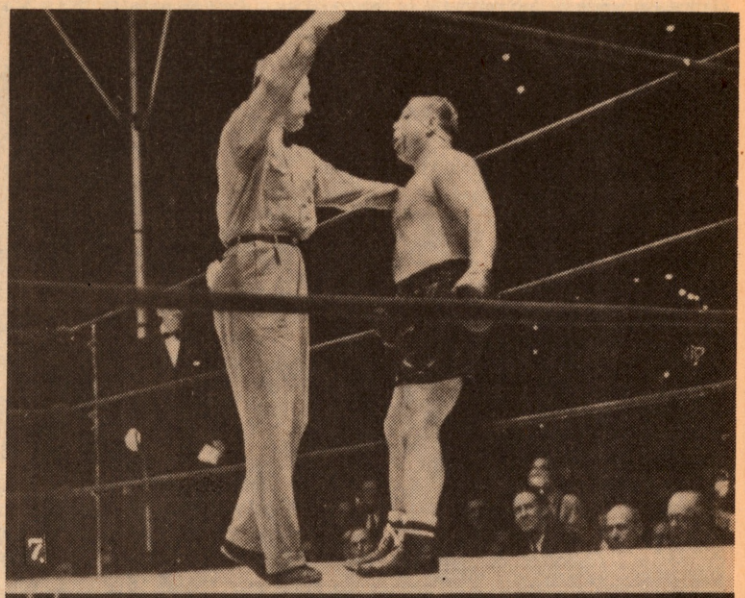

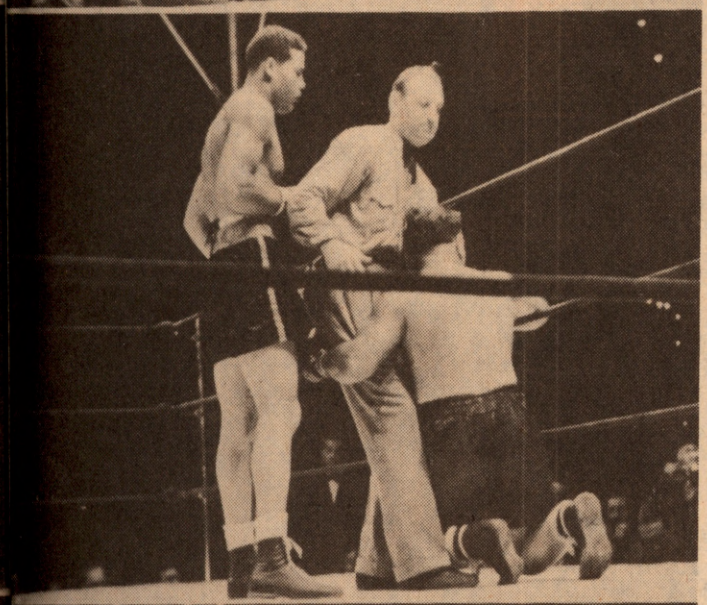

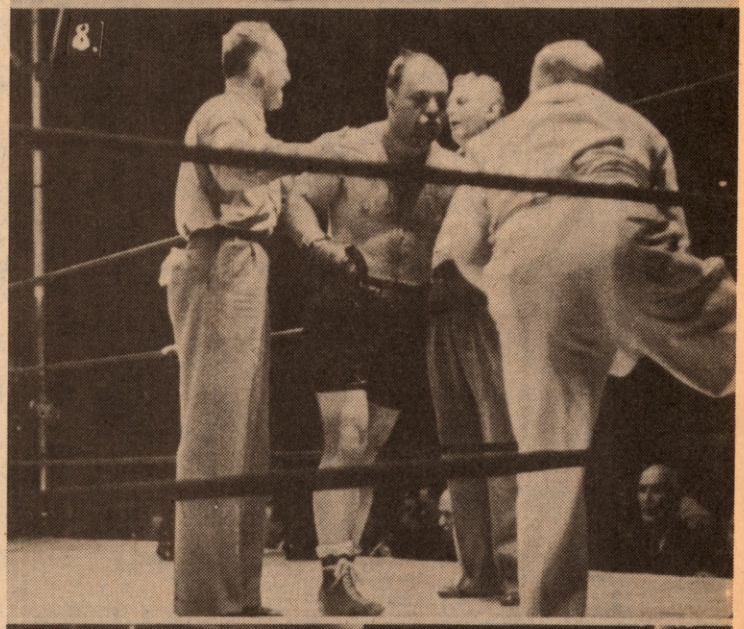

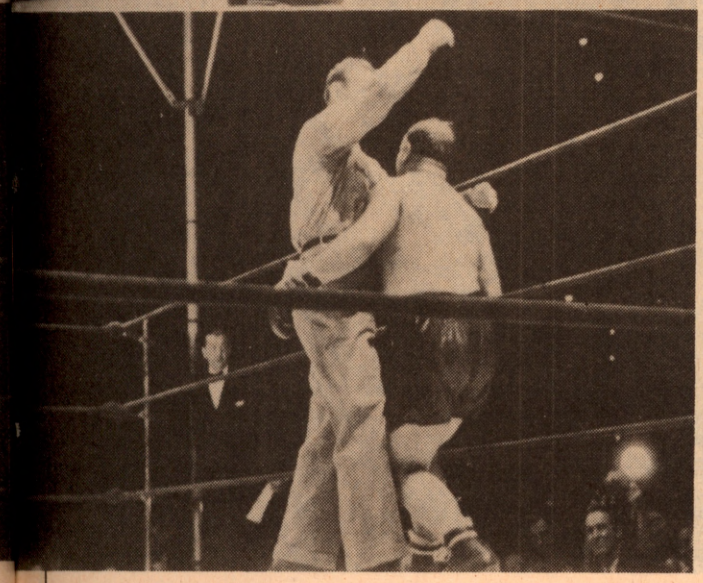

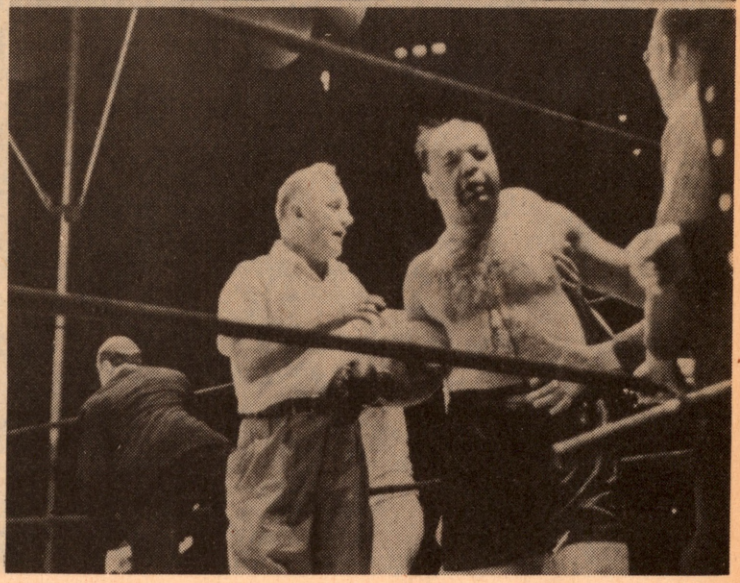

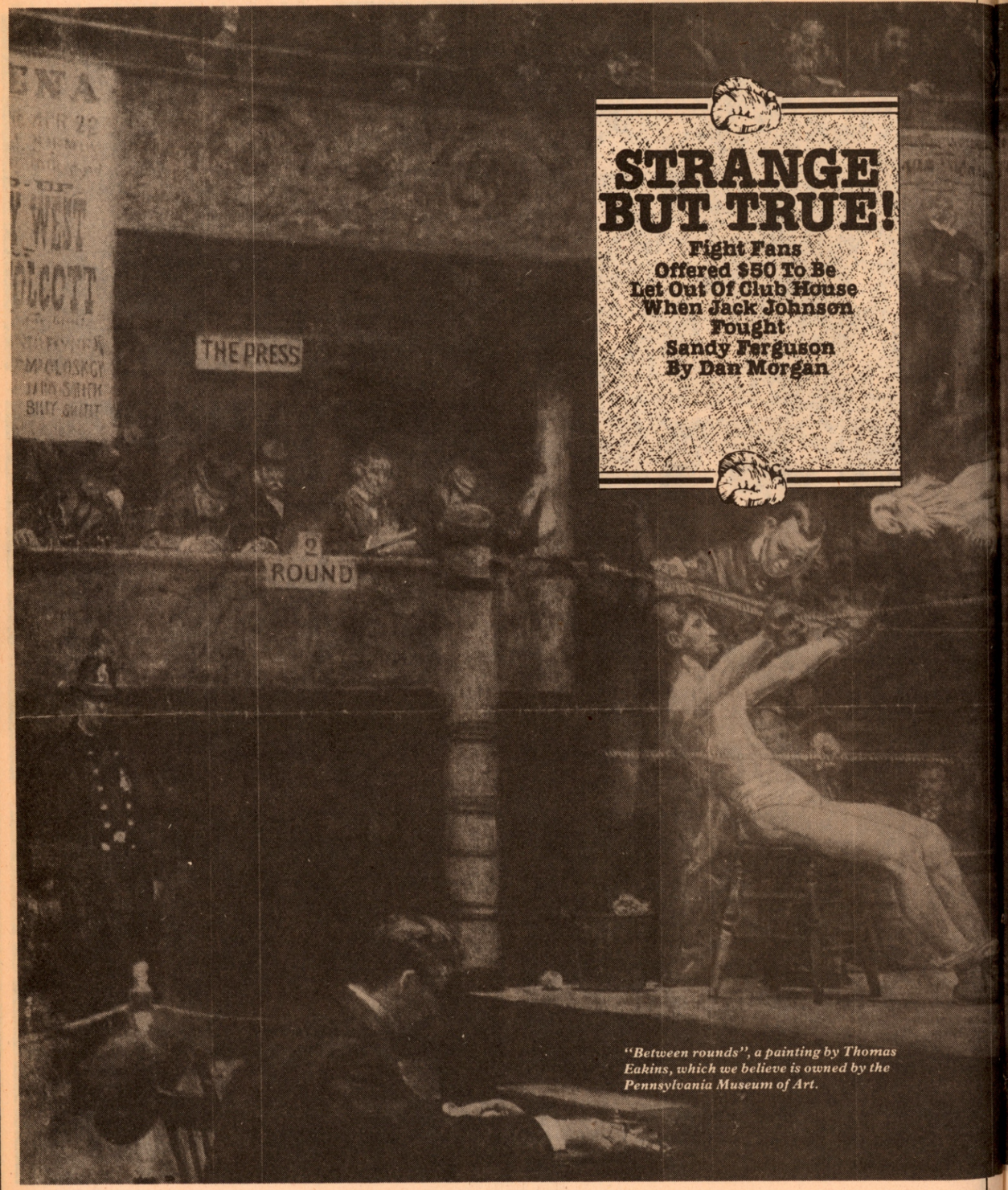

STRANGE BUT TRUE!

Fight Fans Offered $50 To Be Let Out Of Club House When Jack Johnson Fought Sandy Ferguson

By Dan Morgan

"Between rounds", a painting by Thomas Eakins, which we believe is owned by the Pennsylvania Museum of Art.

FIGHT FANS HAVE OFTEN PAID AS high as $50 to see a pair of mitt wielders slam gloves at each other, but there are few cases on record where those on the inside have offered that amount for the privilege of getting out.

But this was just what happened that hot July night in 1905 when Sandy Ferguson and Jack Johnson met in their melee in the old Pythian Rink, Chelsea, Massachusetts. That structure had held many wild crowds in its heyday as a boxing arena, but there was never such a tumult as on the occasion mentioned.

There was great rivalry between the men at the time, and whenever they met in the ring—or outside of it for that matter—there was bound to be some rare doings. The fans knew this, so when they went over to Chelsea they were ready for almost anything.

Johnson at the time was not very flush. In fact, it was before the days when high prosperity hit him, so the money he was to get from the clash looked mighty big. Sandy, always low in funds, also regarded the affair as a godsend, especially as it came in midsummer when there was little doing in the way of boxing.

And was the place crowded! Every inch of space was packed with sweltering humanity. The rafters were choice advantage spots. The shoulders of some folks often were brought into play to help one get a glimpse at what was going on in the ring. Outside were thousands clamoring to get in.

The night was terrifically hot and in that arena the temperature appeared to be near the melting point. Add to that the fact that many of the fans began to get nervous over the crowded condition, and you can easily figure the frame of mind of the average person.

Figure, then, if you can, the feelings of a man who had never before attended a boxing show and who had never been in a crowd of such proportions before. Such a chap was my guest, and though I had warned him what to expect, he felt that the experience would be educational and insisted on accompanying me, only to regret it within ten minutes after he reached the hall.

To get him to his seat, we had to pass him over the heads of many of the fans who crowded the aisles. At first he seemed to enjoy the experience, but after a few minutes he began to fidget, then to try to get a glimpse of the way out. He grew more and more nervous and finally demanded that we get him out some way. He might just as well have been a lost soul trying to induce Old Nick to release him from the place of which Dante was such a fine press agent.

Others around us began to get nervous and finally one fan on the verge of prostration offered $50 to anybody who could help him to battle his way to the street. It was lucky, in a way, that the fans were so closely packed in, for if there had been elbow room at all and somebody had started to get out there would have been a stampede the results of which might have been serious.

The battle luckily got under way and it was so filled with action, that the fans forgot for the time being their own anxiety, as they watched the two giant gladiators fighting at top speed, Sandy as usual getting in about everything that he could get away with.

And then the finish! That came in the seventh round, when Ferguson thought he had won on a knockout. He hopped over the ropes, and fought his way through that milling throng out into the open air, only to learn that he had not won.

Sandy thought he had scored a knockout, but the ruling was against him, on the ground that the blow which had ended the battle was foul. It took a long time for the decision to be rendered, and when Ferguson learned of the official verdict, he became infuriated.

At the first sign of the finish, the crowd started to work its way to the street, only to be met by another just as anxious to get in to see the excitement. These opposing elements met in the narrow lobby with no traffic officers on duty, and many a poor fellow was hurt. It was a case of whirls and pushes, of torn clothes, of tired muscles and of mental anxiety and fear, the like of which was never before seen at a boxing arena in Greater Boston, and could never again be repeated because of the legality of the sport there now.

But those who got in and saw that clash will never forget either the battle itself nor the sidelights. It was one of the most exciting nights of boxing I've ever seen, and I've seen boxing matches in every part of this country. When I think of those days I wonder whether the present-day boxing fan realizes how thankful he should be for the legalization of the sport. No pushing, no shoving, no crowding, no tearing of clothes or blackened eyes accompanying a ticket of admission. ●

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INSIDE BOXING

THEY WILL TALK ABOUT LARRY HOLMES getting hit by Renaldo Snipes, but this writer can go back a few years when Ezzard Charles was the heavyweight champion. His brain trust was Tom Tannas and Jake Mintz, and they prevailed upon Ezzard to give Jersey Joe Walcott a pay day . . . We remember at the time Charles had twice decisioned Walcott in title defenses and needed a "few extra coins" himself, so he readily agreed on the fight . . .

The fight was set for Pittsburgh. Why? Because Tannas came from Arnold, Pa., and he wanted to give that city a championship fight. Everything was set, except for one thing. No one told Jersey Joe Walcott that he was not supposed to win. The veteran campaigner shocked the boxing world with a kayo win over Charles. He not only kayoed Ezzard, but repeated the win with a 15-round duke in a return match . . . In those days (1951) a rematch was more or less automatic . . .

The man most stunned by the Larry Holmes knockdown had to be Don King. He is man who will promote, hopefully a $25 million dollar heavyweight fight between Holmes and "white hope" Gentleman Gerry Cooney. Never take anything for granted in the beak-busting industry. Remember Jimmy Braddock whipping Max Baer, Ingemar Johansson kayoing Floyd Patterson or Ali "whupping" George Foreman? One never knows in this business, do one? . . .

Everywhere around the gyms the "railbirds" attempt to compare today's pugilists with the greats of years gone by. Most of the so-called experts feel the old crop was a better breed, but don't include former welterweight champion, Tony DeMarco among them. DeMarco, now the owner of the Living Room Lounge on East Camelback Road, in Phoenix, Arizona, figures that old axiom is not true. Commenting on Sugar Ray Leonard and Thomas Hearns—fighters who would have been in DeMarco's weight class—he remarked, "to say that Leonard or Hearns

couldn't have fought in the '50's or the '30s is false. Either of them could've fought in either decade and have been great" . . .

Todd Spencer, son of the former heavyweight contender, Thad Spencer, scored the winning touchdown for U.S.C. against Notre Dame this past season. Lots of folks didn't know that Spencer was *that* Spencer! . . . Meanwhile Robert Folley, son of the late heavyweight Zora, and Billy Minniex, son of Kirk Barrow, who fought at Kezar Pavilion in San Francisco several times, are into their father's sport of boxing. Folley has been sparring with Muhammad Ali . . .

When Sean O'Grady was kayoed by Andy Ganigan in Little Rock, Arkansas, CBS-TV paid a whopping $340,000 for the fight. Only 148 attended in a 1300-seat arena! The same network also paid $300,000 for the W.B.A. jr-welter defense by Aaron Pryor against Dujuan Johnson in Cleveland and another $325,000 for Alexis Arguello vs Roberto Elizondo in Las Vegas. This is why the small promoters cannot make it anymore in the fight business. The network people have priced the very ordinary talent around today way out of sight.

The new boxing glove, called an "eyesaver glove" is being used in some ring contests already. The glove does not have a thumb. What would a battler like ancient Fritzie Zivic do if he was active today? Fritzie's best weapon was putting his thumb in an opponent's eye! . . . Wishing Providence former contender, Larry Bolvin the very best and a complete recovery after his recent prostate gland operation. Bolvin, a top featherweight in his hey-day around New England, mingled with the likes of Lefty LaChance, Aaron Seltzer, Davey Crawford, Snooks Lacey, Joey Archibald, Bobby "Poison" Ivy, Jackie Harris and Sal Bartolo—all "names" in the early forties when Larry was active . . .

Donnie Fleeman, former Texas heavyweight contender, alive and well now residing in DeSoto, Texas. Donnie, his wife Jimmie, and two daughters—Donna, a graduate nurse at Parkland Hospital in Dallas, and Rhonda, a student at the University of Texas at Arlington—are a happy family. They often talk of Fleeman's ring battles with Roy "Cut and Shoot" Harris, Cassius Clay and Pete Rademacher. One of Fleeman's kayo victims was the late Ezzard Charles, whom Donnie stopped in the sixth round of a 1958 fight in Dallas after Charles had lost his world title to Jersey Joe Walcott . . .

See you next month . . . keep punching!

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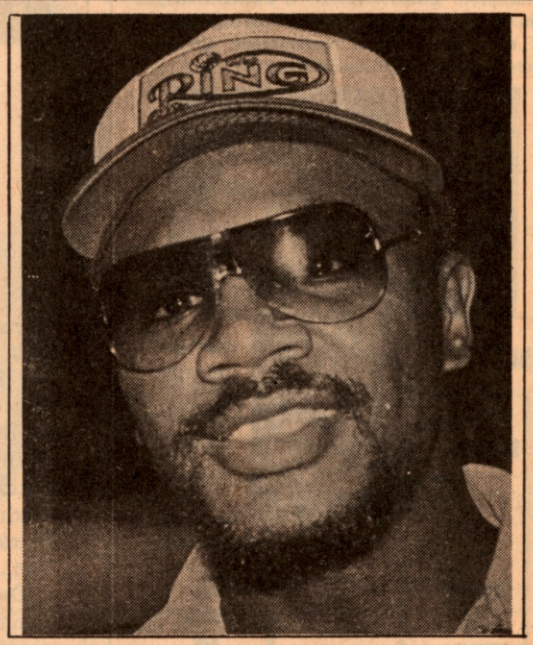

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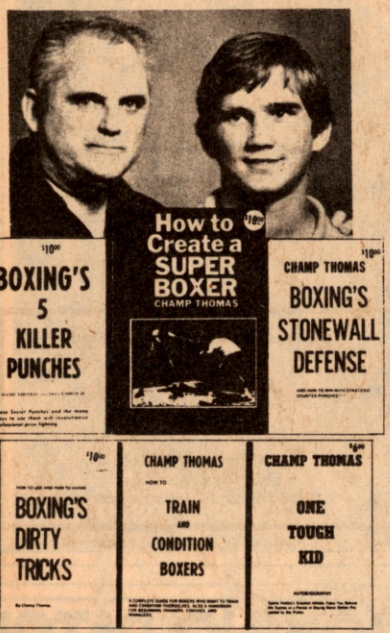

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VETERAN BOXERS' BEAT

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1981, THE VBA International Ring IOI, Baltimore, Maryland, held their ninth annual Maryland Boxing Hall of Fame Dinner and Dance at Martin's West at Beltway and Security Blvd. in Baltimore. This year's inductees were: Benny Schwartz, Boom Boom Lester, Sammy Baccala, Will Mathews, Earl Clemons, Earl Mathias, Charlie Campbell, Jimmy Lazzarti, Frankie Cech, Bob Pomerlane, Vince Bagli. Bob Shrout, Joe Wallace, and Mickey O'Donnell. President Joe Poodles Sr. and his committee hosted a crowd of over 1200 people, somewhat of a record for these kinds of affairs . . .

The new officers of Ring 4 Boston VBA for the year 1982 are: President Timothy Buddy Hayes: First Vice President, Russ Kelcourse; Second Vice President, Peter Modica; Treasurer, Joe Nolan; Assistant Treasurer, Ed Fitzgerald; Secretary, Pat Leonard; and Publicity Chairman Charley Lefty Luongo. "Congratulations Boys" . . .

On Sunday March 28th, 1982, The VBA, Ring 8, New York City, will hold their annual banquet at the Holiday Inn on West 57th Street in Manhattan. The honorees will be Luis Rios, N.Y. State Athletic Commissioner, Arthur Mercante, Boxing Referee and Edward Villella, New York City Ballet Star, and former N.Y. Maritime College welterweight boxing champion . . .

The New Officers of Ring 32, IVBA, Detroit, for the year 1982, are President, Taylor Smith; 1st Vice President, Sydney Miller; 2nd Vice President, Dave Mundy; Secretary, John Turner; Treasurer, James Cullen; and Financial Secretary, Walter Spears. Taylor Smith, a boxing coach at Detroit's King Solomon Gym, is currently handling Young Louis and Tony Atkins. And Dave Mundy is the Athletic Director of the Independent Youth Association in Detroit . . .

Billy Longo, President of Ring 23, Allentown Pa, was recently made a Deputy Boxing Commissioner on the staff of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission . . . Joe Pep Casillio, veteran fight promoter who promoted over 700 boxing and wrestling shows in and around the Capital District of New York, recently celebrated his 55th year in boxing. Pep would like to hear from some of his ex-boxers who can contact him at R.D.I, Box 147A, Maple Ave. Scotia, N.Y. 12302, or at (518) 399-0875 . . .

On Thursday, November 19, 1981 The 6th Annual "Salute to Boxing Greats" was held at the Downtown Athletic Club in New York City. An SRO audience of some 500 followers of "The Sweet Science" showed up to see the Distinguished Service Award, presented to Alan McChesney, the Salute to Boxing Greats Award given to Melio Bettina, Former Light Heavyweight Champion and the Presentation of the 6th Annual Rocky Marciano Award to Billy Conn, the former Light Heavyweight Champion—"A Champion in the Ring-A Champion in Life". Gary Lesnevich, son of former champ Gus, presented Conn his Award . . . After a steak and brew dinner, the gathering witnessed ten All-College Boxing Invitational Bouts in which boxers from Army, Navy, Air Force, and other colleges from the East participated. The announcer for the bouts was John Arcaro, the referee, Arthur Mercante Jr. and the timer, Wayne Battista . . . Seated at ringside were: Don Dunphy, veteran fight announcer, Lester Bromberg, Bert Sugar, Bill Gallo, Dick Young, Billy Graham, Charley Norkus, Al Tisi, Johnny LoBianco, Tommy Ragucci, Frank Rizzo, Phil Valentino, and many others . . . The committee chairman, Joe Ponte, Rudy Riska, Don Scalon Jr., Tom Cowhey, Ed Pitcher are all to be commended on a job well done . . .

Joey Curtis was recently re-elected as president of Ring 7-II of Las Vegas, Nevada for the year 1982 . . . A nice party was held at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas for the opening of Sonny King, who is also a member and head of the entertainment department of Ring 7-II VBA. Everyone who was anyone was there: Frank Sinatra, Jerry Lewis, Pat Henry, Jerry Lester, Dondino, Lou Nova, Joey Maxim, Joey DeJohn, Joey Giambra, Mike DeJohn, Harry Krause and many members of Ring 7-II. All had a good time and are looking forward to honoring Sugar Ray Robinson in the near future . . .

J.J. Johnston, former boxer and now a Broadway actor, recently starred in "American Buffalo" with Al Pacino at the Circle in

the Square Theatre in New York . . . Johnston, trained by Davey Day, fought out of Chicago in the late '50s and '60s and had 57 fights winning 49 and scoring 33 KO's. Johnston won the 33rd Army division and National middleweight titles and also was the 1957 Golden Gloves Finalist . . .

Billy Strauss, former good fighter from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. and one-time protege of Tommy Loughran, now is the owner of the "Glen Tavern", located at Glen and Brown Streets in the Rolling Mill section of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Billy was one-time President of the Wilkes-Barre Oldtimers Boxing Association. His boxing career covers a 15-year span, including 127 amateur and 89 professional bouts . . .

On Nov. 17th 1981, an autograph party was held in honor of Rocky Graziano's new book "Somebody Down Here Likes Me Too" by Rocky Graziano with Ralph Corsel at the Barnes & Noble bookstore, 48th and Fifth Ave., New York City. Many boxing notables were on hand to see "The Rock" sign his famous autograph on some 400 copies of his new book for his fans. Among the array of former fighters were: Champs Ben Jeby, Cpl. Izzy Schwartz, and Joey Giardello. Also on hand were Ernie Durando, Billy Graham, Charlie Fusari, Billy Kilroy, Al Certo, Steve Riggio, Artie Levine, Freddie Russo, Danny Kapilow, Joey LaMotta, Joey Scarlotta, Maxie Shapiro, Ray Arcel, George Costa, Bill Gallo, Bob Arum, Irving Rudd, Teddy Brenner, and Leonard Riggio, President of Barnes & Noble and son of Steve Riggio, who holds two decsions over The Rock. "Good Luck on Your New Book Rocky" . . .

On Nov. 6, 1981, a testimonial dinner and dance was held in honor of the former bantam and featherweight Champion of the world Harry Jeffra at the Hilton Hotel in Baltimore, Maryland. "A well deserved tribute to this Super Champion, who was in or out of the ring a true Champion" . . .

Rest in Peace—Adrian Bailey, The founder of the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame, after a long illness, on Oct. 31, 1981.

Harry E. Vines—The Cheif Inspector for the British Boxing Board of Control for many years in London, England.

Irish Eddie Brooks—Member of Ring 21 VBA Brooklyn and former Golden Gloves and Lightweight Champion, in Brooklyn, N.Y.

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FOR THE RECORD

LONGEST FIGHT:

THE LONGEST BOUT WAS THAT between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke in New Orleans, April 6-7, 1893. The fight lasted from 9:15 p.m., April 6, to 4:34 a.m., April 7—a total of seven hours and 19 minutes—and was declared "no contest" (later changed to a "draw") after the 110th round.

SHORTEST FIGHT:

THE SHORTEST BOUT OCCURRED IN Minneapolis, November 4, 1947. Mike Collins floored Pat Brownson with his first punch, and the contest was stopped, without a count, four seconds after the bell. This was an amateur contest.

MOST FIGHTS:

THE GREAT RECORDED NUMBER OF fights in a career is 1,024 by Bobby Dobbs (1858-1930), who is reported to have fought from 1875 to 1914, a period of 39 years. Abraham Hollandersky, *alias* Abe the Newsboy, is reputed to have had 1,039 fights in the 14 years from 1905 to 1918, but many of them were exhibition bouts.

MOST CONSECUTIVE FIGHTS WITHOUT A LOSS:

HAL BAGWELL, A LIGHTWEIGHT OF Gloucester, England, was reputedly undefeated in 180 consecutive fights, of which only five were draws, between August 15, 1938 and November 29, 1948. His record of fights in the wartime period (1939-46) is very sketchy, however.

GREATEST "TONNAGE":

THE GREATEST "TONNAGE" RECORDed in any fight is 700 pounds—when Claude (Humphrey) McBride, 340, Oklahoma, knocked out Jimmy Black, 360, Houston, in the third round in Oklahoma City on June 1, 1971.

TALLEST:

THE TALLEST BOXER TO FIGHT PROfessionally was Gogea Mitu (b. 1914) of Rumania in 1935. He was 7 ft. 4 in. and weighed 327 pounds. John Rankin, who won a fight in New Orleans in November, 1967, was reputedly also 7 ft. 4 in.

YOUNGEST CHAMP:

THE YOUNGEST BOXER TO WIN A world title has been Wilfred Benitez, who was 17 years and 180 days old when he won the WBA junior welterweight title in San Juan, P.R., on March 6, 1976.

OLDEST CHAMP:

THE OLDEST WORLD CHAMPION WAS Archie Moore (b. Archibald Lee Wright, December 13, 1913), who was recognized as light heavyweight champion up to February 10, 1962.

MOST KNOCKDOWNS IN A TITLE FIGHT:

VIC TOWEEL KNOCKED DANNY O'Sullivan down 14 times in 10 rounds in defense of his world bantamweight title at Johannesburg, December 2, 1950.

LONGEST CHAMPIONSHIP REIGN:

THE LONGEST REIGN OF ANY WORLD champion is 11 years, eight months, and seven days by Joe Louis (b. Joseph Louis Barrow), who held the world heavyweight title from June 22, 1937 to March 1, 1949.

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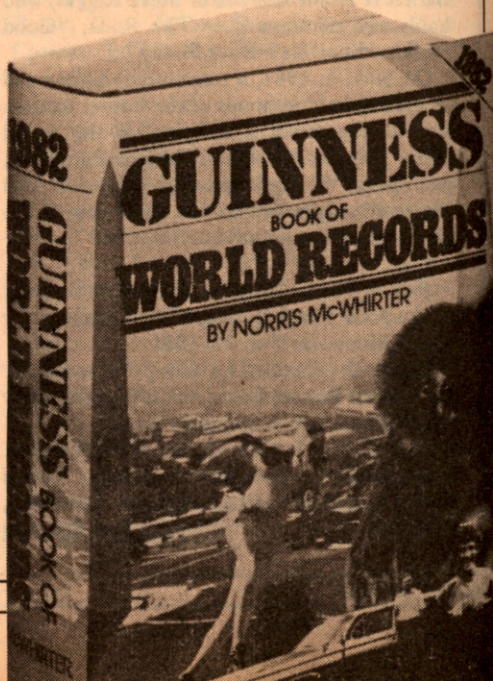

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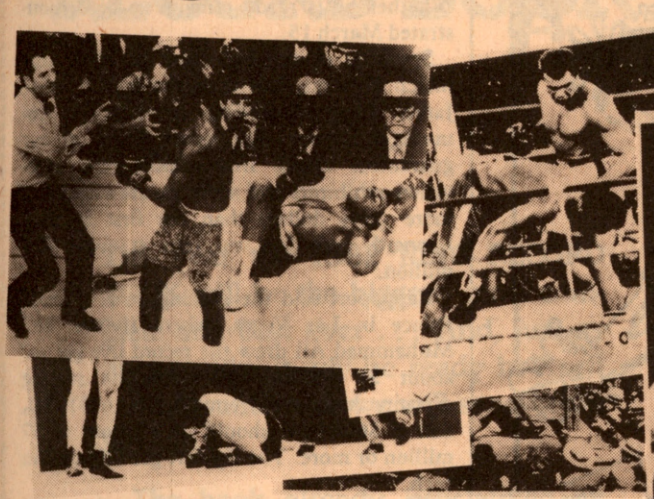

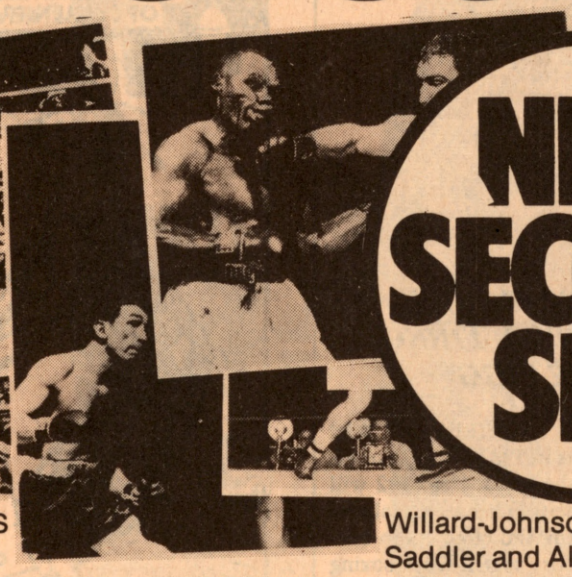

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RED ALL OVER

By Red Smith

HOLMES-COONEY: THE BIGGEST THING SINCE FIGG

IF MUHAMMAD ALI'S RETIREMENT WAS the big event in sports in 1981, there is an excellent chance that the big one of 1982 will feature Gerry Cooney and Larry Holmes. Ali's departure was the end of an era in boxing; the Holmes-Cooney match takes boxing back to the bumptious days when John L. Sullivan invented the "color line" and brought on the age of the "white hope."

It is deplorable that such extraneous matters as the pigmentation of the principals become a concern in an athletic offering of promise, yet the people involved keep bringing it up. Holmes has said repeatedly, without prompting and with some venom, that "if Cooney was black, he wouldn't amount to nothin'."

That isn't fair, of course. Cooney's record of 25 consecutive victories with 22 knockouts does not necessarily spell greatness, because most of his early opponents had to be dug up, but he can't be faulted on his most recent shows—Jimmy Young, K.O. 4; Ron Lyle, K.O. 1; Ken Norton, K.O. 54 seconds. Back in 1978, when Norton was younger and better than today, many at ringside thought he had won the elimination bout that brought Holmes his title.

For three and a half years now, Holmes has borne the responsibility of holding and defending the World Boxing Council championship, which is the real world championship because Larry knocked out Mike Weaver, the World Boxing Association champion, before Weaver had a title. Larry has not complained about the responsibility, though from time to time he speaks of retirement.

Now Cooney is ready and willing to relieve him of the burden. That is, Gerry is willing. Whether he is ready remains to be demonstrated March 15.

Speaking of the big event of 1982, this match is being touted as the biggest since James Figg. According to Cooney's co-manager, Dennis Rappaport, "just on our guarantees alone, from closed-circut television exhibitors and such, we are assured of more gross dollars than the first Hearns-Leonard, and that was tops at about $35 million."

Rappaport said the parking lot at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, where Holmes and Muhammad Ali drew the record live gate of about $6 million, will have its seating capacity increased from 25,000 to 31,000, and at $600 tops should set a record of $7 million or more. The fighters get $10 million each.

What gives this clambake such magnitude? Probably it is generally viewed as the classic confrontation of boxer and puncher, though Holmes's 24 knockouts in 39 victories would normally be considered a puncher's record and Rappaport says the public has no idea what a fine boxer the punching Cooney is.

"I'm going to buy advertising space for my real estate business on the soles of Holmes's shoes," he says, straining wit to the sticking point.

Nevertheless, Holmes is a competent boxer and Cooney a recognized puncher. They are undefeated, having won a total of 64 bouts in 64 starts. Cooney is 25 and Holmes 32, both young enough. And they are heavyweights.

"He was kind of a marshmallow," the late Don Skene wrote in his novel, "The Red Tiger," but at least, he was a big marshmallow."

Discussing Cooney, it is always necessary to point out that his punching power is really the only quality he has exhibited convincingly. Nobody knows how well he could take punishment or whether his stamina would be equal to a serious test over eight or more rounds. What tactics can he call to his aid, what reserves can he dip into, when he is in trouble?

We know about Holmes, who has taken on and beaten all the best of his time and sometimes has needed a desperate rally to bring it off. He is a good fighter, growing a little weary of the journey but unquestionably fired up for this one, the last thing he has to prove.

CREDITS

MIKE KATZ is one of the premier boxing writers in the United States as well as the **NEW YORK TIMES** expert on the sport.

ILLUSTRATIONS: Cover Montage is courtesy of **DWIGHT JOHNSON** for Gerry Cooney. Poster was shot by **ANTHONY BARBOSA**, celebrated fashion photographer who managed to capture Dwight Braxton at his best. Round One cartoons by **ALPHONSE NORMANDIA.** Page 9, photo by **JACK GOODMAN.** Pp. 16 to 19, **RING ARCHIVES.** Pp. 20-21, **CHARLIE McGILL** shows his Irishness and sees everything green. Pp. 24-25: **LEROY NEIMAN'S** distinctive vision of Holmes and Cooney. A remarkable one at that. Pp. 26-27, **RING ARCHIVES.** Page 29: Posthumous **TED CARROLL**, a cartoonist who ranks with the likes of **MULLIN.** Pp.30-31-32: UPI. Page 36: Original concept by **GEORGES LOIS** for **ESQUIRE**, but we ruthlessly borrowed it. Pp. 55 to 77: **RING ARCHIVES** with here and there, caricatures by **EDGREN**, paintings by **JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG** and **THOMAS EAKINS**, no less.

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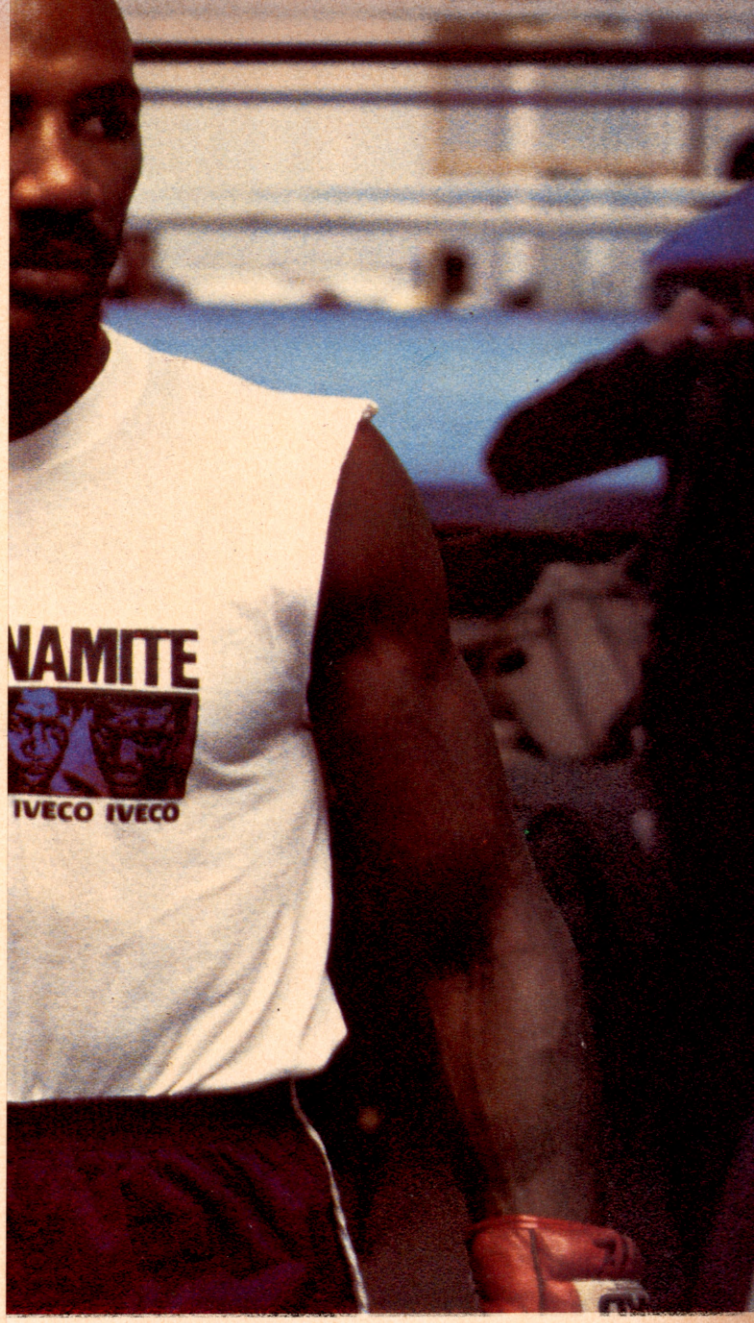

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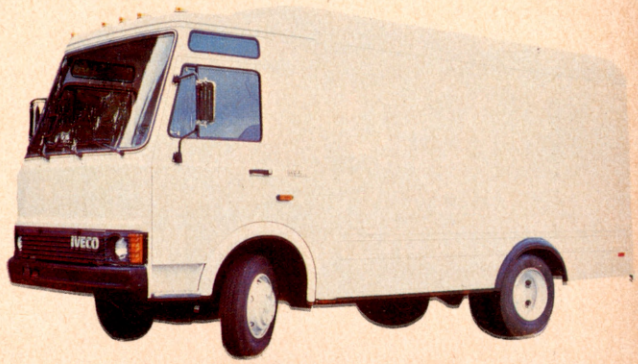

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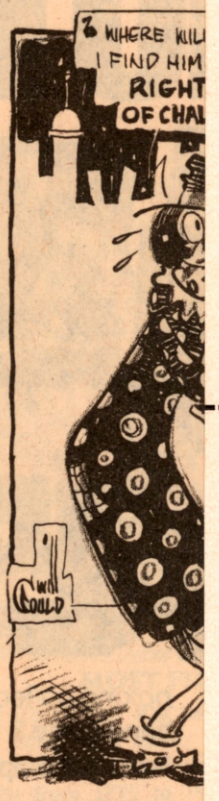

Holmes-Cooney: The Biggest Thing Since Figg

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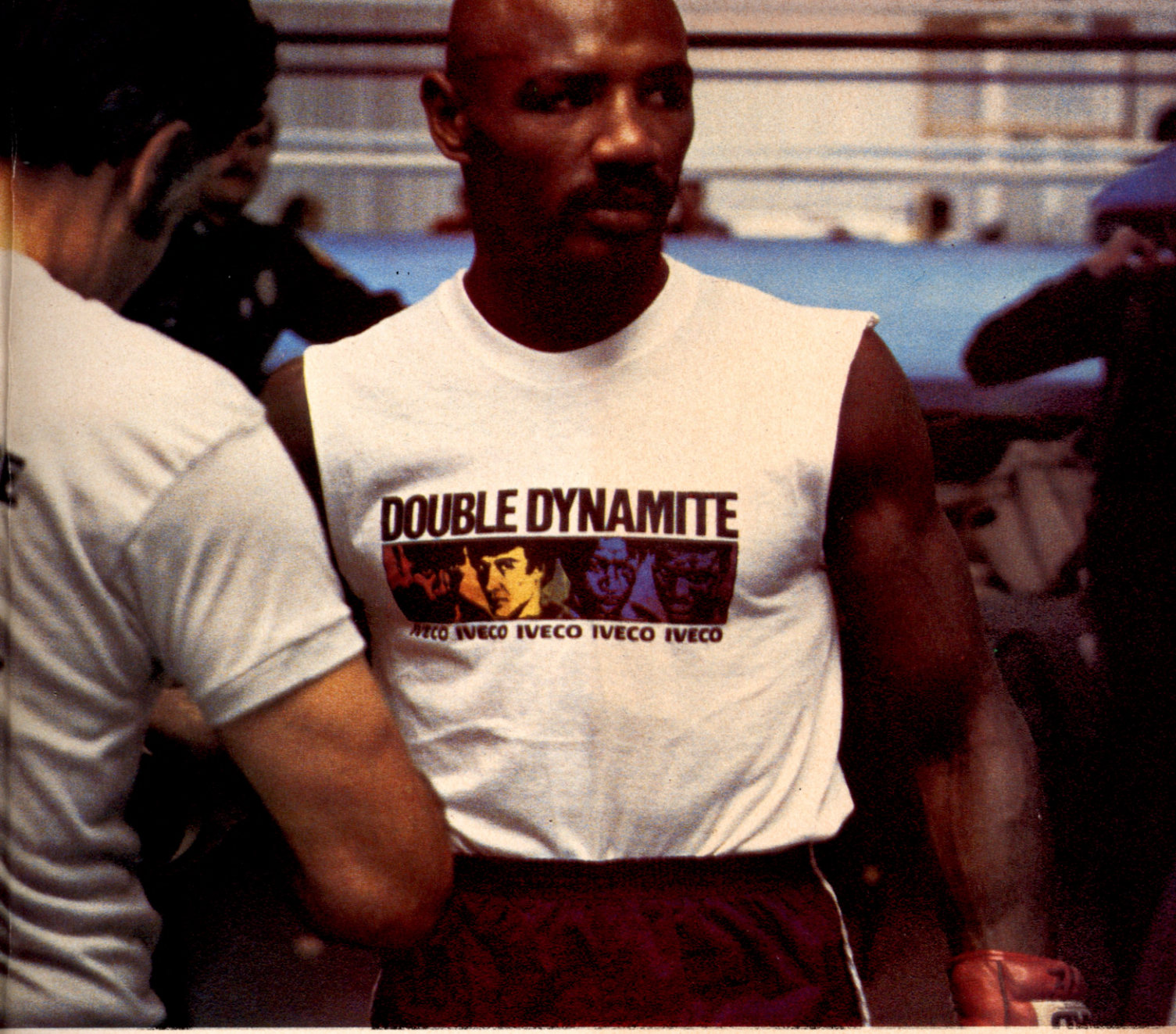

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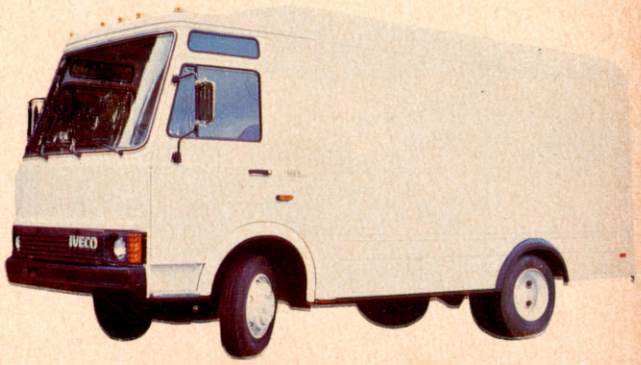

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